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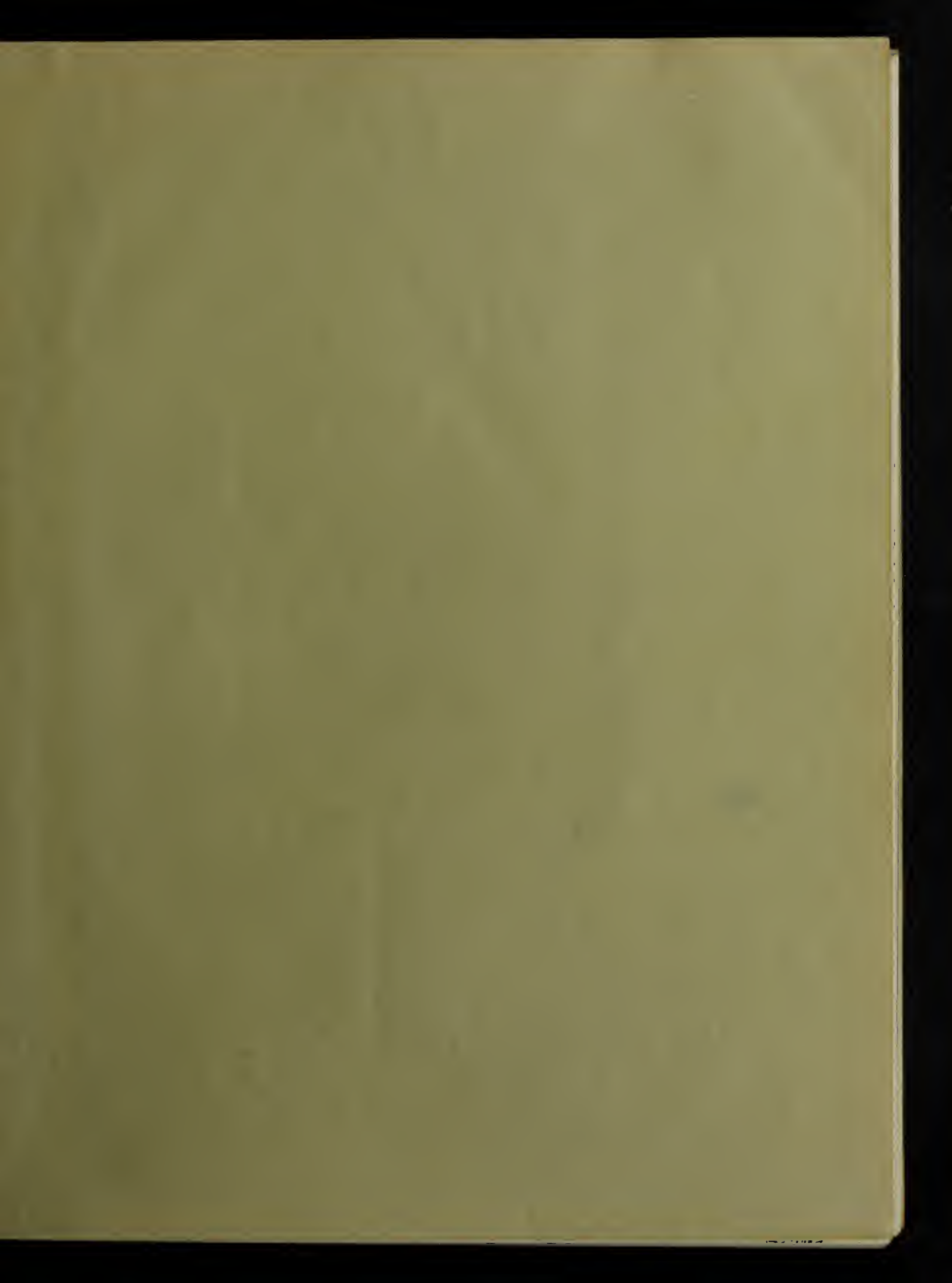
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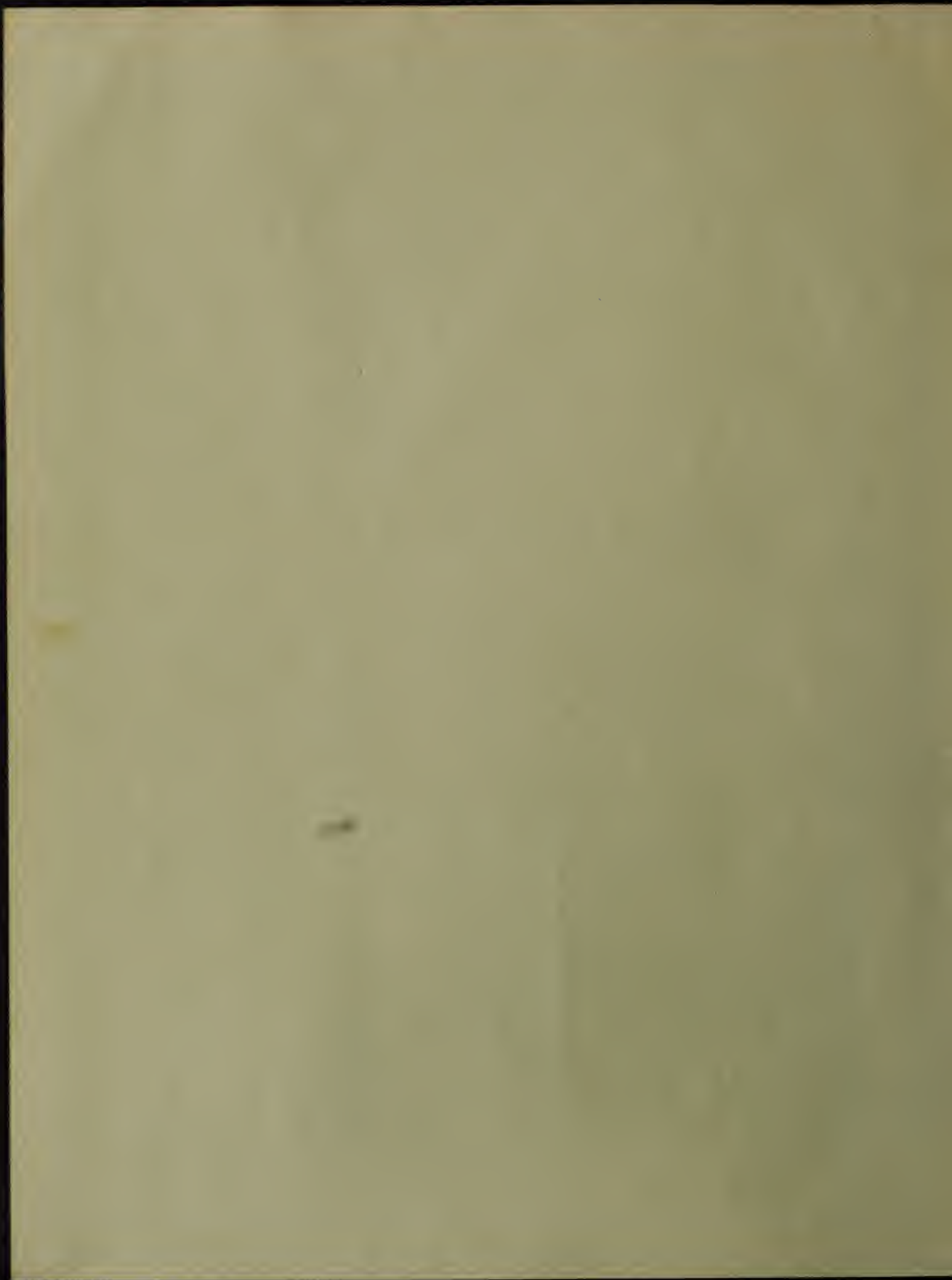


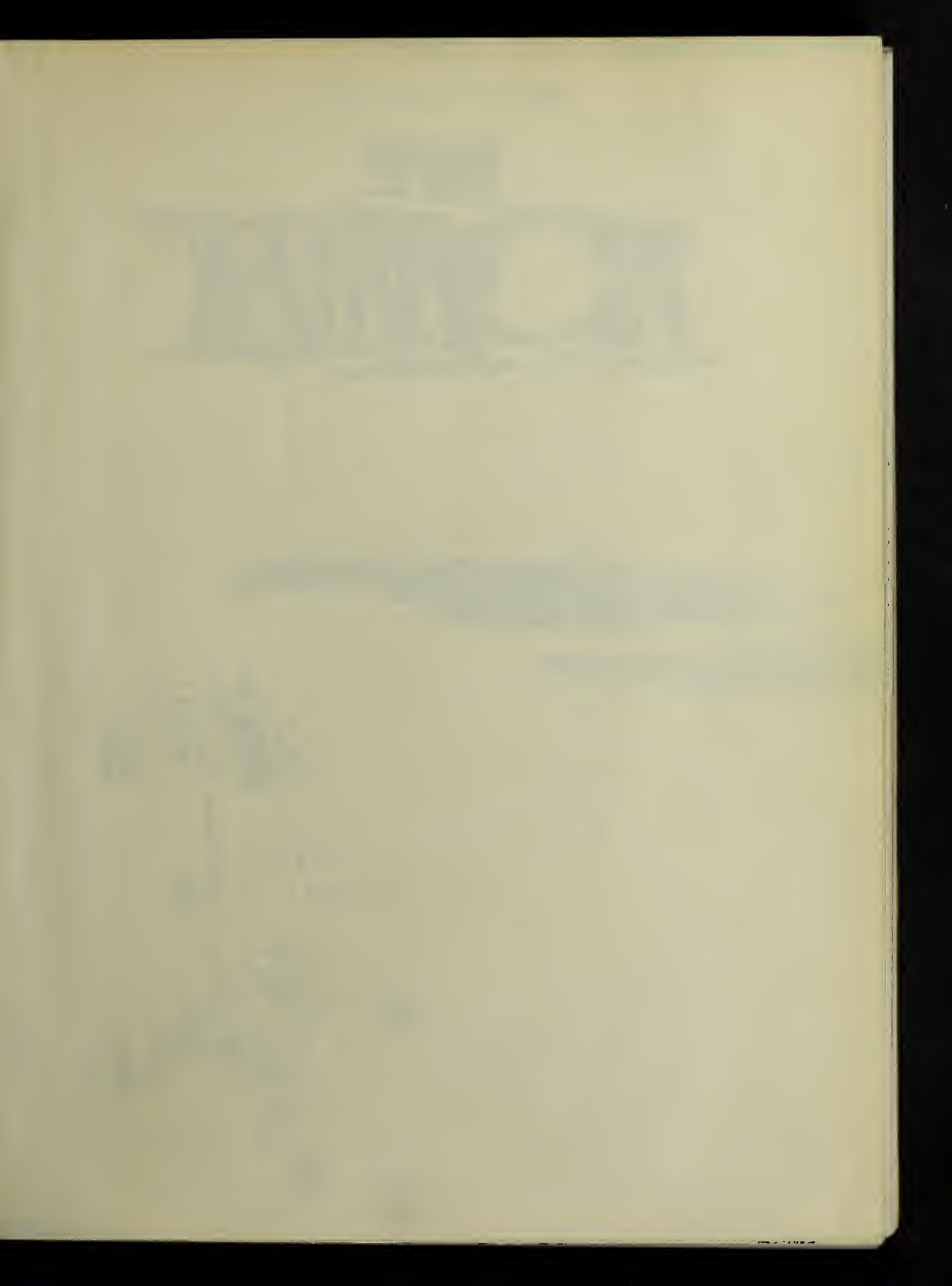
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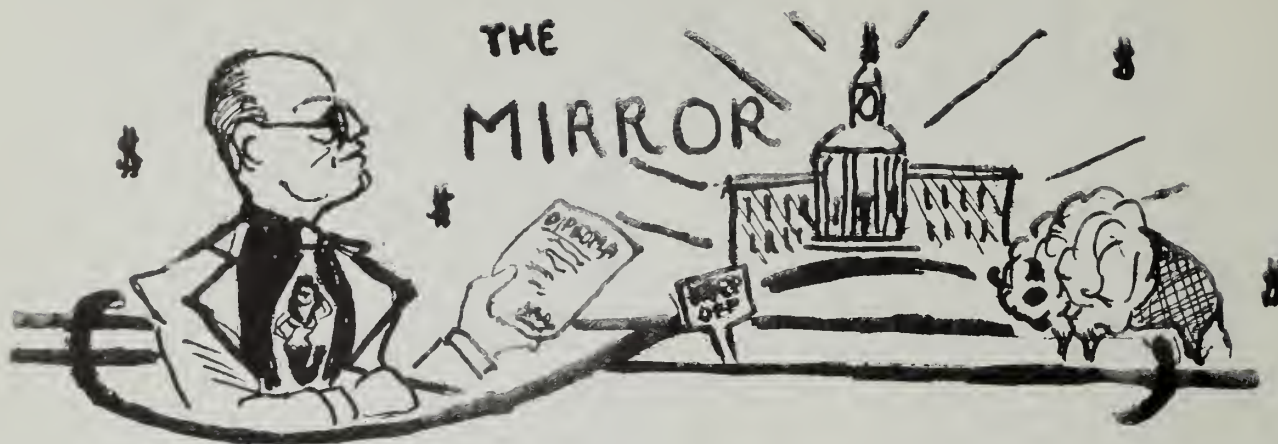


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SOFT ARMS OF WOMEN

DUNCAN KENNEDY '60



3

The first time James walked into the factory, the sound almost choked him. He suddenly felt isolated from the boss, who was taking him to his working place. It was like a movie with the sound turned off. Gradually, he became able to understand what the boss was saying.

"Over there."

James looked where the boss was pointing. Along a high, cracked brick wall, under the bank of filthy skylight windows, was a long table.

"This is Bob; Bob, this is Jim." Bob shook hands and smiled sympathetically. James could feel the bones in his hand. His skin was chapped.

"Betty, this is Jim. This is Betty." Betty's face was wrinkled. When she smiled, all the wrinkles soothed out, and her face seemed to lift toward her eyes. She was probably about forty-five.

James, with Betty beside him, followed Bob to the right hand end of the table. As he walked, he looked around him at the dirty windows and high, flaked walls. Stretching away from the table was great, murky room, jammed with tall stacks of cardboard boxes. Far off, beyond the piles, which jutted up like frozen waves, James could see the dull brightness of the windows in the opposite wall. He looked back at Betty. She was smiling at him.

"It's awful noisy, isn't it?" he shouted. She nodded, and kept on smiling. James smiled back. Then she stopped smiling altogether. Bob was shouting at him.

"You put the cups in the little boxes, by sixes, see? Then you put the little boxes in the big boxes..."

Betty had moved down the table. Her face was wrinkled again. It looked to James as though he would have had to slap her to get a response from her. Bob saw that his eyes had wandered, so he looked over at Betty too, but he turned his eyes away immediately.

When James was ready to start work, Betty came over to him. She smiled, and put her hand on his shoulder. "Good luck," she said.

James began to work. His hands moved so rhythmically that he began to sing under his breath. The words of the song repeated themselves in his mind, over and over again.

I'm a red hot mama, and I'm blue for you,
I'm a red hot mama, and I'm blue for you,
I'm a red hot mama, and I'm blue for you,

Finally, he closed up a half filled box, and had to stop completely. The rhythm was gone when he started up again. He began thinking about Betty. The way she had put her hand on his shoulder reminded him of a woman who had taken care of him once. Whenever she had wanted to speak to him, she had put her arm around his shoulder, soft heavy arm, that always made him feel trapped. And she would say, "You wouldn't want to do a thing like that, would you? You're such a nice little boy." Always, her heavy arm had frightened him. There was one boy, named Paul, who laughed at her and called her a "fat slob." She found out somehow, and she never let James play with that boy again. If he did, he wasn't her "nice little boy."

During the morning coffee break, Betty came up to him and touched him lightly on the elbow.

"How is it?"

"Fine."

"Look, why don't you turn the box like this? That's my way, so it's easier to put the little ones in." She smiled at him, and he smiled back.

"Bob didn't tell me that way."

"No, he wouldn't."

Bob came over and watched. "Betty, did you tell him to do it that way? You know that's wrong."

"He never said we couldn't do it that way."

"You know perfectly well he doesn't want us to do it that way. How would you know what he said, anyway. You never listen to him."

Betty sounded almost desperate. "What do you mean, Bob? I do what I'm told, he knows that."

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Bob thrust his face at her. The urge to punch him made James grab the table edge. "He knows who does the work around here, don't worry. He turned away abruptly, and went back to his place. Betty began to work, with her head down. Then, picking up her handbag, which was lying in front of her on the table, she walked quickly out of the room.

Bob turned to him and said, "Don't mind her. One minute she'll be laughing and talking a blue streak; then all of a sudden she's not speaking to you. Just the slightest little thing and she's off in a huff. And another thing, I wouldn't tell her anything you don't want her to know, either."

"Is that so?"

"Yeah. But what can you expect from her? You know, she was married once. She says she left him, but from all this, I wouldn't be surprised if it was the other way around. She told me all about it one day."

"Yeah." James wondered what Betty was doing and where she'd gone. He noticed that she was completely at ease now.

At lunch break Bob went over to wash his hands. James stayed behind for a minute to clean up his table space. Betty was smiling at him. He smiled back, thinking about her running away from her husband. She came over and leaned on the table near him.

"How do you like it?"

"Not bad. It's awful noisy isn't it? Can't hear yourself think."

"Yeah. You'll get used to it. Do you feel tired?"

Yeah, and I'm going to feel more tired tonight. I'm going out, too."

"Yeah? with a girl, huh?" she smiled.

"Yeah."

"Do you have a car, or what?" she was beaming.

"Yeah, a car. My parent let me use it."

"Yeah? I've to get my parents a present today. It's their anniversary."

"Oh." Bob came back, and Betty immediately stopped talking and moved away. James was relieved. Betty came back before the end of the lunch period. She offered James part of an orange.

"Thanks."

"That's all right. Every time I go over there, my Mom gives me more than I can eat. Mothers always do, I guess. Here, you better be careful of this stuff." She folded up his lunch bag and laid it on top of the jacket he'd worn to work that morning. She gave them a little pat. Bob interrupted

"Time to get back to work, Betty."

"All right." Bob turned away.

"He thinks he's another boss, that Bob."

Her voice was bitter, but some of the desparation of the morning was gone from it. "And listen, don't work so hard. You get the same pay no matter how hard you work. It isn't worth it to kill yourself for them. They don't care about you anyway. And don't pay any attention to Bob. You don't have to do what he says."

Bob was standing behind them. All he said was, "Come on, Betty." The three of them went back to work.

The afternoon seemed to James to be composed of tiny particles of time. The first time he turned around to see what time it was, it was 12:30. An hour later, it was 12:40. Finally, it was time to quit. When James had cleaned up his table space and put on his coat, he noticed that Betty, Bob and the boss were standing in a group at the end of the table. He couldn't hear what was being said, so he went over to them.

Bob and Betty were arguing. Jim watched each of them in turn present his case to the boss. He couldn't hear what they were saying, but Bob's thrusting head suggested accusation. Bob seemed to him, then, the personification of evil, the devil's emissary, sent to ruin with invective poor, emotional Betty. It seemed to Jim trite and inexact that all he wanted was to save Betty from Bob's attack. He thought back, with a surge of remorse, to his coldness to her at lunch. Betty, her hair untidy now, her face wrinkled and desparate, aroused in him an enormous tenderness.

The argument had reached a climax. Bob, apparently beside himself with rage, was telling the boss something. Betty was frantically denying it. Finally, the three of them turned to Jim, and the boss beckoned him.

"Jim, did Betty tell you that the company doesn't care about its employees, and that you shouldn't work hard for us?"

Bob was triumphant. Betty smiled at Jim. Then she put her hands on his arm, and drew him toward her slightly. For one dream-like instant, Jim thought she was going to say, "You're my nice, little boy." He felt the old fear of that soft arm come upon him, and he said, "Yes, sir, that's the general idea of what she said."



OF MEN AND HEDGEPIGS

THOMAS WHITESIDES '60

This is a day which man has made.
Let us, being men, rejoice and be glad in it.
Let us also make a joyful noise unto the name
of man almighty.

And let us praise the foundations upon which
our glorious civilizations is built.

(Naturally it is glorious; man made it.)

(Naturally it is also immortal; man made it
and made the hydrogen bomb to protect it.
And who would dare to attack a civilization
protected by hydrogen bombs?

I love man.

I love myself because I am a man.

I even love hedgepigs, which are

Small

Round

Balls that prickle when you handle them.

But I hate haycorns because haycorns are for
hedgepigs only.

I am a man but I have no use for haycorns.

But hedgepigs can eat haycorns.

I hate hedgepigs because they do something I
can't do and I am human.

A hedgepig is infinitely better than I am be-
cause he can eat haycorns and I can't.

And for this

And for this I Hate All.

Hedgepigs.

All men are logical.

I am a man.

Therefore, I am logical

This is an interesting syllogism, and one which
must be true, because, a god himself and
perfect in his godliness, worships the

Great

God

Logic.

But I am a man and I love hedgepigs for no
reason and hate them because they

Can do something I can't.

This is logic.

Let us now bow down before the throne of
Logic and spit on the ground in his wor-
ship.

For Logic is a great god,

And I love him.

(Or do I hate him?)

Above all, though, let us praise the rock of our
salvation, which is the

Omnipresent

Omnipotent

God



THE BUS RIDE

LAWRENCE BUTLER '60



"All right, folks..next bus leavin' in toity minutes." I looked up, and the strange man motioned to me. "Hey kid!.... wanta see New York? Get on board. You'll see everythin' you wanta see. Just tree -ninty."

It was cold, and my ears were numb. The sharp wind spit out the dust from the gutters, and loose candy wrappers fluttered at my feet.

He puffed his cigarette and peered down at me again, "Ya sure you won't come?...best tour o' da city."

It seemed warm in the bus-sheltered from the city cold. The front left fender was a little dented, and there were web-like cracks in every window. On top, written in flaking, black letters:

ALLIED TOURS INC.

"Sure!"

"Pay inside, kid", he said, giving me a little nudge with his half-frozen hand.

I sat down on the tan, simulated-leader seats and looked around. There were only three others on the bus, and they were all sitting up front behind the driver's seat. A thin, well-groomed man about thirty, glancing up at the torn NO SMOKING sign, nervously took a last puff on his cigarette and then squashed it beneath an alligator shoe. The women next to him (his wife, no doubt) kept telling the child in her lap to behave and slapped him on the knuckles each time he peeled paint off of the seat in front of him.

The bus was slowly filling up— two sailors, a few elderly women who, as I soon learned, had come all the way from Granby, Ohio "to see the sights", a red nosed old man, who sat next to me, his eyes concentrating on a crumpled newspaper.

The air no longer smelt of oil and grease but of people-inquisitive people, satisfied people.

I was growing impatient. Besides the cracks in the little window I could see the driver talking to the man with the twisted nose, the one who had persuaded me to come aboard. Biting my fingernails, I looked through the blue-tinted observation roof. I felt like a goldfish who had his own private underwater world to swim in.

"Welcome to Gotham City, folks.... on your right...."

We were on our way....to what? To observe a wild animal, perhaps, expect that we were inside the cage, and the creature was outside lying in wait. The bus discontentedly grumbled, hissed out a jet of steam, and squirmed through the downtown mangle of headlights and pedestrians.

"If ya look on your upper left, folks...." Our heads jerked up.

"....you'll see a doity, funny-shaped bildin' with a pernt on da top. It's called Flatiron Bildin', folks, and if ya look closely you can read the sign above d'entrance..it says: Da Fla-tiron Bildin'."

I couldn't read the sign: we sped past it before the little voice from the speaker overhead had informed us of it. It was then that I realized I wasn't listening to a man, at all. Sure, there was a figure in the front seat with a twisted nose, talking into a tiny microphone hanging about his neck; but it wasn't a man. It was more like a puppet. His features were cold, and he gazed fixedly down at the gum-encrusted floor, not even looking out of the window. How could he have known where he was?—but the mouth moved:

"Next stop Chinatown, folks.."

Chinatown....the crooked streets, the smellsan exotic village tucked away in this massive city.

"....you'll see quaint shops, wonderful vegetables in d'windas....you'll see chickens bein' cooked with their head on....you'll.."

A taxi rushed past-bleating like a goat about to be slaughtered.

We stopped next to the mud-caked curb in front of a musty curio shop. Our guide remained in the bus with the driver, while we sampled the various items. Was this Chinatown?... a song came to mind:

"O tell me what street can compare with Mott Street in July sweet pushcarts gently gliding"

A gray-haired chinaman stared at me for a

moment, a look of utter uselessness beneath his wrinkled, yellow cheeks. Children, barefoot, wearing tattered, striped T-shirts chase each other through the bitter cold..

But the sweet pushcarts....where?

We walked back to the bus. The ladies from Granby chattered excitedly about a cheap ivory buddha they had bought. None noticed the children in the doorway, huddled together. I noticed; but saw a funny chinese sign up above and forgot.

"Next, folks, you've gonna see d'Bowery. Yes sir, d'Street of Forgotten Men.... d'derilicts, vagrants, bums and drunks.... Each day d'paddy wagon comes by and picks up a bunch from every doorway...but sure enough others flop down in their place."

Everyone laughed. I looked out the window. Below there was a short, fattish lady wearing a red-brown kerchief, waiting for us to get off. For fifteen cents she sold us each a copy of the The Hobo News. Yes, there were hobos everywhere. They were growing from the doorways and gutters like fungus. We went unno-

ticed. They gazed blankly into cluttered but empty alleys.

"Tom Noonan's Bowery Mission: To Help The Poor And...."

Pieces of a faded campaign poster peeled off the wall. Two Negroes, blowing out the frozen air in vanishing clouds, walked past, talking about a girl.

Whiskey saturated the air—the smell of timeless escape. Where was the hope in their eyes? Unshaven, old, gray-brown cigarette butts.. this was the Street of Forgotten Men. No, not forgotten; the ALLIED TOURS INC. remembered them, and so did the people who snapped their pictures.

I kicked a soup can and boarded the bus. A last look proved nothing.

"Delancey, Grand, Wall Street....", the tinny voice went on. the people stretched their necks....right..up..left..down.

Amid the rumbling of nearby construction an ambulance shrieked by.

"Next stop ,folks, d'Statue o'Liberty...."

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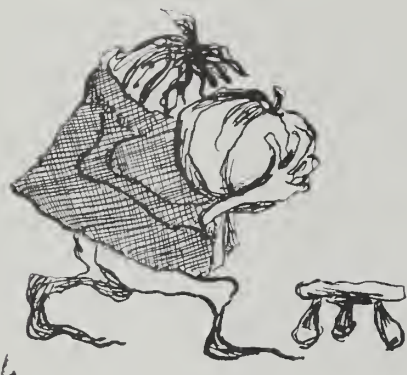
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THE APPLE

WILLIAM FERGUSON '60



The boy sat there at the desk, his back hunched, his head resting on his right forearm, as if he had been struck from behind and had slumped forward. His left hand lay forgotten in his lap. He breathed easily, though his face was tense and twitched now and then as he slept. On the floor beside the desk was a large crate containing a few apples. His parents had brought them a few week ago, but now they were almost gone, eaten by the "visitors" who came every night for companionship and an apple or two.

It was two o'clock. His book lay under his arm; one of its pages, caught away from the rest of the book, had been crumpled under his weight. Slowly, his mind moved from one world to another; he opened his eyes and looked, but saw nothing; and then, gradually, he began to grasp his surrounding: the pile of debris on the desk, the books between the plain book-ends, the radio, the silence. "The "morning" he said, looking around him, wondering at the yellowness of the wall, and at the perfect white perforation of the ceiling, and the magical line on which they met.

He reached down, took one of the apples from the crate, and lifted it slowly to his numb lips and teeth. He winced as the cool acid seemed to penetrate his tongue. The second bite was easier to take than the first, and he kept biting, chewing, swallowing, until he had eaten to the core. He ran his teeth along the ridges of the of the fruit, gleaning every particles from the cracking shell.

The boy lay motionless on the bed, feeling the morning sun warn his covers, feeling the warm needles in his toes. The heat was beginning to drain all the resolution from his body and his mind. With a supreme effort, he reached up and lowered the curtain. Suddenly the room was cool, and the bed was cool, and he could breathe easily again. His stomach settled. It was half past six.

He heard bells, and glanced at the clock. It was five past seven. Whitout being conscious of doing so, he had slept for thirty-five minutes; he could not remember waking. What had been the difference, after all, between half past six and five past seven? One had been superimposed on the other. One was absolutely inseparable from the other, unless one decided to

measure time by a clock-an undependable clock, whose hands at one moment would race furiously around the clockface, and at another would creep imperceptibly, as if they had no conception of the way time ought to run.

He threw the covers from his body. He lay there, sweating, listening to the insistent bells.

At half past seven he rose and dressed. At seven thirty-five he brushed his teeth and washed his face. At ten minutes to eight he was sitting in his seat in the school chapel, but he was not listening to the speaker. He did not know who the speaker was.

The day went on, as the days all went on, now quickly, now more slowly; and he lasted through the day, as he had lasted through every other day, until the time of relaxing and forgetting at night.

At seven he bought a copy of the *New Yorker* and carried it up to his room. The darkness had already settled, and he turned on the light over his desk. It would be a long time until sunrise. He slumped down in the easy-chair next to the apple-crate and began to turn the glossy pages of his magazine. There were only two apples left in the crate; he reached down and took one, and began to take large bites of the firm, white meat.

At nine o'clock he went reluctantly to the typewriter and put in a new sheet of typing paper. "A STORY WITH NO END," he wrote. This title did not please him. He removed the first sheet and inserted another. "A STORY WITHOUT A PLOT," was the new title. It was not quite right, for he angrily tore the sheet from the typewriter, and, crumpling it in his hands, threw it on the floor in disgust. A third sheet went between the rollers of the typewriter. He taught for a few minutes, and finally wrote "MY OWN STORY" at the top of the paper. The title was not very good, but he could easily change it later on.

It was ten thirty. A student who lived down the hall came in, walking softly, for the boy was asleep over his work. The visitor tiptoed up to the desk, and read the words on the paper:

MY OWN STORY

It always seemed to me that nothing ever happened in my life until that unforgettable day, the day that

The visitor read the words twice. Then, looking at the sleeping body of the boy all the while, he stooped down and took the last apple from the crate.



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In the washroom Gayle dried her eyes so that the tears wouldn't show. The tears had made a mess of the thickly-pasted rouge which covered her face. She bent her face down to meet the water cupped in her hands — the rouge was streaky, she might as well wash it all off. The cold water would make her feel better.

Thirteen-year-old Gayle Sanderson looked at her freshly-wet face in the mirror and asked herself what was the matter. Why her, why did everybody pick on her? She was reasonably — she wasn't pretty, but she wasn't ugly either. She wore make-up and lipstick and plenty of perfume and her dresses were nice. Why had she been the goat, the symbol of feminine undesirability for two years now?

Maxine Goldwater came into the washroom without looking at her. Gayle felt that chant rise up like a sob:

*Gayle, Gayle, Smells Like a Garbage Pail
Gayle, Gayle, Smells Like a Garbage Pail
Gayle, Gayle, Smells like a Garbage Pail*

The tears were coming again. She rubbed at them with the back of her hand, then turned and went from the dank of the bathroom into the sunlight.

As the ball soared high in the air, George Franklin found himself pressed from all sides by his classmates. He had no worry, he knew he would make the catch; he was five foot nine and bigger than most of the others. He lifted his arm up, stretching, and with a last-minute jump he brought his mitt to the ball and captured it. He chucked the ball back to the fellow at bat; he had two already, one more and he would be up.

There was a murmur of "nice catch." Although George had found it an easy catch, he was pleased with this display of the respect his classmates had for him. He had no worry of losing this respect, but it was nice to hear it acknowledged; he was pitcher for the baseball team, quarterback for the football team, center for the basketball team. He could not remember when he had not been the top athlete in the class.

A low, fast-moving ball was coming rapidly to a position at his right; George ran, and when he saw that running wasn't enough, he leaped; he stretched out his hand in mid-air and barely caught the ball in the webbing of his glove — *that* had been a nice catch. Three, now, and he marched up to take his position

Sam Eliot, on a special mission for Mr. Farnsworth, walked down the corridor to get the projector. He was always running errands for Mr Farnsworth; it was a good way to spend the recess as any.

Sam never bothered to join the game of hit-ups; he had played before, but he hadn't really liked it, baseball was so boring. He wished the other boys would realize that this was the reason he didn't play.

The door to the audio-visual room was locked. Sam took out his key (the key was his own responsibility), put in the lock, and after momentary fumbling, succeeded in opening the door. He saw the projector in the far corner of the room; grasping it, he carried it up the corridor to room twenty-three.

Fran Forrester, the president of her class, was surrounded by friends, each of them speaking at once about clothes or common acquaintances, especially boys. Gayle Sanderson, who had wandered to the edge of the group, was silent. Gayle was the vice-president of her class. When they had been having elections, one of the boys said "I nominate Gayle Sanderson," and everyone laughed, and then they elected her. She thanked God that so far there had been no meeting for her to lead.

The girls were standing on a dirt slope which spread from the playing field to the classroom buildings. A sudden breeze rippled their skirts and the girls laughed. They walked en masse to the field on which the boys played. As they walked Fran mentioned that she was going to give a party soon.

As he followed through with his bat, George Franklin caught Fran Forrester's eye.

The bell rang, announcing the end of the recess. Everyone started up the hill towards twenty-three.



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THE HAMMOCK

WILLIAM FERGUSON '60

Henry balanced the empty hammock with his left hand, and with a quick burst of energy arched his portly body into the evening air, past the swinging cloth, onto the waiting grass below.

His son Charlie was lounging by the house. "Nice going Pop," he said with a grin, and started to walk away. "How you make the turf fly."

Henry looked up. "Quiet," he said acidly. He started to brush his seer sucker trousers. They were badly stained by this time from repeated failures to climb into the hammock.

Henry had bought the hammock three years ago at a department-store sale. At the beginning of each summer, he had strung the contrivance between two shade trees in his back yard; and when an evening had been particularly warm, he had tried to arrange himself comfortably in his large red hammock and to go to sleep. So far he had been able to balance only once for any appreciable length of time; thirty seconds after this feat had been accomplished, he had (O Aesop!) turned over on his side to be more comfortable. The hammock had disappeared from under him, and with it any hope of hammocking for the evening.

On this particular Saturday, Henry had promised to mow the lawn. Somehow, catching up on his reading and dozing in his leather imitation Barcalounger, which was not very comfortable, he had whiled the afternoon away.

The ropes on the trees looked much too high. "Charlie," Henry called. "Charlie, come and help me fix these ropes."

"Okay, Pop," yelled Charlie from around the house. He ran from one of the trees and untied the rope. The hammock fell with a pawing sound to the earth.

"I want," Henry declared, "to lower the ropes, so that I can get in the hammock more easily. Lower that one about a foot." He untied his own rope and tied it again, lower down. "Make that fast. I don't want to have any disadvantages before I start." Charlie artfully concealed a snicker.

Henry's wife, Charlie's mother, was a middle-aged, agreeable type of woman with a varied repertory of moods. She was in the house while the hammock was being lowered. Two minutes later, she was startled by an impressive chain of oaths from her husband. He had got in the hammock successfully; but his son had loosened one of the guy ropes, and Henry and hammock together had crashed earthward in a mass of ropes and cloth. "Come here!" Henry boomed at his son, who was looking out, grinning, from behind the corner of the house. "I want to tell you something, by God!"

Charlie walked slowly toward his father.

"Charles," Henry began, disentangling himself, "there are certain things in this life that require your fullest understanding and cooperation. One of these is being a gentlemen." He wiped his forehead with a clean white handkerchief, and stood up.

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"If a man is not able to say to himself in the evening, 'Today I have behaved nobly in everything I have done,' and if he is unable to say, 'Today I have been a man—' "Henry hitched up his belt—" then this man, Charles, is not a gentleman. A gentleman would, in your case, have more respect for his elders. He would on no account have considered doing something that might bring grave physical harm to those"—he took a breath quickly—"that he has learned to love and to respect. A gentleman would never have done what you did, Charles." Henry tried to look stern, but he had lost his wind in the fall; he merely turned several shades redder.

"Now," he said, trying to manufacture a gay twinkle in an eye that would not be convinced, "I want to beat this thing." He gestured toward the hammock, which was lying in a helpless bulk on the ground. "If you help me set it up and get myself in it, I'll forget what you did."

They tied the lines to the trees again. Henry gathered his strength; Charlie held one edge while Henry sat down in the middle. Carefully, inch by inch, they swung Henry's legs

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over the side until they rested within the bowl of the hammock. "We've done it!" he breathed. "This thing is too damn' narrow," he added. "That's why it's so hard to get in."

Henry's wife came out on the lawn. "Hello," she said, spying Henry's ludicrous position. A crafty gleam crept into her eye. She started to advance slowly on Henry, who could only stare rigidly at the sky and hope for compassion. "*You—said—you'd—cut—the—lawn!*" She accentuated each of her words with a forward step, and with the last, she put her hand heavily on the edge of the hammock, which began to sway threateningly.

"Leave me alone," whispered Henry.

"I think you'd better mow the lawn," she said. With a slight upward pressure of her hand, she upset the entire arrangement; the hammock spilled its burden out onto the now well-beaten grass under the trees. Henry started to say something, just to hear his voice. His wife left in triumph.

"Boy, Pop," said Charlie, "she's not very noble."

"No lady," said Henry, walking toward the tool shed, "is ever a gentleman."

THE CONQUEROR

SHIEN MacLEAN '60

David's first view of the city was from the bridge high above the bay. The bus went on the lower level of the bridge, through a tight, shadowy passage with the pavement above and below and the ribs of the bridge on either side. Low in the west, the sun sparkled through the fog and glinted on each rib of the bus passed it. The city, from its wharves, to the hills covered with houses in rows between ribbons of white where the sun glared off the streets, up to the tower on Telegraph Hill, seemed to share something with Biblical cities, seen as it was across the miles of water and through the steel ribs and the tinted glass. It seemed timeless and unreal. The passage led on, over the water so far below that the waves were only ripples, until he was finally delivered into the city.

This was as far as he ever come from his home in Massachusetts. He was college age and a bit ivy league. He had come to see the world and was confident that it was worth seeing, and enjoying. His frequent laugh was the true expression of his nature. His friend Will, that

he would visit here, went to college in Massachusetts, too.

His wandering thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of another person. The girl was in her late teens, tall and buxom. Her reddish hair was short and curly.

"Hello," he said, surprised and a little awed. "I'm visiting Will for a few days. Are you a friend of his?"

Will picked him up at the station in a little yellow foreign car. Will lived with his parents in a large house overlooking the Pacific, about as far west as any house on the American continent. The living room commanded the view of the Golden Gate Bridge. Will took him into the kitchen and fed him and went out again. He ate the informal meal gratefully, for he had not eaten on the bus. He felt the room out with his eyes as he ate, feeling it as his own to use. This city likewise he would explore and enjoy.... and leave in a few days....leave freely, having taken its best. It was good to be free as he was.

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"Didn't he tell you? I'm his cousin." She spoke with coquettish smile that made him smile too. He listened to her almost without hearing the words, letting her tone and the laugh in her voice monopolize his attention. She was saying, "Call me Cheryl. My mother and I live on the third floor. Will told us you were coming, but we didn't know when— but we'll give you a good time for as long as you want to stay." She went about getting herself something to eat.

He watched her motions as he ate, thinking how far he was from Massachusetts. How strange and wonderful that he had this whole city to enjoy; how strange and wonderful that this girl had been put before him! He thought again how good it was to be free to come and go in the world, to take and leave as he pleased. When she had fixed her meal, she sat at the counter beside him and they talked and ate. Later he talked with Will, too, and met his parents, then went to bed early, for it had been a long bus trip from Los Angeles that day.

He awoke early in the morning and without seeing anyone he ate and drove off in the car he borrowed. He went where his whims directed, first seeing the town, and after lunch driving into the beautiful south peninsula country. He looked up a friend at Stanford and had dinner with him there in the relaxed atmosphere of the Spanish architecture. At dusk he drove back along the cliffs above the breaking waves and the water that lay in its profound immensity, seeming even to encompass the setting sun.

While he drove southward, Cheryl went about her daily chores of getting breakfast and doing housework. She was a sensitive, mature girl, whose parents had been divorced a few years earlier. She talked long hours on the telephone and wrote many letters, struggling, through contact with the outside world, to free herself from an ennui that she feared could never really be overcome. Her laugh, that David so enjoyed, was her personal defense against the realities of life. She was glad when visitors came to the house. She waited for David's return so that she might talk with him as she had the previous night. When he returned, she met him and asked to hear where he had gone. They sat on the couch before the window overlooking the dark water and the bright lighted Golden Gate Bridge, and he told her of his adventures that day and other days.

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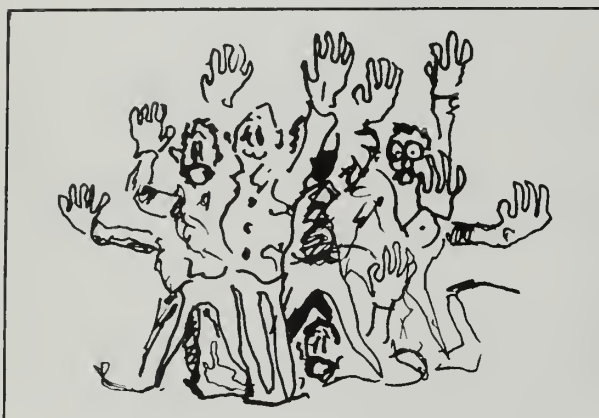
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At length when the conversation had turned to everyday things, she asked, "Do you like to dance?"

He replied with a broad smile. "Yes.... But my dancing's no good."

"We can fix that! she laughed.

She got her records and they danced alone in the library above the living room. It overlooked the bridge too, and there was a tiny balcony outside where they could feel the cold wind off the Pacific. He had never danced alone like this before, and now, in their closeness, he sensed mystically the richness and beauty of his life, and was glad of what he was. She, knowing differently, was at least free from ennui while he held her, and knowing the emptiness that lay beneath her joy, was humbly grateful and feared the removal of his touch. Bill came in and went out again; the rest of the household retired. They danced until the early hours of morning, stopping frequently to watch the lights on the great silent bridge.

Beyond the bridge are the redwoods. They drove there next day, and walked among the giant trees. They walked also between colonades at the Legion of Honor, and stopped in the city's parks, savoring, as it passed, the short time that they had together.

Will joined them when they danced again that night. He had a quart of bourbon. He danced a few of the dances with his cousin. She wanted him to dance with her so that he wouldn't get drunk, but she could not stop him, even with her pleading. David could take his liquor or leave it. He said, "You'd better give me the bottle, Will."

"Go 'way. Go make love an leave me alone."

They left him alone to drink and to hum with the recods. An hour passed while they danced without speaking. The lights and the music were very low. The darkness and the faint sound of breaking waves brought them closer together, she escaping to him from the mad monotony of the sea and sky, while he embraced the darkness and the cadenced silence with the girl.

Will was drowsing and David took the bottle from his hands. There was not much bourbon left. "Get up, Will. Bedtime." He helped him up and to the stairs, where he collapsed. David carried him down the stairs on his shoulder, pitying his friend a little because he was not so strong as himself, not free from his feelings or his lusts. He pitied the human will

When he had put his friend in bed, he sat again with Cheryl, watching the bridge. "Too bad he had to get so plastered. He didn't even have any fun doing it." He whispered because of the stillness of the house.

"His girl friend went away today, you know," she whispered back.

"Poor kid. You think he'd take it so hard? I've never been tied down like that, anyway.... never been in one place long enough. I have no troubles", he whispered, hugging her. She returned his embrace, but silently.

He left on the fourth day. Cheryl came to say goodbye while he was packing in the guest room. She said simply, "Have a good year at college and write to us once in a while."

"No, I won't write to you", he said. "I've had a wonderful time, but it's over now and there's no more to say. That's all."

"Well maybe we'll hear from you. You might change your mind," she said as he left.

Will drove him to the bus station and they parted with the dignity and warmth becoming good friends. Will had been a little ashamed of the night before, but David talked him out of his shame.

Waiting for the bus he thought naturally of Cheryl, and on the bus, too, his mind dwelt on the vivid images of Cheryl and himself in the redwoods, or in the Legion of Honor, or watching the lights of the Golden Gate Bridge. The bus came onto the bay bridge and, watching the water far below, he realized the full implication of his leaving—the improbability, the near impossibility, of his ever crossing that bridge again.

With his memories and his realization came the pain. It surprised him at first, this lump in his throat that he could not control. Why should he feel pain at leaving? Was he not free to come and to go as he pleased? What was this pain that he held him fast so that soon he no longer struggled, but suffered passively? Lines that he had once read carelessly came into his mind: "*Es la vida desamparo; toda carne triste va.*" When would he meet another Cheryl? He thought desparately of her speech and her laugh, her smile and her kiss. Without her there was nothing. In his despair he searched the faces of the other passengers, but they were void of expression, like the faces of funeral marchers. He swung his gaze around wildly to the bus driver, but that old man only stared resolutely ahead at the road and urged the Greyhound on.

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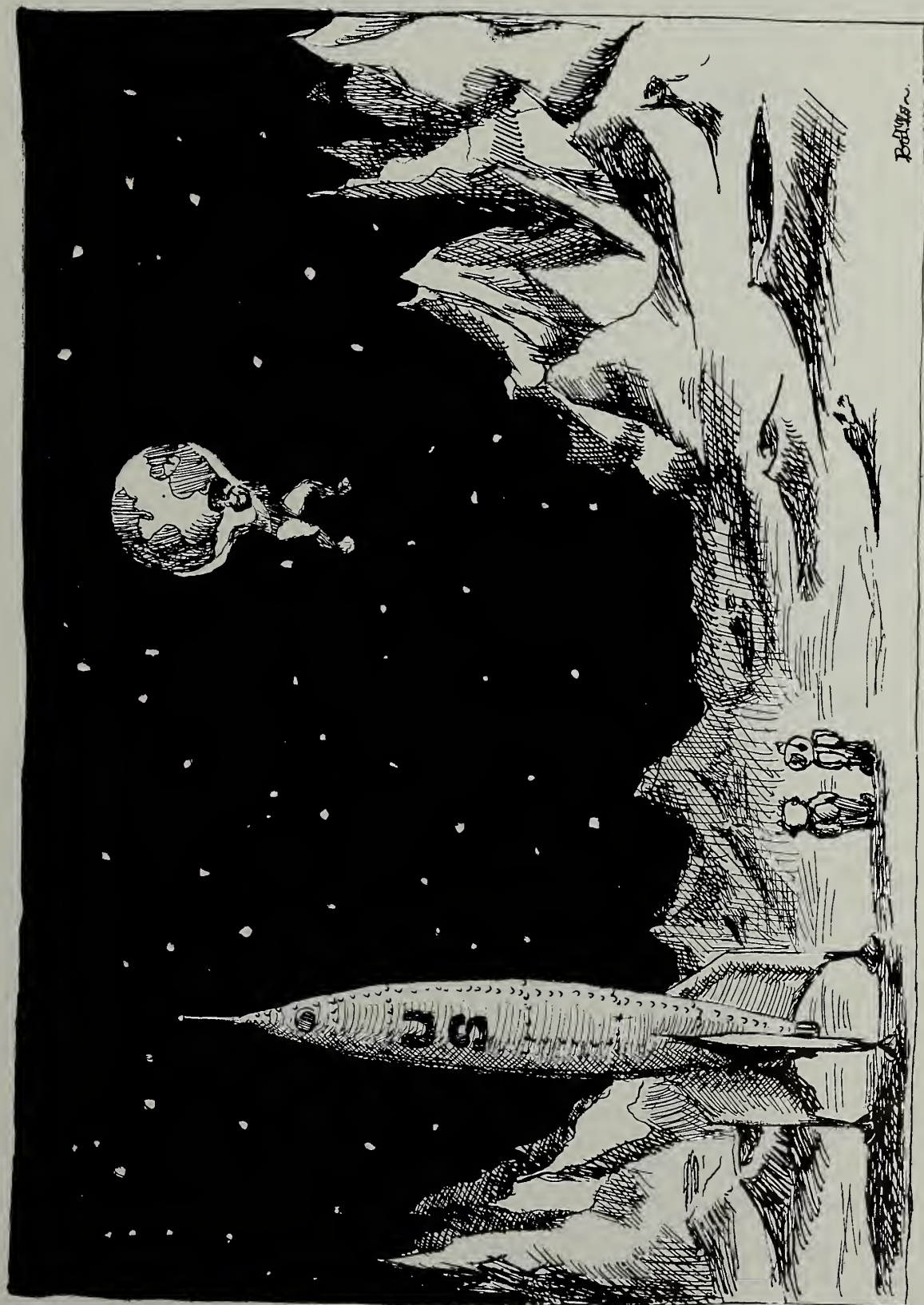
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THE SAGA OF THE WINSOME WOOFUM

CHARLES BRADFORD '60

Deep in the heart of darkest Africa lived a little creature called a Winsome Woofum. It was a round, furry animal about the size of a porcupine. Now the Woofum was set aside from all the other jungle animals because it didn't have any sharp, piercing claws or fearsome teeth. It couldn't run fast and couldn't swim well. In short, it had nothing with which to defend itself against the ferocious jungle animals. The one extraordinary thing it had was a pair of deep, watery, brown eyes. The other animals refrained from hunting the Woofum because they felt guilty and ashamed of themselves whenever they looked into those plaintive brown eyes.

By its very nature the Woofum was a non-aggressive, peace-loving animal. It lived off by itself in a hollow log near the water hole. The other animals knew where it lived but paid little attention to its surroundings. Leading such a solitary life, the Woofum established a high moral code for itself. It ate nothing but green vegetables and leaves. On Friday it ate nothing at all. It did not communicate with any of the other animals. It did not even practice any of the common animal rituals such as the elephant dance or the coconut parties the monkeys gave every Saturday night. Instead, leading a happy, peaceful life, it cultivated an herb garden and concentrated on making the hollow log neat and attractive. It had a great deal of difficulty constructing a sluice which ran from the water hole to the herb garden since it had no digging claws or powerful jaws. But with a great deal of time and labor, the Woofum had provided for every one of its needs within the vicinity of the log. In spite of all the construction it carried on, the Woofum curled up in its log to meditate three times a day. The first meditation was in the morning, the second at tea time, and the third just before bedtime.

One day, the Woofum found a hive of bees nearby the log. Little by little it learned how to take honey out without being stung. Of course, at first, it was stung several times and it squealed with pain. It went back to the log smarting. It curled up in the log and thought hard about the bees. The Woofum wondered whether it was wrong to take the honey. Finally it resolved that in return for the honey it would have to show loving-kindness to the bees. In order to show the bees its love, when it stung

merely turn the other cheek. The Woofum put this resolution to work and gradually the bees no longer objected when some of their honey was taken.

The resolution of showing love to the bees was the Woofum's first moral principle. From then on the Woofum spent meditating time establishing profound moral principles for its life. It thought a great deal about something called Eternal Existence. While the Woofum was meditating, it noticed a tiny chink of light in the dark log. This caused the Woofum to think of another moral doctrine: it was harder for a cake-fed rhinoceros to gain Eternal Existence than for a Woofum to pass through that chink of light.

As the Woofum's wisdom increased with age, it became more and more preoccupied with the thought of eternity. It was convinced that an entirely peaceful and happy afterlife would come as the result of a good life in the jungle. The daily meditations became longer and longer as the Woofum looked forward to a justly deserved afterlife.

Then one day it began to rain. At the end of two weeks of steady rain the jungle was almost flooded. Only a height of land near the hollow log was dry. The Woofum was curled up on some grass inside the log thinking about Eternal Existence. Suddenly it noticed that the grass was damp. The Woofum stuck its head out and saw two elephants thundering past. The Woofum called out: Where were they going? One of the elephants raised his trunk in reply: To the Ark, to the Ark, find a mate and come; but there must be two of you, there must be two of you....

The Woofum watched them hurry off. It crawled back into the log and found the upper part was not wet. It settled into a most comfortable position. It settled in a most comfortable meditative position. It thought of the two elephants and of another Woofum, and it wondered what the Ark was. Slowly the Woofum became less aware of the dampness and rain. It reflected on the joys and wonders of Eternal Existence.

At the end of the week the Woofum stuck his head out of the log and saw a huge boat in the distance. Everything else in view was covered by water. By the evening of the next day the rain ceased. From the Ark, the animals, standing on the stern, barely made out a tiny

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PORTRAIT

PETER MANDLEBAUM '60

He awoke slowly, refusing to open his eyes to morning. Tentatively, he stretched his leg against the wrinkled sheet, as if measuring himself. Deliberately he pressed his face into the pillow, forcing the images of the room out of his sight, and thus out of his consciousness, trying to hold on to the night before.

Don't just stand there, push the doorbell. You've done it a hundred times. Pretty.... but not so pretty as remembered, as imagined. Really just blonde, non-Jewish, and built....But definitely built after a long musing summer alone.

Harold Ruby sat on the edge of the bed, hunched forward, staring stupidly at his feet, as if trying to remember the reason for his getting up. His mouth felt the way he imagined it would after having chewed on sweaty white wool athletic socks. Slowly, dazedly, he moved toward the bathroom, stumbling around the familiar furniture.

He reached for the shower, waiting expectantly for the warm water, praying that it would restore his circulation before he met his parents at breakfast. Harold felt the urge to imitate a Baroque trumpet, but crushed it because singing in the shower was conformity with a capital "C".

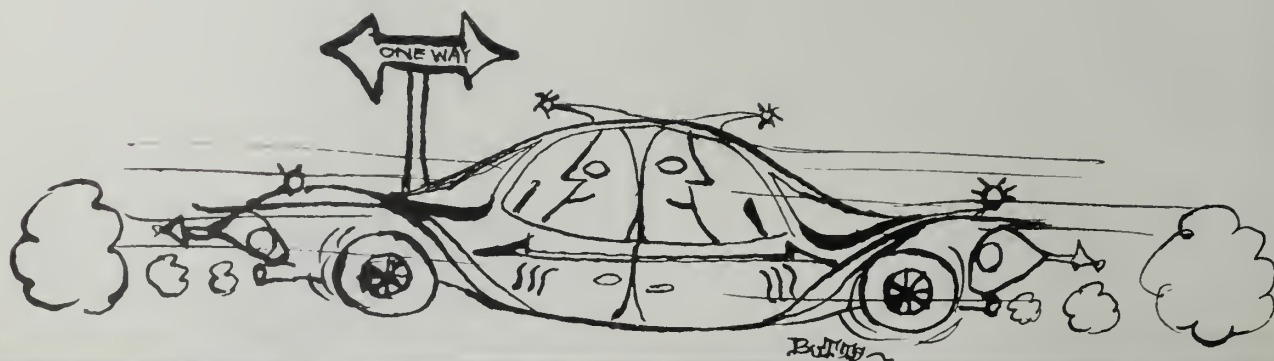
The cab ride was a problem. It wasn't just a matter of making small talk, it was a matter of keeping quite, of restraining the flow of words. Nervous, nervous, and it had been so carefully planned. Sounds, sounds, and he hoped they made sense.

He looked in the mirror, appraising the face. Somehow, Harold was never as satisfied with it early in the morning as he was later in the day. The face seemed as lacking in expression as the cold glass itself. He made futile little gestures with the twin brushes, and finally the comb, but the reflection continued to glare balefully at him.

Put your arm around her. Why so hesitant? You've been out with her before. Hell, it's a normal reaction, she expects it. No response....What now? You can't withdraw the arm gracefully, old boy. Better concentrate on the play, the evening's costing you enough.

The blue button-down slipped easily into place over his head. Harold stepped into the pants, buckling them and picking for a tie at the same time. Out of habit he checked his pockets. He didn't have his keys, and paused a minute. Then he remembered and shoved his hand into the carelessly hung slacks of the suit he had worn the night before. His fingers worked around until he found the keys and the loose change that was left.

There's the curtain. Finally. Pick up your left arm from behind her and don't be clumsy....It's gone to sleep....Oh, well let it hang there....it may be detached but it's still attached....Gross though that is. She's beautiful, I guess. Blue eyes, hair just enough disarranged. Nice girls don't perspire that much, the make-up looks like Hell....Maybe the new American Girl Next Door gets her windblown hair in the subway instead of on a hill, I don't know. Intermission is over....what in God's name were you talking about? This act maybe you'll get something.



Harold thrust his arm into the jacket and again peered in the mirror. There was some improvement this time, but still he wasn't satisfied. He was always amazed at the way people could be dressed and walking around without being awake. To him it was one of the small miracles.

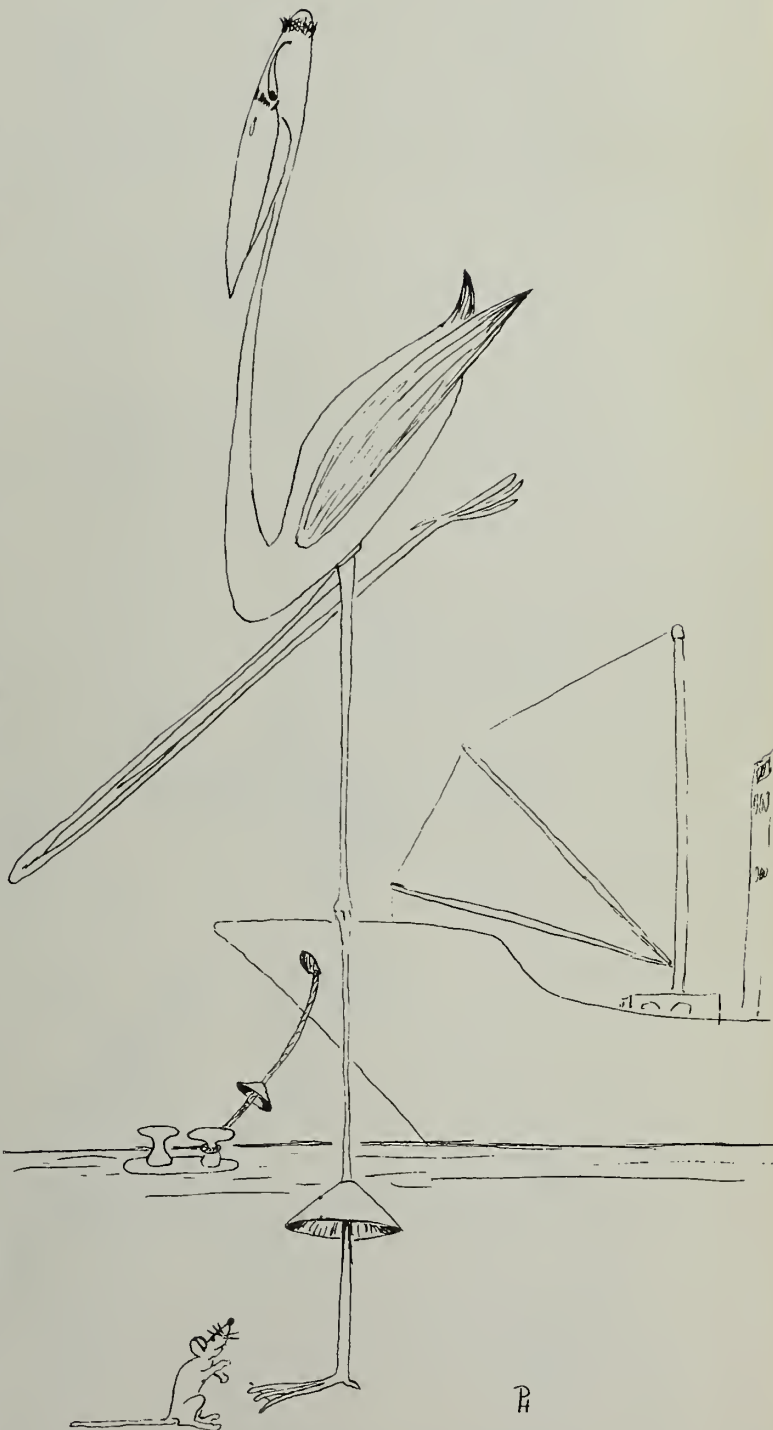
The cab ride uptown from the Village was a problem too. She smoked too much. He quoted something about self-denial being the road to Heaven and she broke into that wonderful smile that began with her eyes. "It goes for you also," and she put the cigarette back. And he kissed her.

Great. Go to it, it's what you've been waiting for. Now. Now! Oh come on, grow up. Don't give me that "respect" bit....you're human, she's human, you like each other, it's natural. Too late, pay the cabbie, and you've no one to blame but yourself. She might want to neck, you know. You've read about such things, haven't you? Get off that intellectual kick.

Harold cradled the cup of coffee in both hands for a minute, absorbing the warmth. He drank it quickly, and his mother, frowning, poured him another cup. She didn't have the chance to launch into the usual questions because Harold, sensing their inevitability, got up and left the table. He knew that eventually she would ask if he had had a nice evening, but postponing the issue seemed almost as good as eliminating it entirely. Harold went to the bathroom to brush his teeth.

Upstairs she had repeated the usual phrases. He reached for her and she put her arm around him tightly. They kissed several times, and then just stood there embracing and looking quizzically at each other, puzzled. Quietly, reverently he said good-night and left.

Harold took his usual morning walk to the subway, methodically moving onwards, his hands in his pocket. He grasped the coins in his pocket individually, squeezing each one until he felt the Y-shaped cutout of the token. He allowed himself to be pushed in the jammed subway, making no effort but finding himself inside anyway. He didn't get a seat. Harold never quite sympathized with the middle-aged women who remembered the Age of Chivalry, because it seemed to him that even if that had died, there



was some new law working to protect the weaker sex. Only rarely did young men get to the seats first, if at all. Fighting to maintain equilibrium against the "they" with whom he shared the train, Harold fell into a state of limbo,

Jesus Christ, what a pair....must be at least 38. You really found a live one. Worth waiting two months for, if you ask me. Why the Hell don't you make her?

The night air was crisp, and the street lights were diamond. How can an evening be so uninteresting and still end that way? Can she be like that with everybody she dates? Just standing there, with me pawing her.

Hell, she kissed you back, didn't she? Face it, you can snow her. Brooks Brothers clothes and Andover are a pretty good combination.

I mean, why do I like her....Is it because she's not Jewish....No, it must be more than that, but I've had more interesting conversations with my brother....And it isn't only that I like to be seen with her.

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You make me sick. How many hours did you spend figuring out this evening? Dressing? You never even suggested going to your sister's apartment, did you? When you come up with these seduction schemes, and then get so shook you can't even order dinner right....

It's no good with her, but you can't pass an hour without thinking of her.... But I'm so afraid that what I say isn't right, I must seem like a damn fool.

Don't let her get away. But for God's sake, things like that don't just fall in your lap. I mean, somehow when I'm with her I don't really want to neck. I'd rather talk. It must be love, but is sure is strange.

Oh Hell, grow up. You're going to go back to school so frustrated its pathetic. Play it cool.

Harold realized that he was at Wall Street. He fought his way out and up the steps. Suddenly he thought of Sue, and feeling very much like a character in one of his themes, he guessed he'd tell his mother he'd had a good time. Harold wondered if he would could see Sue next Saturday.

A New Introduction to Latin . . .

by

Alston Hurd Chase

Learn What the Romans Did Outside the Army



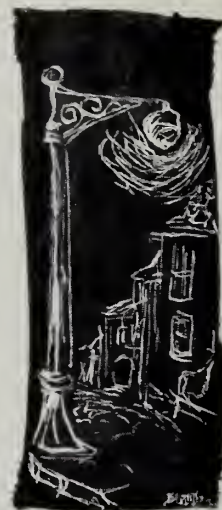
PARADISE

MARK FOSTER '60

Bill Thomas was a good man. He was born of a good, hardy Catholic stock in a small town in the Midwest. His parents had imbued him with all the proper Christian principles, and he was the proud holder of a perfect Sunday school attendance record. As he grew up and moved away from his home, his close ties with the church never slackened. He went to church every Sunday, donated generously to all the church activities, and still considered Father Flarity his most reliable mentor in affairs of the soul. It had been a matter of no small pride to him to consider himself one of the most religious people in town. He had not missed a charities drive in years. At times it had been difficult for Bill. Experience had taught him that it was not always easy to reconcile the religious doctrines that he had been taught as a boy with practical matters, and yet, through each trial of his life, Bill's faith had never deviated one inch.

As a good man should, he had raised his children well. As it had been in his childhood, his sons were never allowed to miss Sunday school. Even though he had been forced to threaten to cut their allowances, he had finally persuaded them to join the church baseball team. He personally withheld one third of their weekly allowance for the collection plate. Mary, his wife, had had the same solid Irish-Catholic background. It was no end of comfort to her to hear the priest intoning the same reassuring formulas each week.

Suddenly, Bill found that life was nearing the end for him. His sons had grown up and married, his business had prospered, and he had the assurance that, having led a righteous life, he could look forward to a pleasant life after death in heaven. Having retired, he found that there was a little left in life for him except his memories, his participation at the church, and his anticipation of entering the Kingdom of God. As his retirement years stretched on, the more he envisioned the life-after, he awaited with eager confidence his arrival in the Garden of Eden. For this he had devoted his life. In a last move to insure his salvation, he drew up a will giving half of his money to the church and the other half to Mary and died quietly in his sleep, while vacationing in Florida. He was a good man.



There was a voice in the back of his consciousness. It kept calling him;

"Bill, get up Bill. It's time to go."

But when he opened his eyes all he could see was darkness and stars.

"Don't be afraid, Bill; it happens to all of us."

Then he realized. "Who me, afraid? Not a chance. You know I'm ready, don't you? I've led a good life."

In a few minutes he began to be able to see things around him. He noticed a little old man with a long white beard bent over an old-fashioned roll top desk, writing in an immense ledger. Behind the old man and the battered desk were the biggest, whitest old-fashioned scroll gates he had ever seen. A great light shone around them, and it hurt his eyes to look at them. He approached the old man and gave him name.

"William Thomas, sir."

"Yes, I know, Bill," came the tired reply. "Do you really want to enter the Kingdom of God?"

"I certainly do, and what's more, I've every right to. I've led a good life."

"What about the two shady deals with the men from St. Louis? Was that what Jesus taught?"

Why did you beat your boys when they wouldn't play baseball?"

"Now wait a minute here, I've got to get into heaven. I gave all that money to charity, and I've gone to church every Sunday for..."

"Yes, yes. I know. You've done the right things. You can go in."

As Bill approached the gates they slowly began to swing open. He held his breath in anticipation of the pleasures and beauties that lay before him. Much to his surprise all that lay before him were uncountable rows of ce-

ment, army-type barracks. He blinked in amazement. Could this be the luscious Garden of Eden? The gates changed shut behind him. A bit apprehensive, he approached the long counter in the wall of the nearest building, waited nervously awhile, and coughed. Shortly, a long faced, tired looking attendant appeared from a small door in the rear. He was dressed in a long white robe, and an immense pair of white wings seemed to sprout from his back. In a dull, flat voice he asked Bill for his collar and shoe sizes. As soon as Bill gave them, the angel reached under the counter and pulled out a small white bundle and an old, battered, gilded harp.

"Strip, give me your clothes, and put on these. One hundred and thirty-sixth barrack to your left; bed number one thousand eighty five."

When Bill handed over his clothes the angel dumped them down a laundry chute and went out the way he had come. Upon investigating the bundle, Bill found it was made up of a long, loose-fitting robe of some coarse material, a pair of wings which strapped to his back, and a large printed schedule. At the bottom of the schedule a large command in bold black letters caught his eye;

THERE WILL BE NO TALKING TO THE OTHER ANGELS !!

Bill, convinced that he was having a bad dream, quickly made his way to his barracks and his bed where he sat down to read the schedule. He noticed by the large clock on the wall that, according to the schedule, he should be eating soon. In a few minutes, a hundred or so other angels filed in and sat down on their beds. Small bowls of greyish gruel were passed out. Bill's had absolutely no taste at all, but he followed the example of the other angels and ate all of his. All this time not one of the angels had spoken a word, and Bill decided it would be wise to remember the warning at the bottom of the schedule.

Shortly after the bowls were collected, a dark, swarthy angel entered the room. With a voice of command, he ordered the angels to take up their harps and play hymn 135. They began to play. Bill notice that there were a lot of flat notes and a general lack of coordination. Then the commanding angel turned to Bill.

"What's wrong with you, Buddy? Too good to play with the rest of us?"

"No sir. I'm new and I don't know how to play yet," Bill answered.

"Well, how do you expect to learn if you don't get started! Play!"

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By this time the angel was bellowing at Bill. Trembling with fear he picked up his harp and painfully tried to follow the motion of the others. When the instructor finally left, Bill turned to ask the angel next to him if it was always like this, but no sooner did he open his mouth than the other angel signaled him not to speak.

This had only been the first of millions and millions of such practice sessions. Bill flinched every time he thought of the thousands of hours he had spent learning to play that infernal harp. Never any fun, just learning to play the harp. He hated harp music anyway.

One day when the chafing on his back caused by his wings was bothering him more than usual, the angels were told by their drill master that they would have to learn a particularly difficult piece, as a large concert was being given by the Combined Harps of Heaven. This was too much. It was the straw that broke the camel's back. For two thousand years Bill had done nothing but play the harp and eat gruel, the same gruel every day. His wings had chafed his back until it bled. He had had it.

"No, God damn it, I won't do it. I'll never play that harp again. To hell with it."

A jovial man in a bright red tuxedo greeted Bill at the door. As he threw his arm around Bill, he greeted him saying;

"Hi, Bill. Just go in and take any place you like. I hope you have a good time."

Bill turned to go through the door, which was slowly opening for him. The sound of jazz music in the background reached his ears. With slight misgivings, Bill turned back just in time to see the man in the red tuxedo gather up his tail and disappeared around the corner. The minute he stepped through the door his eyes were blinded by the brightness of the place. He found himself in a huge banquet hall in which a tremendous steak-and-champagne party was going on. Thousands of people, all laughing and drinking and dressed in gay party clothes, lined the tables, which were laden with tempting food of all kinds. On the far side of the room people were dancing to the gay music. Bill went forward and took a place at the table. As he reached for a glass of champagne, he noticed that he too was wearing a tuxedo with a gay cummerbund. As soon as he drank this glass, a serving man rushed up and filled his until it ran over. A beautiful blond sat down next to him and introduced herself as Joy. Bill took a long sip on his champagne and put his arm around her,

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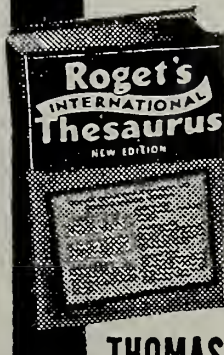
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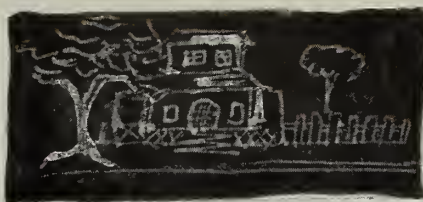
The Editors wish to express their appreciation to Messrs. Fitts and McCarthy for their advice and assistance, and to the publishers of THE DAILY BULLETIN for their advice and co-operation.



SAND SCENE
ION BARON '62

AH QUE

STEVE MOST '61



Ah Que sat at the edge of the pool watching the children. The sun glasses and baseball cap shading her eyes looked absurd in contrast to her plain white shirt and black silk pants, an outfit which she had worn since she first stepped from the boat twelve years before.

Roddy's attempts to wrestle the raft from Jimmy became too rough. Ah Que's shrill voice pierced the air: "Roddeee, you leave 'lone. You leave 'lone, hear?"

She took off her sandals and thrust her chubby brown feet into the water. Her life was unpleasant, she reflected, a thought she usually reserved for the night when, after she had washed and showered, she would lie down in her bed and cry herself to sleep. Yes, life was unpleasant. First of all there was the conflict with Frank. He was so mean, he shouted and was nasty — always talking nasty, always talking nasty. He would criticize her cooking and be fussy, always fussy, with his food — and she couldn't even read or write, and cooked beautiful meals, beautiful meals. Why should he criticize? And Frank was so lazy. She'd ask him to do something and he'd say "I'll do it later," and sometimes the dog wouldn't get fed until way past the time everyone else had eaten and sometimes she herself would have to feed him — that smelly dogfood and the dog was so dirty. Why the Robinsons had a dog she didn't know. And Missie. Yalla yalla yalla, on the phone, that's all she did, yalla yalla yalla, those ladies groups, bridge clubs. And all the time she tried to cook and tell Ah Que what to do, yalla yalla yalla, and when she cooked nobody would eat it, they said "Ick," and all the food went into the icebox wasted. Nobody ever ate it. And Missie made a mess all over the kitchen — the children no like it, what she make it for, just a waste.

Jimmy was gaily submerging Roddy. Ah Que saw it and screamed "Jimmeee, what you doing? What you doing? You stop it you hear, Jimmeee!"

Jimmy looked up and saw his amah running around the side of the pool toward him. "Huh?" he said.

Ah Que's face was red and she spluttered "You no do that, you hear? You hear? Roddy could be drowned, velly dangerous. You hear me?"

Huh?" said Jimmy. Ah Que hovered over him for a minute, hands and hips, and then walked back to the shallow end muttering something about "roughoo stuff velly dangerous."

Missie spoiled her children, Roddy and Jimmy. The children didn't mind any more, so fussy with their food, so spoiled. Roddy wouldn't eat all the food on his plate, waste the food, have to give it to the dog. Of course, when Missie scolded Roddy, Roddy would come crying to his Ah Que and throws his arms around her. And she could still dress them and give them their baths. But Roddy was five and Jimmy was seven and they were going to school and learning how to read and write and Missie didn't like Ah Que to dress them. Just the other day Missie said "Don't you think Roddy and Jimmy should dress themselves now, Ah Que?" Ah Que reddened and replied "What you mean? What you mean? Of course they old 'nough dress themselves. What you think?" and that was the end of that.

And she had heard Missie talking on the phone about hired help. Missie alla time talk to Master about her, Missie saying nasty things about her and they going to send her back to China. She knew, and she was taking reading-writing so maybe she could get 'nother job higher pay but her eyes hurt her to read and she no want to see eye doctor, wear *glasses*. Why waste all that money on glasses?

And she still got hives like a month ago when Frank hadn't taken in the cushions and she said "Take in the cushions you never take in the cushions you go upstairs alla time and I have to" and he said "I'll do it. Don't worry, Ah Que" and she said "You do it? You never do it go upstairs forget all 'bout it." "He said" I'll do it, Ah Que, don't get all worked up about it." "Who get worked up? Who get worked up? and Frank turned on the TV and said "Oh, shut up, Ah Que" and there had been a big argument, screaming, yelling, and Ah Que had gotten hives again.

Four o'clock, Missie was giving a party, yalla yalla, so much work, and Roddy and Jimmy had to get dressed and say hello to the company. "Roddeee, Jimmee," she screamed and succeeded in getting them out of the pool.

II

When Ah Que passed the canapes to Jane Alston she smiled and said "Hello, Missie Alston, how you children?"

"Oh, just fine, Ah Que, just fine. Why don't you bring Roddy and Jimmy over to see them sometime? My little Eddy always says how he misses Ah Que."

"Oh, he deee," said Ah Que.

"He does, he says it all the time."

"Oh, he deee, Missie." Ah Que giggled and walked away.

"How do you understand her?" Jane asked Sue Robinson. "You'd think after so long in this country she'd speak better English."

"You get used to it," said Sue. It's interesting, though. She's never worn western dress, she won't eat anything but fish and rice . . ."

"How strange."

And it's only been recently that she's been trying to learn how to read and write. I think she realizes that if she gets another job she'd get better pay if she knew how to read and write."

"Oh, that's right. You're thinking of letting her go, aren't you?" said Jane Alston.

"Yes." Sue put her drink down on a table. "It's just gotten imposible. It's conflict, conflict, conflict — that woman won't let me into my own kitchen. Whenever I cook something she tells the kids how awful my food is and then they won't eat it, for heaven's sake."

"Oh really!" said Jane. "That's just too funny!"

"Yes. Twelve years ago she was so polite, so meek; it was 'yes, Missie, no Missie.' But when you have a servant too long it just gets out of hand. She has the most godawful disposition and you have to humor her."

"What do you mean?" asked Jane.

"Well, you know, tell her how wonderful her cooking is — if you criticize her the slightest little way, she goes into hysterics. Roddy is five and Jimmy is seven and she still dresses them and bathes them, for heaven's sake. So I mentioned it to her, just calmly, 'don't you think the kids are old enough to dress themselves, Ah Que?' and she said 'what you mean? what you mean?' you know how she gets all flustered, and she's been in a bad temper ever since."

"Goodness," said Jane.

"It's a real problem," said Sue. "You know how hard it is to get help. But we've just got to let her go, it can't go on like this, for heaven's sake."

"Of course not," said Jane Alston.

Ah Que knocked on Frank's door. "Your mother wants you say hello to company," she said when he had opened it.

"All right, I'll be down, Ah Que," said Frank.

"And you feed the dog, don't forget now, you alla time forget."

"I won't forget, Ah Que," said Frank.

"You sure now?"

"Didn't you hear me the first time?" said Frank. "I *told* you I'd feed the dog. Now I'm busy."

"Oh, you awful rude and nasty boy," said Ah Que. "Rude and nasty alla time. You say you do something, you no do it, alla time."

Frank was annoyed. "Rude and nasty? Who's rude and nasty? You're always screaming at Roddy and Jimmy, I hear you."

"I screamin'? I screamin'? screamed Ah Que. Frank pushed her outside and slammed the door. He heard her shouting "I tell you mother, nasty boy."



The children were in bed and the guests had gone home. Ah Que's pillow was wet with angry tears. Her life was so hard. She forgot for a moment how wealthy she would be when she got back to China. She forgot the letters from her mother and sister in Hong Kong. She forgot how she had stepped off the boat twelve years before, helpless in a strange land. Her life was so hard — that Frank. Such a nasty boy. Such a nasty boy, so mean. And Missie, yalla yalla yalla. And her babies, Roddy and Jimmy, so spoiled. And the worst thought of all: maybe she might have to find another job.

A SHORT FABLE

ROBERT SANDERSON '60

Once upon a time there was a very ugly, undeveloped girl spider named Agnes. She was so incredibly ugly that none of the young men ever gave her a second glance.

All of Agnes' girl friends were stacked and went out with the boys all the time. And the things they did! They made out at the drive-in, and afterwards they went and parked and did Lord knows what.

As an outlet, Agnes studied sex behavior, and sex psychology, and influences of sex on society, and reproduction and embryology until she knew more about sex than any other spider in the world.

And then she applied her knowledge by analyzing her friends, and she realized that the other girls thought they were being so clever, when actually everything that they did was out of a natural instinct.

She further knew one thing which made her very smug indeed. She knew that when a spider gets pregnant, is spins a cocoon, lays its eggs, and then dies, every time, So these clever girls would soon regret the way they were carrying on. Agnes was so scornful of the the other girls that she kept her secret all to herself.

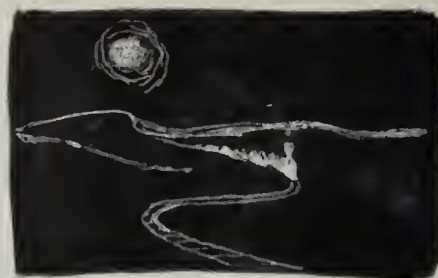
As the time went by, all of Agnes' girl friends got pregnant, and shortly after spun their webs, and died, one right after the other.

But Agnes lived on and on.



CHIHUAHUA INCIDENT

TOM MAYER '61



It was a very old railroad car, a third class coach, and it had seen much service. The dusty, sharp, alkaline smell that seems to permeate the nostril just a few steps south of the border was heavy in the atmosphere. The pipe of the pot-bellied stove at one end of the car was an asymmetrical tube of bullet-shredded iron, a relic of wilder days. The windows were cracked and dingy, or missing altogether, and the upholstery was ragged and worn.

The car was a bedlam of swirling activity—the violets, scarlets, yellows, blue and vermilions of serapes moved in an intricate patchwork of wild color. The bleats of two goats, tied to seats, the cracking of innumerable chickens, the hoarse shouts of “dulceros” on the platform, and the excited jabbering of the occupants mingled in pleasant chaos.

A fat man in a worn serge business suit embarked on a theatrical argument with an ancient “dulcero”, who wore a deep scar across his left cheek, and who looked as if he might have ridden with the legendary bandit chief who swept like the plague across all Chihuahua many years ago. The fat man leaned out the window and shouted unprintable blasphemies at the ancient, who retorted equally vehemently. Finally the fat man brought a lined, shriveled apple for two centavos less than the asking price, and the “dulcero” moved off through the crowd.

The fat man took an enormous bite of the apple, and grunted contentedly. Opposite him sat a young American, well-dressed, who was drinking in his first sample of raw Mexico with wide eyes.

Out on the platform, the engineer and the conductor acted out a conscious melodrama. With many gesticulations they synchronized their watches, re-synchronized them, discussed track conditions, weather conditions, and the possibility of bandits. They gathered an admiring audience, and began the entire act all over again. At last the engineer returned to the engine, a stocky weather-scarred, bullet-dented momento of a long by-gone era in railroading. It was the finest engine this line possessed.

The conductor stood on the steps of the car, and waved meaningfully to the engineer who waved back and his head disappeared into the cab. The engine belched steam, wheezed, and began to move.

As the dirty adobe outskirts of Juarez gave way to the desolation of interior Chihuahua, sand, dust, cactus, and a little hardy gramma grass, the clamour within the car subsided. Here and there beside the track were weathered graves, marked by twisted wood crosses set in piles of stones. More grim reminders of the barbarous bandit chieftain and the days when one revolution followed another across Chihuahua as regularly as waves on a seashore, and as violently as wildfire. The crosses were lonely and enduring, like the desert itself. Occasionally one saw grotesquely shaped strips of steel lying in odd repose beside the road-bed, dust-caked but not rusted, for rust requires much time in Chihuahua. They were once rails, decommissioned by retreating Mexican armies, who considered it good policy to tear up tracks behind them, heat them over fires, and then twist them into weird distortions, thus ending all pursuit by train abruptly.

The only apparent animal life consisted of pairs and threesomes of giant “zapalotes”, vultures, the self-appointed scavengers of Mexico. They wheeled in the sky at great heights, ever searching for the inevitable desert tragedies.

The young American was lulled into sleep by the rocking motion of the train, as the vast monotony of Chihuahua, broken occasionally, like life itself, by tokens of tragedy, unrolled beside him.

Without warning the train jolted and jerked to a stop. The car filled with an anxious hum and heads popped out of windows. The young American awoke with a start and asked the fat man in fluent if not idiomatic Spanish. “Por qué paramos aqui?” Why do we stop here?

"Quién sabe?" Who knows?

"Banditos?"

"Quiza." Perhaps.

The tension in the car eased abruptly as the conductor hove into view outside with a motley man in tow. The man's face was very dark, very flat, very Indian. His clothes were baggy and ill-fitting. He wore no shoes. His expression was impassive.

The conductor began to shout. He yelled, so that none could help but hear, of the great financial problems involved in running a railroad, of the rights of paying passengers, and finally of the unpardonable sin committed by passengers who did not pay.

The man, who had been discovered under a box-car, listened attentively. The people on the train jeered him loudly, but good-naturedly. Finally the conductor finished his oration with a theatrical flourish of righteously pained indignation and re-boarded the car amid applause. He waved to the engineer. The hot mid-day sun beat down on the man, who stared at his toes. The train started; the man kicked at the ground

and hot, thick, alkali dust swirled up and enveloped his ankles. The fat man yelled, "adios", good-by, and the people in the car laughed. The man raised his arm in a half-salute, and bowed toward the train with a flourish. He had the air of a plucky gambler who has lost.

The fat man spoke to the woman across the aisle. "He will not live the day."

"No", "she replied, "he will not live the day. First comes the great thirst, and then el loco, the lunacy."

"It is the will of God. Was it not near this very spot that the traitor Ornelas died?"

"Lo creo." I believe so.

The American sat listening, hearing the words but not quite understanding their meaning for a moment. Then with a gasp he fully realized the plight of the rod-rider. The nearest town was a hundred miles. There were no more trains for a week, no roads, no water.

To the rear of the train there were two "zapalotes" circling high in the sun-filled sky, circling wisely, patiently. They were gamblers too, and they knew the odds favored the house.

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BAGSY AND THE GIRL WITH POINTED EARS

NATE JESSUP '60

The hollywood *Daily Truth* insisted that Vava LaVoom's cocktail party was bound to be one of the truly great affairs of the season. It was to be more or less of a house-warming party for Vava and her newlywed 91 year-old husband, "Moneybags" de la Von Guet-Apens, whom Vava loved to call "Bagsy" for short, as everyone knew. Upper Hollywood was looking keenly forward to the affair, although there were those snide enough to intimate that a house such as Bagsy and Vava's, made and furnished entirely in aluminum and plastic, would take more than one cocktail party to warm. Few, however, could be likely to *insist* in that opinion once having seen with what loving care the grounds and house were being prepared for the affair; the plastic grass in the garden had been repainted, as had the flagstones on the terrace, down in the cellar were 450 bags of aluminum confetti "for midnight tee-hee", as Vava said. All the important people in the city were planning to come: Noblesse Oblige, the Kentucky starlet, would be there with her successful and popular pressagent Cadwallader Cadwallader with whom she was reportedly on very good extracurricular terms; Madame Phyllis Inderautenhausen, an older lady who although not in the acting profession was considered essential to any affair because of the great amount of respect she commanded as the granddame of organized slumberparties and as the one woman in town who had never let an iota of dignity be questioned without a brawl, was also coming; even Vava's arch rival Vive l'Amour, the girl with pointed ears, had been invited. The party was to be on Saturday evening and was to end early enough for the guests to get to the movies on time afterwards.

Bagsy de la Von Guet-Apens sat back in his wheelchair, pensively rocking the wheels back and forth with his two flaccids thumbs. He was thinking about the party-not about the potato chips and smoked baby eels, nor even about the booze, but about the gently pointed ears and rounded ins and outs of Miss Vive l'Amour, and the tightly-fitting plastic dress in which the latter were sure to be swathed on Saturday night. His clear blue eye twitched, and the black plastic horn-rimmed prince-nez fell into his lap, as he resolved that on Saturday night he would advance on the first opportunity to give the bottom of Miss l'Amour a pinch. With this thought the flaccid thumbs fell from the wheels to Bagsy's side, the rocking stopped, and he fell asleep.

At about the same time, across town, Vive l'Amour was concluding the purchase of a tight new partygown in striking red and yellow opaque polyethylene. This was just her kind of gown, she was sure, and expressed what she wanted to express. Vive was pleased with her choice. But, whether by chance or by the intervention of the god of dress, Ox-eyed Dior, it happened also that in another store in another size, the buxom Madame Inderautenhausen was purchasing the same dress. Madame, although she never let her dignity be questioned without a brawl, did not consider dignity to carry over into matters of dress, and in the organized slumberparties business had acquired a taste for clothes ostensibly out of keeping with her aristocratic lineage. She too was pleased with her purchase.

Noblesse Oblige was spending a quiet Friday off with Cadwallader, in Noblesse's house. She was sitting in the easychair crocheting a telephone book cover for her baby niece in Oshkosh while Cadwallader played "Home Sweet Home" on the Hammond home organ Noblesse had brought with her first week's pay from MGM. The two of them, while outwardly concentrating on the matters at hand, were inwardly contemplating their mutual tragic flaw, which was liquor. Since they were both from the Middlewestern Baptist belt their upbringings forbade them from spending their daylight hours in anything but hard work or homey pastimes, but at night they got as potted as two flies in a coke bottle, and would sit together wherever they happened to be, holding hands, lisping nonsense, and giggling.

Cadwallader Cadwallader picked up his smoked baby eel with trembling fingers from off the potato chip, and his watery, disfocused eyes widened in disbelief and glee. He was sitting on the LaVoom divan next to Noblesse, who with head thrust back and eyes wide open held a half-empty Old-Fashioned glass to her ruby lips. She and Cadwallader had been the first to arrive, half an hour early, and had nearly surrounded the divan with empty glasses before the second set of guests had arrived. The second set of guests had been Madame Inderautenhausen and her dignity. She had rather haughtily taken a plate of smoked eels on chips in her beringed fist and retreated with it to the aluminum fountain at the far end of the garden, whence she could regard the mass of lesser guests as they arrived one by one. She was also aware

that her red and yellow dress would be better noticed by all if she stood apart. Her sense of dignity was extremely strong at the time, which was lucky, because soon afterwards Vive l'Amour arrived wearing exactly the same red and yellow dress. Madame's rage did not take the form of an explosion; instead she let drop a smoked eel and slowly, maliciously ground it into the freshly-painted flagstone with her pointed toe, never lifting her eyes from Vive. Then she took one deep breath and walked forward to get another plate of hors d'oeuvres from the table on which they were arranged.

Bagsy Guet-Apens was sitting in his wheelchair behind the hors d'oeuvres table, quivering with frustration. His good wife Vava had put him there with a tableful of martinis for himself and told him not to move, but just now he too had caught sight of the fiery red and yellow dress of Miss Vive l'Amour and was overcome by the desire to carry out his audacious plan. Through the crowd of people he thought he saw her approaching the table, and with a wink of his booze-blearied eye and a forceful twitch of thumb he rolled out to get at her.

Cadwallader's eyes were widening in glee and disbelief as he held the smoked baby eel by the tail. He was drunk and his hand was trembling; the eel jerked and twisted in his fingers. His mouth fell open, "It's alive!" he whispered. His open mouth stretched to a wide grin and his eyes squinched shut. Then he began to laugh and choke, and, seismic with tears and giggles, he pulled himself from the divan and tottered in a wavy line towards the hors d'oeuvres table, still holding the wriggling baby eel. The enraged Madame Inderautenhausen was at that moment leaning forward to secure for herself another plate of food.

Bagsy wheeled swiftly around the corner of the table to discover in front of him the fiery red and yellow bottom which he sought. He jerked to a stop; the flaccid hand coiled backward like the head of a cobra, and then shot forward and gave Madame's polyethelene a long, biting pinch.

Seismic Cadwallader swayed forward, dropped the eel down Madame's back, and fell with a thump at the feet of Bagsy, who was sitting in his chair holding his breath, waiting to see what the woman who he thought was Vive would do about his pinch.

Madame Inderautenhausen screamed like a scalded moose; her buttocks leapt forward; her back arched; her arms flew upward and the school of chips and eels from her plate sailed over the heads of the guests to land with a loud, wet pittering and pattering on the lap of Noblesse Oblige, who was just finishing off the Old-Fashioned.

The end of the cocktail party was very confused. Madame stepping over the body of Cadwallader, plowed through the crowd straight to Vive l'Amour, whom she grabbed by the waist with one hand and, screaming "Bitch!", hurled like a javeline in the direction of the aluminum fountain. Unluckily the missile fell short, and hit hostess La Voom in the small of the back. The latter screamed, turned, and with trembling fingernails and clattering teeth lit into the prostrate form of her guest with a gusto that belied her slight frame. Both women had friends among the company who felt obliged to give aid to the one or to the other. The women first leapt into the fray, screaming like a corps of banshees, and led by Noblesse Oblige, from whom sticky eels were dropping like leaves from a tree, one by one. . . .

When the milkman opened the aluminum door in the morning the first thing that crawled out was a baby eel, of whom a large number had been alive after all. In the middle of the living room floor was huge pile of unconscious people, surrounded by broken glasses, melted ice cubes, bits and flakes of plastic grass, and ladies' shoes. A fat old man in a wheelchair was propelling himself violently in circles about the pile, pinching every red and yellow bottom he passed.

The *Daily Truth* insisted it was one of the season's really great colossal flops.

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by

Alston Hurd Chase

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INERTIA

PERRIN FRENCH '60

The heavy leather and oak armchair hardly moved as young Ibid, deep in thought, heaved himself out of its snug embrace to commence a last tour of the house. The high vaulted living room was illumined by both a fire in the hearth and a certain amount of morning sunlight seeping through the drapes of the tall window next to the round front door. The house had been dug into the side of the mountain, and the living room, being the only room at the front of the house, was consequently the only room with light from the outside. Ibid crossed the floor and entered the kitchen, which separated the living room from the rest of the house. In the kitchen, the hot spring was gurgling up and disappearing as it had always gurgled up and disappeared, never changing in temperature, never varying in rate of flow. Its unchanging nature had never been a source of irritation to Ibid before and still wasn't, but now, for the first time, he felt that it should be.

Ibid passed out of the kitchen into the hall, and as he made his way towards the torchlight from his bedroom he continued to think. The realization that he would be leaving more than just a place caused Ibid's thoughts to turn to his most ancient forebear who must either have been created or have come to rest in that western section of the northern country. The runes lit up by Ibid's torch as he passed down the hall reminded him of his other forebears who had stayed, for some incomprehensible reason, in that one spot. Part of the house had been made naturally, by erosion, and most of the rest of it had been excavated by the original settler. Ibid's other forbears had never changed the house, save to widen, lengthen, and make additions to the tunnels of the wine cellars.

The bedroom, as Ibid looked in on it, was lit by two torches. One of these was in an iron holder fixed to a large, canopied bed whose base was a part of the same stone which made up the floor of the bedroom (and indeed the walls and ceiling of the bedroom, as well as the floors, walls, and ceiling of all the rest of the house). The other was supported, next to a shelf of rock which served as a desk, by a seemingly breakable but actually quite strong net-

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work of metal rods which came out from the wall. After a farewell glance about the room, Ibid continued on his way down the hall, past the entrances to many storerooms and finally into the wine cellars whose cave, filled with aging casks of many old and unique wines, spread like roots into the side of the mountain.

As he wandered more deeply into the mountain, he thought of how he must be the first in the long family line to have felt a call from the outside—the first to realize how narrow was the life he led. He then thought of the nature of his calling: the longing he had felt as he had looked up from the small, cheerily bubbling creek where he went to fetch cold water, into the vast, blue distance where the valley below the mountain spread out into a plain which ended in darker, farther, and bigger mountains, beyond whichbut he hadn't seen that far.

Reaching the limit of the new excavation, which Ibid himself had added to the already extensive main tunnel, he turned around and started back towards the living room, still thinking. Now he thought of how he would miss the place which had been something more than a home to him, of how he would be breaking a tradition which had endured for countless generations and giving up a heritage which had always satisfied his ancestors.

Coming back to the beginning of the main hall, he thought of the sack he had packed and he felt a resurgence of the longing, accompanied by a fear or excitement which made his heart beat faster. When he reached the living room, he crossed it quickly, passing through a patch of early but yellow sunlight. He picked up the sack, slung it over his shoulder, and continued across the room but as he neared the heavy, round door, a doubt and something else laid arresting hands on his shoulders. Attempting to shrug them off, Ibid readjusted his pack, opened the door, and then closed it. With what might have been either a sigh or a sob, he set down the sack, recrossed the room, and sank down into his armchair with a frustrated but decided air.



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THE FAST ROAD

JEFFREY PUTNAM '60

I was going toward the water. There were fewer and fewer streetlights. Red. Slanting. 4, 5 strips of red and CAUTION. The gears ground, my bumper was grinding into the rocks on the side of the road. With the night air on my face I saw footprints. Tractor feet. Like on the new golf course. The white stakes mean under construction, a free lie. I swung the car, and my beams shot ahead, a streak of white Dead end streets on both sides. I was on the point.

Hips were swinging in the light, and stopped, and I stopped. I spoke, and there was a dog behind a bush, a leash, a leg poised in the air. She turned and frowned under her gray hair. I shot ahead, laughing, thinking what she thought of me. "One ought to act regardless of the public opinion, using one's judgement." I swore, cursing all the prigs and moralists, and then I laughed at the state of my judgement.

The brilliant moons behind me were far apart, and a few minutes later a streetlight started a red spark on the roof. I slowed, and he slowed. Another streetlight and there were two. I was afraid they were going for sergeant, but I was not, I was just afraid. Maybe they were just cruising, so I slowed again, giving them plenty of room to pass. I was tense, thinking. They were alongside, and a blond cap was watching. I thought about it and I turned my head, fast, my left hand went to my jaw. I was surprised, and not a little indignant, annoyed. The blond cap spun, and spoke to another darker cap. The streetlight was blue, and the car, white, was ahead of me, in front. I was back in my dressing-room. The red was not right or left. Staring, I watched it gain dimension, and die. I hit an invisible bump, and a clanking of cans was behind me. The smooth road much further behind me had saved my performance.

I knew that I had been driving a long time. I felt a little tired, drowsy. I was coming to an intersection. I knew that town was left, left for home. But some perversity was telling me, and even though the drone of third gear. I knew that the drone was soporific, and I swung right.

I shifted to climb the hill, and saw the crescent, gray-white band, her ring that was mine. A flash from the ring alerted me, I swerv-



ed in time, and they descended, laughing and kissing. I could feel the metal against my finger. It signified something when it was her ring that I was wearing. She loved me enough to let me have a part of her, a hard feeling against my skin. We had laughed, and kissed, the right kind of love. The love which stifled and restrained me. The proper, routine love of kisses, and blushes, and headaches, and pleas. The rewarding love where patterns merit moments of sweetness, where passions merit benevolent, sensible uncertainty. This other was not the right love, this powerful vulgarity. I turned the key, climbed out, and scooped some gravel from the side of the road. I fought through a thicket, and threw, and whistled.

I could hear the steady lapping as my breathing slowed. Sitting up I helped her with her halter, and tossed her the blouse at my side. She repeated the action, making a banal remark about the amount of time at her disposal. Weak, I returned to the sand, to her side, directed to my place by her fingers. I turned, my elbow digging into the sand, and took her again.

I was half-thinking that I had helped her by satisfying her, but I knew that I hadn't. I thought of her fingers, delegates of her need. Implements that would change with the years, but whose errand would be run to the last, the same. Perhaps I had wanted, just a little, for her to remain a prisoner of her desire. I hadn't spoken a word at the beach. I felt too sober.

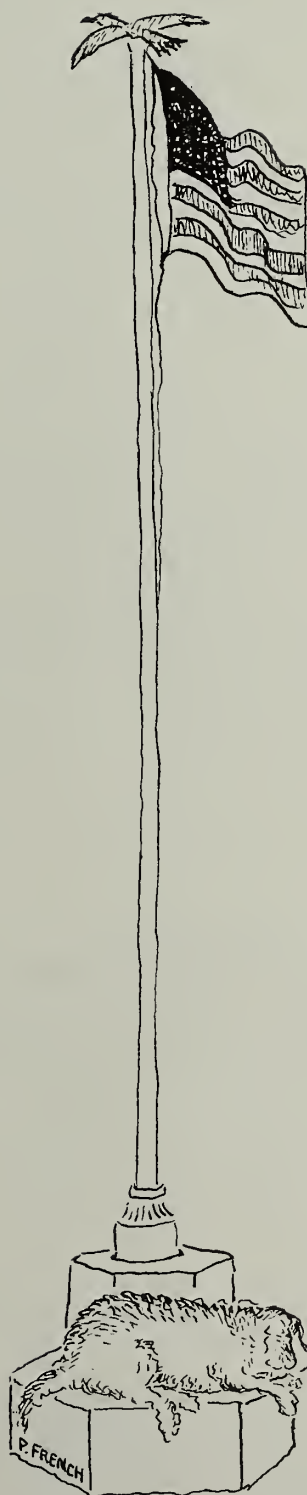
In the car I answered some of her banalities without thinking, and failed to laugh at the truisms she pronounced. I wondered why such a night should repeat itself, and knew that it would, but not soon. I wondered why she would have no others until it did.

My hand, fumbling among the empties on the floor of the back, found six more for my other hand to pop open. A deceitful inspiration prompted my hand to return, and I fired the evidence in ones and twos, clanking, into the brush to my right. I drank the six as fast as I could force the resisting fluid down my throat, first tasting beer and then simply alcohol. There were six more clanking sounds, then motors sounds, and tires against a sandy road. I was going home, and I thought about it on the way.

I knew the vomit was acrid and foul, and I was afraid because of the smell and my parents. I had managed to open the door, but it was on my shoes. I forced the right foot down on the heel of the other, and my toes couldn't force the shoe off my right foot. My hand took it off, and my forefinger was in the vomit. I walked fast around the car and tore the leaves off the young maple tree, the branch. I let the leaves go, and they fluttered apart. After my finger was clean, I threw the leaf away, and when my shoes were clean I threw the rest away. My shoes still smelled, and I knew the rocks at the side of the road were hurting my feet. Someone had told me that it was illegal to drive without shoes, but I was almost home.

I didn't forget, and I left the car on the road, on the hill. I left the shoes in the back of the car. The gravel would wake them up, the tires on the driveway. There were no lights, and I made no noise, except the table leg wasn't where I thought it should be, and the chair was where the house was darkest. When there was light I dropped into the green chair, and thought about that piano, that hot part.

I tried to find the part, but I scratched across the grooves. I thought what a hypocrite I was, how I had jumped at my brother when he scratched with the needle. I wished he was here to hit me, to punish me. The record had started before the part, very soft. Then too loud when it warmed up, and I turned the knob back, too far, and shut it off. The record was whining, so I turned the knob again and the record began at the right part, and soft. I was dancing, and interested in my dancing. I forgot about the part until it was over. I played the part again, and I stood and listened to it. My brother came, and looked at me, and turned the record off. He went back to bed, and he was sleepy, and angry. I cursed his irascible nature, and I apologized for waking him, but he was gone. I said how ludicrous I must have seemed making apologies to a dark porch.



I sat at one end of the sofa. The lamp was on, and I had turned it on, but I did not remember. I turned it off, and then on again, no time had passed, and my hand was numb and insensible when I grasped the chain-cord. The book was open where I had stopped. I thought that I would not get anything out of the book, and that I would have to reread some of it. So I started reading, but the diabolical advertisers were catching my eye. I found a match, and snatched the newspaper, folded, from the couch. Kneeling before the flames, I watched them die. I knew that the bricks had hurt my knees, and I was on my feet. I started reading on the sofa. No time had passed, and the night would last. I understood nothing. I stretched out on the couch, and read. My chest felt pushed in, and I was tired. I read. I slid my sweaty thumb, sweet-smelling, until it caught, and pushed toward the black line of the binding. The page snapped back, and settled. Once turned I couldn't remember a single word of the page, so I used my thumb again to subtract the number 1 from the larger figure at the corner of the page. I read.

I could see some light outside, and I felt the book cold in one hand. The light was on, and incongruous with the break of day. I turned it off, and sent the book skittering across the room. My head ached slightly, and I went back to sleep.

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She breathed distant and enticing. Her breasts almost fluttered with reticence. She folded her arms, feigning seriousness and incipient interest in some obscurity. She must have realized that sometime she would have to sunder her safeguard of flesh, of flesh, apostasized, and surrendered to a coarser breast with halfhearted resignation. She slipped the gray-white band onto my finger. I awoke. It was two and a half months since that last degrading episode at the beach.

During the last few days I had intended many methods for terminating my role as teenager and son. My happy, anticipant mind organized and planned. Each new idea was discarded for another perhaps a bit more subtle.

Later in the morning I decided: a letter, naturally enough, but not a trite letter of good-bye. I thought more about my choice during the day, and I started the letter when my parents had gone to bed, supposing that I was reading. I wrote patiently, and finished in a short time.

The next afternoon I visited the bank. To avoid suspicion I told the teller that I was transferring my money to a more convenient bank. Upon my return from the soda-fountain I received permission to spend the night at a friend's down the road. Since they had asked

me to supper, I packed my duffel bag. At the end of the driveway I slipped the letter into the box. My father would find it when he came punctually for the paper at eleven.

I walked to the terminal in good spirits. I felt as if I were going to a show. I knew I would feel that way.

I hated the fast road of bushes, and driveways, and mailboxes. I wanted the slow road, the friendly road, the company of my footsteps, and the simplicity of the sun. I love the slow road.

This I expect. The next morning a dumpy, logy figure in a bathrobe ambled toward the mailbox. Moments later a hairy hand withdrew a clean, square envelope with the words "... and nothing but the truth," for whom this does not concern" nicely centered, in his son's hand.

He opened the envelope while walking back to the house, and read the contents on the terrace, completely bewildered.

The letter read as follows: "Once upon a time there lived a teen-ager named Leopold. Except for an inferiority complex (his was the only hair in the entire fief which was parted in the middle), he was a happy adolescent. He hated his parents (and justly, for they were responsible for his outlandish appearance). and he was prurient.

Leo, for so he was known by his comrades in arms, had been going steady with Hyacinth since his childhood. They first met at an execution when Leo was 6. A long-haired, rustic minstrel was being beheaded, and Hyacinth was among the many young females present who moaned and cried and shrieked in high girlish voices. The adults present were for the most part unaware of the nature of the man's crime, but they exulted in the death of the bumpkin who had insulted them with his amorous ballads and pretentious good looks. Leo was only briefly introduced to his future bride, but the parents of the bashful young woman seemed convinced that she was in love at first sight, possibly because a few years ago they had secured a contract, by means of much haggling, roast beef, and firewater, that assured them of the welfare of their daughter.

Twelve years later Leo was a handsome, lecherous, good-natured tippler, and Hyacinth was a shy, virtuous, exceedingly fat maiden.

Leo spent a large part of his time riding about in his sleek coach. (The historian pauses a moment in his narrative to make the fact known that he has essayed to preserve the exact, though quaint terminology employed by lads of Leopold's time when referring to their coaches.) Chained, leoparded

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and powered by four horses, with exquisite pin-striping in the interior and on the body, Leo was extremely proud of his conveyance. The passers-by, agog at the appearance of Leo's coach, would often see him smugly guzzling brew in the rear seat.

Leo quite frequently indulged his lust at the bawdy-house, but he also had numerous wayward acquaintances with whom he had relations. Hyacinth was aghast at Leo's notorious behavior, but she continued to wear the anklet with his name in big gold studs which he had given her. The anklet reminded her of a dog's collar, but she made no mention of this resemblance to the giver, especially since all the other maidens in the fief were wearing them. In return for Leo's generosity Hyacinth gave him a ravishing dun-white ring, which Leo wore wherever he went.

Since her parents made no objection, Hyacinth was in the habit of taking rides with Leo in his handsome coach. Alas! Leo made a grave mistake. Being of the opinion that the right side of his head was far more noble in appearance than the left, he bade the chubby Hyacinth always to sit on his right. Before very long Leo noticed a definite leaning of his coach to the right. He suspicioned the reason, but his vanity got the best of him. A few more rides with his chaste bride-to-be and the once-magnificent coach was plunging to the right, beyond repair.

Shortly after the catastrophe which befell his coach, Leo was visited by one of his wayward acquaintances. Without a word Leo

knew that another disaster of vast proportions had befallen him. The embarrassed visitor, unfortunately of good family, was visibly assuming the appearance of the virtuous Hyacinth. His formal engagement to the sweetheart of his childhood was due to be announced very soon.

At this time Leo had a strange and wonderful dream. All the marvelous wonders of far-off, exotic lands appeared before him in the form of a beautiful woman, distant and enticing, who married him to her bosom with a ravishing ring. When Leo awoke, and saw the ring on his finger, he knew that his dream had been a reality.

Soon thereafter Leo set forth, happy and free, with the feeling that he was going to a bawdyhouse.

A dumpy figure in a bathrobe crumpled Leo's note. The butler soliloquized, 'Firing ahead with no restraint. Plodding ahead, mocking us, and with no burden, mocking us. Oh, to slow it! To grasp a yielding thread of it! Many hands are grabbling for it still, and others are around a lover's neck, in jubilant defeat, and closer than before. Some despairing hands are locked around a bottleneck, and these are sinking farther and still farther into themselves, and away.' The butler tossed the recently read and wadded letter into the fire. 'Yes, my lord, yes, my lord, I'm coming.' "

This also I expect. My butler's soliloquy ringing in his ears, my father was cheated, and puzzled. Puzzled because he could never say those words. Oh I'm glad to be gone from you, old man!

Douglas A. Baker

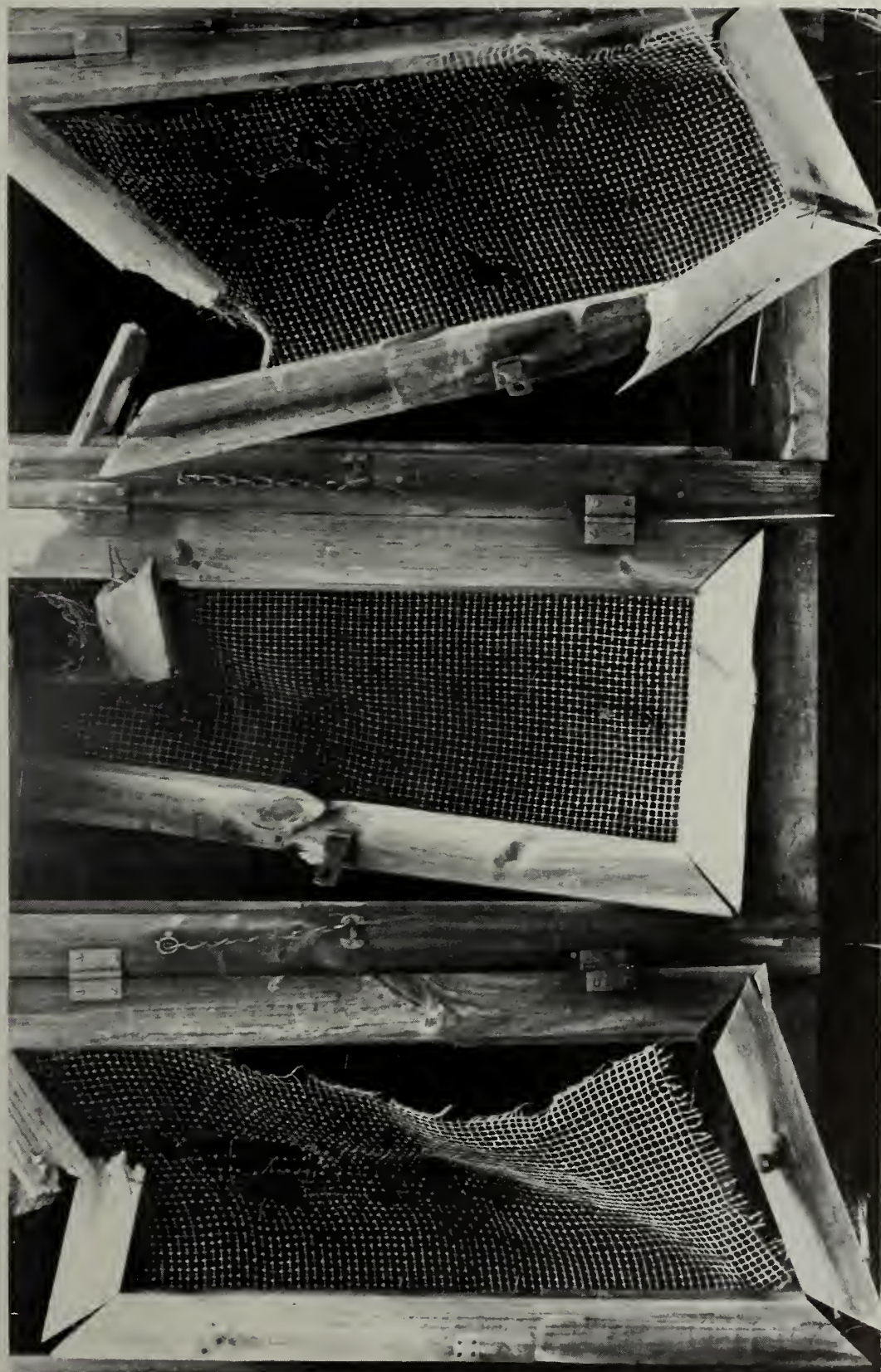
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A STRANGE LOVE AFFAIR

CHARLES HANSON '66

"Why am I dating her?" Martin Johnson asked himself. But Martin did have some power of self-analysis and sensed vaguely the answer to his question even as he asked it. Although he no longer felt any warmth for Susan Brown, her passion for him was a source of self-satisfaction. He had no one else to take to the dance that night, and it seemed better to go to a dance with Susan than to spend the evening with his family. Martin felt slightly ill at ease as he approached her house in Greenwich, Connecticut. He knew that this was the stronghold of the old New England aristocracy. Martin lived in a nearby suburb of middle-class advertising men, and he realized that Susan's origins were of a higher class than his. At the same time, he felt that he was clearly Susan's superior.

Martin looked backed over his summer and recalled how quickly this feeling of superiority had arisen. Martin had met Susan in a small town in Wyoming where he worked as a stage hand for a summer theater. She had come to the town to study stage design and costuming. She was an amateur actress and had played the Third Witch in a student production of *Macbeth* at her school, Connecticut College, during the preceding year. But her talents were so poor that she had not qualified as regular acting student. She had taken this course instead. Susan had a lean, athletic shape, a dark tan, becoming brunette locks of moderate length, and a pleasant smile. She gave the impression of a polished, refined, and sophisticated college girl from Connecticut, which of course is exactly what she was. She was somewhat lacking in intelligence and talent, but she did have the making of a fine wife for an upper class New York man of business. Her salient virtue was her sincerity. Despite her sophistication, she possessed a certain quality of naive truthfulness such that no one could doubt her word.

Martin remembered their first meeting. Quite by chance he had taken a seat next to her in the school cafeteria. He felt himself attracted to her immediately; one might say that it was love at first sight. She seemed to have all the qualities he could ask in a girl. Martin was an intellectual snob, and the fact that she aspired to be an actress pleased him. In conversation

she rarely said the obvious; indeed, she rarely said anything at all. But he thought that her silence gave her a certain majestic dignity. Martin desired sexual experience and even felt a vague inferiority because he lacked it. For years he had divided his time between boys' schools and boys' camps, and these had had a decidedly limiting influence. He thought that she might satisfy his desire. He also recognized that she could become a social asset when they both returned East. Martin was somewhat calculating in nature, and, since he was unaccustomed to passions, his lack of passion for her did not trouble him.

Martin had quite diligently cultivated a friendship with her. He had taken her to dinner at the fanciest local restaurants available. He had taken her to all the plays given by the theater and to several movies at the town theater. He had spent much time with her. To his dismay, he found that she was rapidly becoming frustrating and even irritating. He had

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discovered that her silence was due to an almost complete lack of articulate opinion. Although she had conceived a passionate liking for him, she had adhered strictly to her rather inclusive set of morals, and so she had frustrated him again and again in his quest for sexual experience. But eventually she became physically unattractive to him. Nevertheless, he had persevered and never indicated his irritation, and in early August she had returned to Greenwich. His failure to break off the affair had resulted his disinclination to change a well established habit, but he had told himself that he would probably enjoy her in the East both as a companion and as a valuable social asset.

Now, as he stepped from the car, Martin felt pleased with himself. His academic career had always been praiseworthy, honored with prizes and certificates, and he felt that he was extremely gifted. He knew that he was a good dancer, and an affair which he had had in Wyoming with another girl after Susan had left made him feel worldly and sophisticated. He liked the swish of his new Brooks Brothers jacket. And yet he felt ill at ease as he rang the door bell of the Greenwich mansion. Susan's delight at seeing him soon calmed him, and he was confidently self-possessed from the moment he turned the ignition and drove off.

At the dance Martin's irritation mounted. Susan's only contributions to the conversation were accounts of her last spring vacation in Bermuda and of her recent achievements in water skiing, a sport about which Martin knew and cared nothing. He tolerated her and with effort restrained himself from making some caustic remark. He even managed to appear attentive.

At last the dance ended, and Martin returned with his enraptured date to her house. As they drove along, he felt constrained to put his right arm around her and to whisper sweet words of love as she murmured in ecstasy. When they climbed out of the car, he held her hand in his. At the door he resolved to endure an unpleasantness and he put his arms around her waist. For five miserable minutes she pressed her lips on his with all the strength she had. At last he promised to write her after he returned to school, told her that he loved her, and with some effort broke the embrace. With tears of sadness, she stepped into her house. She sobbed at the thought that four months of school would separate them until Christmas at last found them re-united. Martin strode quickly to the car and sighed with relief.

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A QUEER LOVE AFFAIR

JOSEPH INGELFINGER '60

Harvey Clumn looked out of his window. It was raining, raining hard. In the city the drops were gray; big gray drops falling from a big gray sky. Large transparent drops fell from the roof at regular intervals. Harvey noticed that three fell in succession. He made a game out of trying to guess exactly when the drops would fall from the gutter. A baby drop slowly grew bigger, the sky shining through the drop as it got larger. "Now!" whispered Harvey, and a second later the drop fell.

"Thank God," he thought. Then, noticing that one of his bedroom windows was open, letting the rain in, he threw back the one sheet that covered him, and without putting on his bathrobe, walked across the room to shut it.

The pleasant sound of the doorbell chimes aroused Harvey from his state of muse which had come over him while he had leafed through the slightly damp letters lying on the windowsill. He ran to the closet and kicked his feet into his slippers. Harvey grabbed his bathrobe, pulling the hanger to the floor, and at the same time he notified the caller that there was someone awake in the house by calling, "Coming, coming."

He arrived at the door with one hand tying the bathrobe sash to show off his athletic torso under the clinging lines of the robe. "Must quit smoking," he thought, "gotta stay in shape."

The chimes sounded again and he placed his hand on the doornob. He opened the door.

On the street he could see a lady depositing mail in the box at the corner. Just then the mail truck drove up and the mailman got out and opened the box. The lady said a few words to the mailman and started off down Elm Street.

"Hello," said a familiar feminine voice.

"Ohmigod," he thought. It was Elsa.

After the usual perfunctory greetings, Harvey invited Elsa in. They walked slowly into the living room. Elsa sat down on the large black couch and Harvey sat beside her as he felt he ought to. She was the first to speak.

"I'll bet you didn't expect to see me today," she said.

"No, I didn't," was all Harvey could muster for an answer.

"It is just too bad," she continued, "it is just too bad that it had to rain think of all the fun we would of had a walk in the park then

lunch at the zoo then all afternoon dancing on the terrace."

"Yes, isn't it too bad."

"I like the elephants so much," she bubbled on, "and the seals. Oh don't you remember that seal we saw last time? the one that was so clever? the feeder used to throw him some food and he would jump out of the water and catch it." She continued without waiting for an answer. "I can hear the band playing in the street and we're dancing how I love to dance and you dance so well." It was the first time she had mentioned him in the conversation.

He was about to say something but she was oblivious to him, but she loved him and he knew it.

Harvey found some old napkins in his bathrobe pocket and he began to fiddle with them. He rolled them around his middle finger and then his little finger. The napkin was becoming soft, and liked the feel. He wound the napkin tightly around his finger and it shredded. He noticed a hand on his shoulder. Harvey turned and looked at Elsa. It was the first time he had really looked at her.



He saw in her face the sadness of an aging woman not yet old but not young. There was that superimposed gaiety to hide her real fears. She knew that she was not pretty nor ever had been, but in her face was sensitivity and loneliness. She had always been liked but never loved.

Boredom soon turned into active dislike and Harvey began to count the seconds on his watch. He had to be free of her, he couldn't stand it. Her incessant voice at his ears, her perfume in the room, her dress beside him.

"I have to play golf at the club," he blurted, "with friends." Elsa stopped, got up, and walked slowly to the door.

On the street the mailman was just finishing collecting the mail. He got into his truck and drove away.

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AN EEL FOR MA

NATE JESSUP '60

A dark purple wash was diffusing through the sky as the boy scurried downhill to the stream. The fishing pole which he held above his head swayed with every short step he took, at times threatening to catch its point in the ground before him and send him sprawling through the air like a thwarted pole vaulter. He stopped; the stream was at his feet, lisp- ing as it flowed. Kneeling, he gently placed the rod on the leaves, and stood again. It was be- coming difficult to see the stream; he stepped to the bank, and swiftly, swiftly turned over stone after stone in the mud under the bridge. When his eye saw a flicker of deep green he reached out with a spasm, and trapped in his fist a fleeing lizard. With his fist tightly clenched the boy turned and kneeled, reaching for the fishing rod. He found the tip with his free hand; the hook, attached to the smallest guide ring of the rod, pricked his finger. He drew back for a moment, and then, finding the curve of the hook with his fingers, and pressing down on the rod with his foot, pulled the line. He heard the soft clattering spin of the reel several feet away, in the dark. He put the hook through the lizard and threw it into the stream, holding his foot on the rod. There was the sound of a single drop as the lizard hit the water. The boy pick- ed up one of the overturned stones from the mud and gently laid it on the reel. Suddenly from above the hill he heard his mother calling faintly; he looked up. The sky was a deep blue, and stars were everywhere. He ran.

* * *

A distant white sun was streaking through the tips of the trees, blurring them. A door slammed, and the boy was running across the lawn in the direction of the stream. He saw the water through the trees, and stopped, dropping his schoolbooks on the lawn. Slowly, looking downwards and trembling, he walked, trying to keep from stumbling and running down the slope. When he reached the bottom of the hill he looked up quickly, but the rod was gone. The stone which had rested on the reel lay on the ground; the mud on its bottom had dried and was light flaky grey. Suddenly, beneath the bridge, moving slightly from side to side with

the whims of the current, the handle of the fishing rod caught the boy's eye. It was pointing downstream, protruding from the water like an old branch, nodding with the current. The boy sat down on the leaves and grabbed at his shoes. Tearing off his socks he scraped his ankle with his thumbnail, and a painful pink line appeared where the skin was gone. From a tree across the river a cowbird gave a squealing cry.

He stepped into the river, and coldness enclosed his ankles. The bare reel, slightly above the water, wetted itself each time it nodded. He snatched the rod and pulled the tip out of the water. As he grabbed the line and pulled on it, he could feel with his fingers that a stone shifted position under the water. The line slackened a little. He tugged at it, and then, sliding his fingers downward along the wet line, dipped his hand and wrist beneath the water. The line was wrapped around a stone on the bottom, and then around a submerged branch, and, as he followed it underwater with his fingers, led up and down through the crags and hollows of the streambed. As the cold water slid past his ankles he could feel a slight hot pain from the scrape of his thumbnail. Two rocks, protruding from the shallow part of the stream near the mud, held cupped between them a black space. Beneath these stones, as the boy followed with his fingers, the line led. He tugged; the line, taut from beneath the rocks, did not give. He jerked cruelly. The line trembled, and, at last, pulled back. The boy let out a sharp cry and then, startled by the sound, looked quickly behind him. "Ma?" he said. But there was no one but the trees, which were yellow.

He held the line tightly with one hand, leaning forward to slide the other into the black space between the two stones. He shoved, almost losing his balance in the mud. One stone moved, rocked forward on its edge, and then settled back against the other. There was a strong trembling movement on the line, a shimmering, a convulsive, trilling tug. The boy jerked again, stiffly; there was quiver, and then solidity. He pulled slowly upwards, and slowly the line gave way and came into his hands. There was a feeling of tension and resistance and stretching in the line, like the resistance of a kinked and tangled rubber hose being pulled across the lawn by the nozzle. He leaned forward until his nose touched the water, trying to stare into the crevice, but there was only blackness spotted with bright reflections. He stood up and wrap-

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ping the line around his four fingers, pulled gently. There was a slight giving of the line, like a pulse, or the giving of a finger pulled away from the hand. He clenched his fists and slowly, as the string tightened and pinched, raised his arms above his head. There was quivering, elastic resistance as he pulled, but when he stopped, quietness. He reached forward and took hold of the line where it entered the crevice. This time he saw, stretching towards his hands, a black snakish head, and, now brightly magnified and misshapen by the ripples so as to appear dazed, now washed away, blinded, hidden by reflections, two eyes. He pulled the lines toward his chest, and there was a stretching, sucking resistance. The eel's mouth opened, showing as a pink line across the black head. The eyes continued, vastly dilating. For a moment the black nose broke the surface.

Suddenly there was a faint cry from the hill, the high compelling cry of his mother. As the boy looked up he could hear even across the hill the roar of the bus. "Charley!" the voice was crying. "Charley! Schoolbus, schoolbus! Schoolbus, Charley!" He grabbed the line in his hand, and letting it slide slowly through his fingers, splashed through the mud and water to the bank. He kneeled among the leaves by a tree, and pulled towards himself the end of the line attached to the rod, which lay in the stream. Wrapping the line around a tree, he pulled it taut. There was no movement. He tied it in a knot, turned, and grabbed his shoes from the ground. Suddenly a terrible bleating honk began from the hill, and the high cries of his mother. He turned and ran up the hill, the shoes knocking together in his hand.

His mother was standing in the driveway waving to the bus driver with one hand and holding out the boy's schoolbooks and lunchbag with the other. His pant cuffs, which he had rolled up, were damp, and there was mud on his feet. He ran towards his mother. Her whole face broke out into a wide almost uncontrolled smile of pride as she held out the books and lunch to him. "Ma!" he yelled. "Ma! I caught an eel, Ma!" "Run, baby," she answered. "Run run run," as she put the lunch into his hand. He could hear the high clattering of the children's voices in the bus as he ran towards it. The driver honked again. He galloped across the tar road, which scraped his feet, and climbed in. With a belch and a great internal roar the bus began to move along the road.

The late yellow sun seemed to be pouring a rich green into the lawn as the boy leapt from the bus and, without looking from side to side, skittered across the road. As he ran past the house he saw his mother standing on a ladder under the tree by the kitchen door, nailing a piece of suet to one of the limbs. "Ma!" he yelled as he passed. "Hey, Ma! Hiya Ma!" He looked back at her over his shoulder. She was stepping from the ladder, looking down over her shoulder for the next rung. He was running so fast that he nearly tumbled over and over himself, galloping down the hill. At the bottom he stopped himself by grabbing a slim tree, which he swung around by his two arms. He stopped, and looked at the line which led unmoving to the water. He stepped to it and plucked it; it was taut. He fell to the ground and tore off both his shoes and socks, leapt up, and ran splashing through the shallow water to the two rocks. He took the line in two hands and tugged it harshly. There was a trembling. His mother walked out on the bridge; he could hear her feet and the creaking boards. His mouth spread to a line of determination. With one slow motion he lifted the line to his chest. The eel's face appeared above the water. He spun around. "Ma!" he cried. "See, Ma?" He saw her large wrinkled hands, which held the railing of the bridge. He turned and looked at the eel, which was beginning to shiver in resistance. He raised his arms above his head. More suddenly than he could realize there was a violent splashing of water and foam, and he felt the smack of a whip across his legs. A ripple and streak of black stirred up the mud in the stream, and in his hands was the horror of nothing, nothing at all. "Oh!" said his mother. He leaned forward and splashed his two fists into the stream. "Oh," said the mother. "Oh, good!"

He looked up, stunned.

*Many thanks to the faculty and students at
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Molly and Betty*

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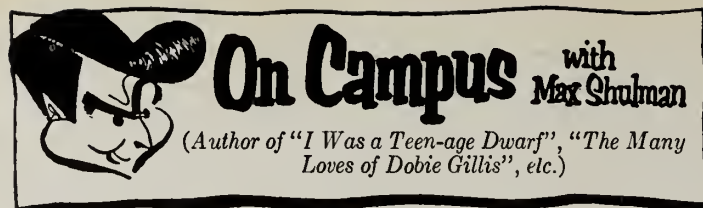
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MONDAY: Prof. Pomfritt sprang quiz in English lit this morning. If Shakespeare didn't write *Canterbury Tales* I'm a dead duck... Lunch at the house—turkey hash. Question: how can we have turkey hash when we never had turkey?... Smoked a Marlboro after lunch. I dig those better makin's the most!... Played bridge with sorors in afternoon. When game was over, my partner stabbed me several times with hatpin. *Must* learn weak club bid... Dinner at house—lamb hash. Question: how can we have lamb hash when we never had lamb?... Smoked a Marlboro after dinner. What filter! What flavor! What pack or box!... Chapter meeting at night. Motion made to abolish capital punishment for pledges. Motion defeated... Smoked more Marlboros. *Quelle joie!*... And so to bed.

TUESDAY: Faculty tea at the house. Spilled pot of oolong on Dean of Women. She very surly. Offered her a Marlboro. Still surly. Offered skin graft. No help... Dinner at Kozy Kampus Kafe—24 hamburgers. But no dessert. Have to watch waistline... And so to bed.

WEDNESDAY: Got our marks in English lit quiz. Lucky for me Shakespeare wrote *Canterbury Tales*!... Afternoon date with Ralph Feldspar. Purely platonic. Ralph wanted to consult me about love trouble he's having with his girl, Nymphet Calloway. I assured him things would get better. Ralph said he certainly hopes so because last four times he called on Nymphet, she dumped vacuum cleaner bag on him... Smoked several Marlboros. Wonderful cigarette. No confusion about which end to light. Saves loads of time... Dinner at house—bread. That's all; just bread... And so to bed.

THURSDAY: Three packages from home—laundry, cookies, records. So hungry I ate all three... Quiz in American history. If Millard Fillmore didn't invent cotton gin, I'm in big trouble... Dinner at house. Big excitement—Nymphet Calloway announced her engagement to Ralph Feldspar. While sorors flocked around to congratulate Nymphet, I ate everybody's side meat... Then smoked Marlboro. Oh, what a piece of work is Marlboro!... And so to bed.

FRIDAY: Got our marks in American history quiz. Was shattered to learn that Millard Fillmore did not invent cotton gin. He wrote *Canterbury Tales*... How very odd!... Lunch at the house—bread hash... Marlboro after lunch. Great smoke. Must send valentine to manufacturers... Spent entire afternoon getting dressed for date tonight with Norman Twonkey. Norman is dall, dark, loaded—a perfect doll! Only thing wrong



is he never tells a girl where he's going to take her. So I put on a bathing suit, on top of that an evening gown, and on top of that a snowsuit. Thus I was ready for a splash party, a dance, or a toboggan slide... So what do you think happened? He entered me in a steeplechase, that's what!... Would have taken first prize easily if I hadn't pulled up lame in the last furlong... And so to bed.

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* * *

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The Editors wish to express their appreciation to Mr. Fitts for his advice and assistance, and to the publishers of THE DAILY BULLETIN for their advice and cooperation.



AUTUMN SURF

JOHN PETER McKNIGHT '61

THE BOAT

PETER HAGEMANN '60

In the fog the long, drawn out tone of the distant foghorn set the mist quivering with its pensive cry. As the sound faded, another, quieter, and pitiful sound took its place. Someone was crying.

The current moved like a huge black cat, surging with power, yet gentle in appearance. The surface of the ocean was smooth, and the fog lay heavily upon it. Like a speck of dust in a gentle breeze, the small boat moved. And all alone, long hoarse from shouting for the help that was so hopefully out of reach, sat the man. The sleek boat looked clumsy without speed; and, without the roar of its engine to bluff Nature, it was dwarfed by the smooth water around it. Hours ago the lights of the harbor had faded and disappeared, and now even the powerful drone of the foghorn became fainter with every pulse.

The sobbing subsided, and the man moved listlessly around the boat, searching for something, anything that could help him. He came to the engine covering and tried to lift the polished black shell so that he could see the engine, so that he could see the root of his troubles, though he had not the knowledge to repair it even if he could see it. The cover held stubbornly, and his clumsy efforts to loosen it were in vain. Then, he saw it: the bolt that held the cover in place. Feverish now, he searched the boat again. Triumphant, he returned with a pair of shiny, chrome-plated pliers. He admired the pliers: strong, well made. A tribute, he thought, to industry and to men like himself who controlled industry. The smooth handles of the pliers slipped in his inexperienced hands, and the jaws slipped again and again from the bolt on the engine cover. He became hot in his efforts, and discarded his elegant sport jacket. His attempt at removing the polished engine cover grew more and more frantic, and finally, in a fit of impatience, he hit the cover with the pliers and threw them angrily from him. The pliers, well made and shiny, glittered as they sank in the water.

Now he *was* alone. Even the foghorn was gone, and the sound of the water gently lapping against the boat prevailed.

Overcome by a feeling of hopelessness he

collapsed against the side of the boat, crying. Later he sat against the side; without hope but composed. Suddenly, for the first time in his life, he noticed the stars. They were projected onto the water, undulating on the gentle swells, moving on a giant movie screen. He watched them, fascinated by their power and vastness: a power not of Man but of someone or thing much greater than Man. There was a splendor in the patterns of the stars that almost made him forget his plight. His hopelessness changed to calmness, and, observing the might of the Universe, he found himself looking at his plight in a new way. All was not lost, but instead, was just beginning.

The man was brought back to reality by the sound of something rubbing against the side of the boat. He jumped to the side, shocked out of his trance, and saw a broomstick floating in the water, the ripples distorted the panorama of the heavens. With feverish haste he looked around the base of the engine cover for a crack. Finding one, he jammed the stick into it, and pressed down. The varnished wood bent in a painful arc; it would break at any moment. With a loud snap the cover bolt broke off. The man grabbed the cover and flung it off, revealing the shiny new engine. Bewildered by the array of gadgets confronting him, the man searched for a fault that he could not recognize, even if he saw it. And yet, miraculously, he found it: a wire worn through by the flywheel. When he pushed the starter button of the engine, he saw sparks fly from the wire; saw it glow, smoke, and melt. Once more he lost hope. Disaster was the reward for his efforts. Then he saw the handle of the manual starter of the engine. He jumped to it, grasped it in his hand, and pulled. The engine coughed once, and was silent. He braced his feet against the side of the engine; and pulled with his arms, his back, his soul. The engine rumbled into life, the deep growl of it disrupted the peace of the sea.

But the man did not notice the engine's power, for he, staggering against the side with the effort of his pull, fell backwards into the dark water. As he came to the surface, he looked around for the boat. He saw it, leaping through the water from him, its strong propeller throwing up spray behind it as it picked up speed. He cried out. The boat was a monster, crashing through the water, released from its chains. He begged for it to come back for him.

Then he saw, to his horror, that it was coming back—in a wide, terrible circle.

ON MEETING A PATRON OF THE ARTS

THOMAS WHITESIDES '60

He was huge. The lights from his head
A bald
Polished
Oval,
Moved with his talking, as we
Sat silently
And listened.

The noise of the party outside
Served only to increase the attention inside,
As we watched his hands,
Like a priest's,
Making ritualistic, explanatory remarks in the
air;

Tremendous, coarse, hard, gentle hands
Teaching consciousness.

We were instructed in the ways

Of Art,

Of Love,

Of Life,

Of Man,

Of God,

While all the while his hands caressed the air
As if it were his mistress.

We, aware only of him,
Felt the humanity his hands exuded:

The longing,

The falling,

The subtle disguise

Of a millionaire who has discovered

That his money will buy only half-truths

(sex, not love,

And flattery, not devotion);

Who has discovered also that life with imaginative
half-truths

Is better than life

With nothing.

And so we sat and worshiped and were instructed,

And this man, with the paradoxical hands,

Observed our devotions to him,

A monument to humanity,

And knew them to be real.



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RICHARD SCHULMAN '60

Dropped about the open field were the cocoon-like forms of sleeping bags, twisting at first, then still. Lying among the others I guessed I was the only one yet awake. I lay as quietly as I could, trying to let gravity pluck down my mind and muscles into a puddle. My temples strained as if the tips of a bow whose bowstring was being skyward-pulled. A creaking like a dingy scraping its mooring: frogs' voices. Above me was a jelly sky, its fluidity coalescing about the nucleonic moon. Even Orion lay supine. I shut my eyes.

I listened to the harsh of dry hay as legs swung quickly through. There was the noise and the reaching of a flashlight both. The light of red light and plastic cap which glows red was coming towards me or going away. Periods around the sides. Then the light was bigger. The blinks of white light and the harshes came in syncopation, with the offbeat coming sooner and sooner until both were beating together.

"Are you still awake?"

I looked away and answered him, "I can't sleep." About my sleeping bag, a blotch of light: hay and dead grass clotted yellow. "Turn it away," I asked.

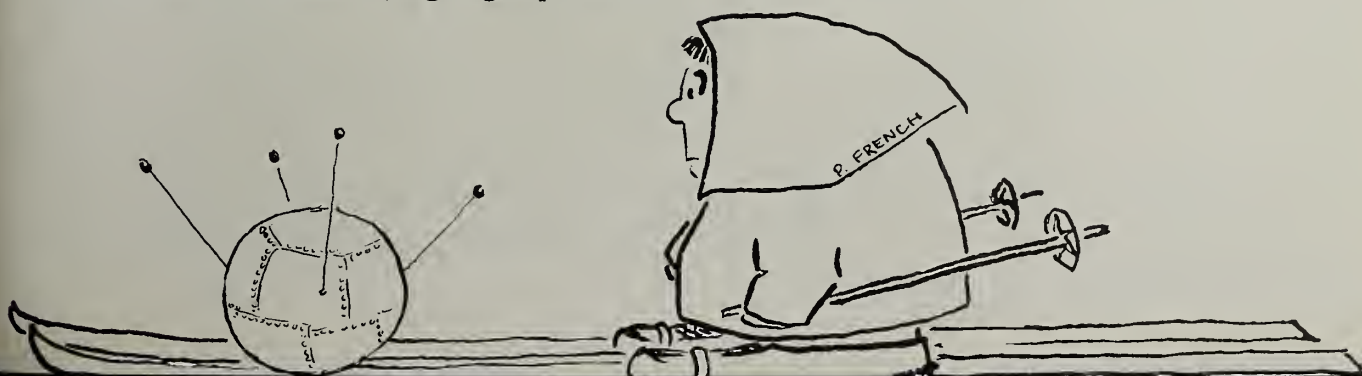
When the confetti had cleared from my eyes, I asked him what he wanted, and he said he liked the way I handled my canoe today, and he said that I was one of the only boys old enough to go on a snipe hunt. Since he thought that now was as good a time as any, I got up and put some clothes on. When we got to the bog where the snipe were, he said he'd be back in a few hours. Feeling for the corners of the burlaps sack you catch the snipe in, I folded it and then sat down on top. The shrubs hissed to an occasional breeze and the intestinal stink of marsh gas came and went. I'd been on worse snipe hunts before. Once when we were all out in an open field, they released a greased pig, crying "Snipe! Snipe!" and everyone stumbled around in the darkness trying to grasp its slick

feathers. My seat was now wet through the burlap sack, when the noises began. They continued for about twenty minutes, then got loud and shrill. The snipe were now plummeting down through the branches above me and I knew he was such a poor shot that one of the rocks he was throwing would soon hit me. Around each bush was a light frost of moonlight, and I jumped from patch to patch until the snipe noises were silent. I walked in a pasture until off to my right I saw a farmhouse with a light on. Between me and the farmhouse was a wire fence whose barbs squirmed about like pinched earthworms and left their castings of sludgy rust on my fingers. When I had stepped through the fence, I continued toward the farmhouse, above the chimney of which Orlon now was standing on one ear. The light meant that someone was up who could give me directions. Knocking on the front door persuaded no answer. The light seen from the field was at the house's side. I went around and chinned myself to the windowsill, but the room was empty.

Suddenly: a burst of white and the crackling of gravel. Into a bush, I dove, the car rushing upon me like a spume-exploding-breaker, splaying about gravel and light. The car stopped ten or twenty feet away. The driver, now out, cakewalking, stopped, sinkapace advanced. He attained my bush. "Urnhh," grunted his head negatively pivoting. He then took a leak down his side of the bush and succeeded himself into the house.

As I walked down the highway, the cars coming from behind would throw my shadow far and tall down the highway. Then it would come running towards me, shrink at my feet, and vanish in a huff of air as the lights went skimming by. Two teen-agers stopped for me, and we all began talking so quickly and fluently that my mind for an instant became free of memory and the pulse of time.

I got out of the car. Here was our field: the sleeping bags curled still. I crawled into mine.





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THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

CLIVE CUTHBERTSON '61

Henry was looking up at his father, being as serious as he possibly could. "Dad," he said, "I don't want to ride on that school bus anymore. I want you or Mom to drive me instead."

"Why, son?" said the father, who was reading the paper.

"I don't like the way other people on the bus act." The father was still mostly reading the paper.

"You mean the other children, Henry?"

"Yes," said Henry. "I don't want to ride on the bus with them any more."

"Well why on earth not?" asked the father looking over the paper. Henry still sat looking up.

"I like to look out of the window, and they won't let me. Today I was trying to look out of the window, and somebody fell on my stomach. Yesterday somebody stepped on my lunch."

"What's the matter, don't they like you, son?" the father asked as he laid the paper on his lap. The father had never really known what Henry did or did not like, but this was normal because even the guidance counselor at school had never found out much about Henry's likes or dislikes. The boy just didn't talk much about himself. Whenever Henry did want to talk about himself, however, his father usually wanted to listen. He wanted to be a good father.

"It isn't that they don't like me," Henry answered immediately. "Most of the time they don't even know I'm around. The thing is, I can't sit anywhere on the bus and just look out of the window. Somebody's always climbing over the seats or having races in the aisle or throwing books or shoes. If you just sit in one seat and don't keep looking around all the time, you're bound to get hit with something. There's nothing personal to it, it's just that everybody's rushing around all the time, and I don't want to, so I don't fit in. So couldn't you or Mom drive me so I wouldn't take the bus?"

The father was surprised to hear his son talking so seriously, but he didn't want the boy to know it. Actually, he didn't see why his son was so anxious to look out of the bus window anyway. "I understand, son," he said. "The thing is that you don't like the other children. Isn't that really what's wrong?"

"No, no," said his son, "I don't care about them any more than they care about me. I just don't like to have somebody always bumping into me. They don't do it on purpose. They just don't think anybody minds."

The father tried again. "Are you the only one who likes to sit and do something like look out of the window?"

"Yes," said Henry. "There are some girls who always like to sit in the same seat, but they just laugh at each other all the way to school. They make as much noise as everybody else."

"Well, son," the father went on, "don't you think it's a little strange that you're the only one who wants to sit still?"

"I never thought of it that way," answered his son. "All I know is I enjoy looking out of the window, and that's all I want to do. I'd be happy if you or Mom could drive me to school."

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"Did you ever try to play with the others?"

"Once," replied the son. "One time they made one seat a jail, and whoever got in it had to stay because they wouldn't let him out. I got in it on purpose, and I just sat there until we got to school. On the way home they wouldn't let me play, because they knew when I got in the jail, I didn't want to get out. But, dad, I wouldn't care about anything like that if you or Mom would drive me."

"We'd drive you to school if we thought there was anything seriously wrong with the school bus, son, but I think your trouble is mostly your own making. When you go out to wait for the bus tomorrow, I'll go with you, and I'll talk to the driver. Then we'll straighten things out."

Almost everyone on the bus was singing that morning. When Henry got on, his father stepped up to have a few words with the smiling bus driver. The children on the bus sang "Oh My Darlin' Clementine", and the bus driver and the father spoke to each other for a few seconds. Then the bus driver and the father shook hands and parted, smiling pleasantly. The father took one quick glance at the singing children in the bus and smiled at them. Then he turned and got off. As the bus pulled away the children were still singing "Oh My Darlin' Clementine". The father stood on the sidewalk and waved good-by to Henry, who just sat and looked silently through a window. The air was full of song.

When Henry's father returned home from work that night, his wife was crying, and when he found out why, he began to cry too. The school bus had plunged off a fifty foot cliff into a river. Everyone that was on it was dead. The newspapers said it was a terrible accident. The bus driver had been knocked unconscious by one of the children's lunch boxes.

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REVELATION

ROBERT SANDERSON '61

The Sociables purred their way into a parking space in front of the church, and, discarding their empty Pepsi bottles on the front lawn, strolled in and took a seat in the rear. Martha had almost dragged her husband John out of bed this morning, after staying up till midnight watching the previous night's fight. John's eyes hurt, his neck ached, and he was in no mood for God. But Martha's persistence had paid off, and here he was.

John slept through the first half, and woke up during the scripture reading. It was the parable of the three servants who were given gifts of money by their master, and who were called after a number of years to show what they had done with this gift. Two of the servants had invested their money, and as a result, they now had twice as much as before. The third servant, however, had hidden his money in the ground, and so he had just as much as he did in the beginning. The master was angry at the third servant, and took all that he had away, giving it to the other two.

This part woke John up, for he did not understand why the poor sap didn't have the right to save his own money if he wanted. But it was soon explained that the money was like unto the word of God, and he that hides the word of God in the ground shall lose it.

This made good sense to John, and he began to listen to what was going on. At this point the minister announced the beginnings of a positively essential canvass to raise money for the church, which was sinking at such a rate that it could not possibly make it through the winter. The minister was positively astounded by the fact that, although his church had far and away the richest congregation in the neighborhood, it was nonetheless continually facing financial catastrophe, and that if it didn't get its hands on a little dough, it was apt to fall through entirely.

Why was this, the minister asked? But John knew, and he blushed inwardly. It was this damned materialism that everyone was overwhelmed by. It was all these servants who hid their money in the ground. It was, he acknowledged with an inward sob, he, himself, and his Pontiac with two-lane wheels. He glanced over at Martha, and he could tell from her

wrought expression that she herself was feeling the pangs of shame. He gave her hand a quick, understanding squeeze.

Just then, John felt a glow way down deep, and he thought to himself, maybe *I* can do something to save the church. Look at all the little things which *he* could do without, which he could sacrifice. He looked at Martha, and he could tell from the flash of determination across her brow that she herself was feeling this great revelation. He gave her hand a little squeeze.

The minister reached the climax of his talk by saying that God would be looking over the shoulder of every man and woman in the congregation during the coming week, and he, as God's helper, hoped that He would not be disappointed. Martha and John exchanged triumphant glances; words would not come.

For the recessional, the all-boy soprano choir sang Martha's favorite hymn, "The Saints of God". She sang the words to herself: "You can meet them in church or at school or at tea . . .", and she felt that surely you could meet them at tea. She broke forth into song at the end, "And there's not any reason, no not the least, why I shouldn't be one too."

They warmly shook hands with the minister after the service, and then climbed into their car and started home. Martha handed John a fresh Pepsi, and he took a long, refreshing swallow. Then, suddenly, he frowned, and threw the unfinished bottle out the window and onto the street, feeling suddenly lighter than he had felt in many years.

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PAUL WARSHOW '61

The day John returned from his Guggenheim, Marilyn met him at the boat. He gave her a great big hug and kiss; then they both climbed into a cab, and in a very short time Marilyn was pouring him a drink in the living room of her three - room apartment on East Eighty-Third Street. The room was sparingly and modernly furnished. On the walls hung a few originals by unknown modern painters and a small reproduction of Picasso's "Three Musicians."

"Darling," said Marilyn, when they had finally sat down—John on the purplish-red couch and Marilyn in a chair directly under Picasso—and were looking at each other, drinks in hand, across the coffee table in the center of the room, "you know, you haven't even mentioned it. And I can hardly wait to see it." Marilyn had long black hair, which she always kept down, perhaps considering it an asset which should always be used to advantage. She was tall for a girl—one noticed it even when she was sitting down—and she was not beautiful. But she carried an air of uncertainty about her, as if she *could* be beautiful, if only she put her finger on the right button and uncovered the secret.

"What, dear?" asked John.

"Your novel of course, silly. You must know I'm dying to hear about it."

Just then, in attempting to shift his position, John tipped his glass a little too far, so that he spilled some of the martini on the couch. Before he had a chance to do anything, Marilyn ran into the kitchen and came back with a wet napkin, and proceeded to dab at the place on the couch, saying, "It's all right dear; don't worry about it. There *will* be a slight stain, of course, but nothing serious. God knows, everyone who comes here spills something on that couch. It's

getting to be a tradition." John had moved to the other end of the couch, like a criminal who, in order to avoid suspicion, hurriedly departs from the scene of the crime.

In a few minutes, though, after several martinis apiece, they were both feeling very happy, and John even read Marilyn a sonnet by Shakespeare to the dark lady. Marilyn told him that it was "absolutely beautiful, John"; and he beamed with as much satisfaction as if he had written it himself. With his blond hair and boyish face, he looked as naive as a boy just out of public high school.

"You know, darling," said Marilyn at one point, "we really ought to be a little grateful to Mr. Guggenheim—Isaac Guggenheim, I think it was. Something like that. What a generous man! We ought to write him a letter; if he's still alive, that is. It was Guggenheim who started it, wasn't it? I mean: it wasn't just that someone else started it and named it after him?"

She got up from her chair, and ran over and kissed John on the cheek. Then she sat down on the couch next to him, slipped off her shoes, and brought her feet up, turning sideways to look straight at him, so that her back was against the arm of the couch. She looked extremely cute now, with her legs drawn up and her black hair falling over her shoulders.

"All the time you were gone," she said, "I just kept thinking about the Fellowship, how wonderful for you. I was so happy, darling. And I still am: finally a chance to write your novel. No more of those ridiculous odd jobs, not for someone of your talent. Now we'll prove that 'The Great American Novel' is no mere phrase. I want to hear all about it now, darling: the times you had and everything; Paris in the spring time. Every last detail."

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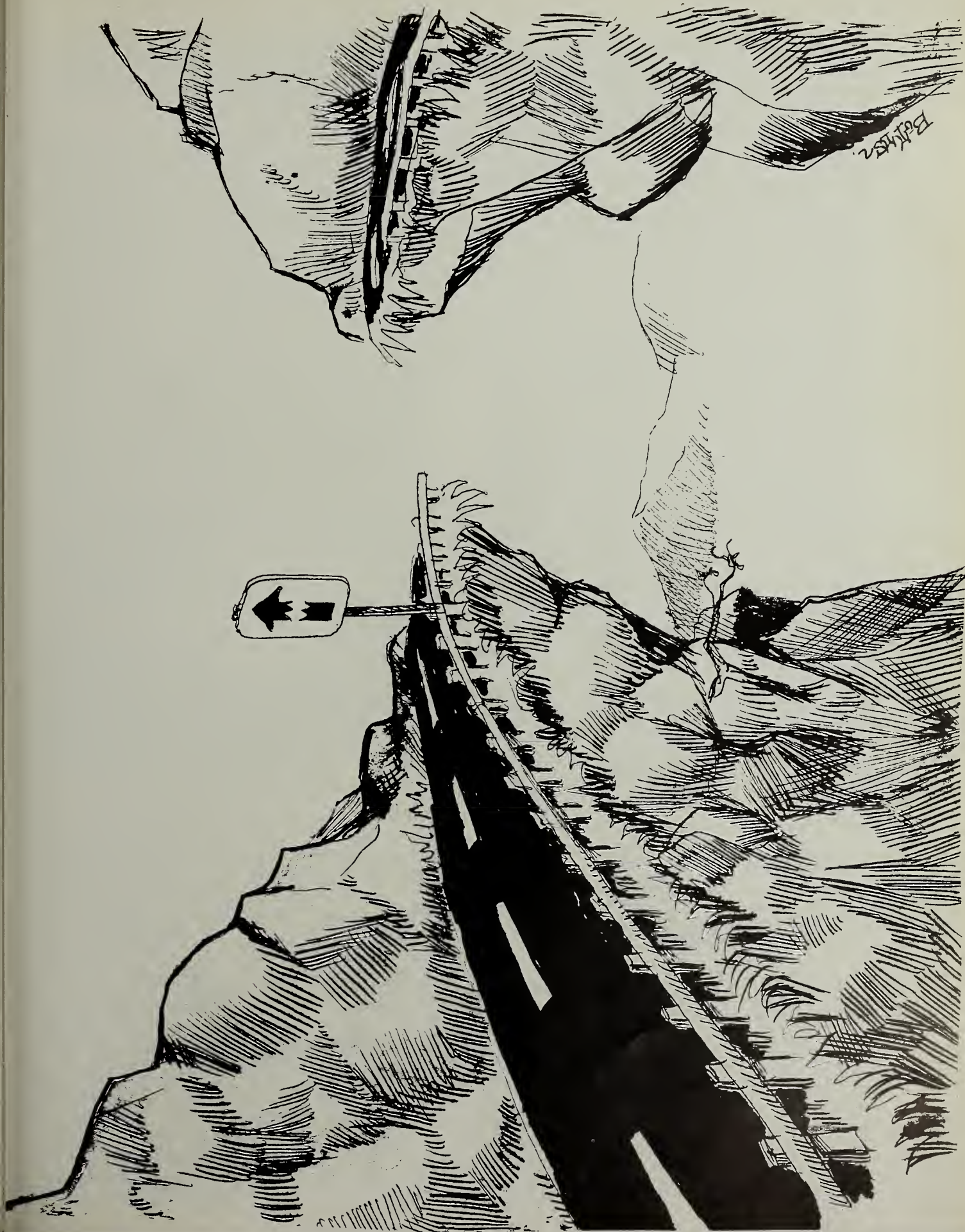
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For a brief moment, John looked reluctant to begin; then he smiled so broadly that Marilyn smiled back awkwardly, as if she really didn't know whether to smile or not.

"Darling, it was wonderful," he began. "The first day in Paris, with everything out on the trees—all the foliage and everything. The first day I felt too great to do any work. You understand. I just wandered about and visited all the significant places: the Louvre, *le Tour Eiffel* (the Eiffel Tower), and everything. Paris is wonderful, you know. I wish so much you could have been there. With all the talk about Paris, the songs and everything, I half expected to be let down. But I wasn't. Not one bit." He stopped to take a sip of his martini.

"When did you start in on the novel, darling?" asked Marilyn.

"Oh, darling, You know me—what a procrastinator I am. You always used to tell me that. The second day I was much too excited. I went to all the Cafes, and spent perhaps a bit too much money. And then, well, you know. This did go on for quite a while. There's so much to see in Paris: you'd never imagine. I rather kept putting it off, I guess. I figured: wait till I get so damn bored with the town that there are no distractions." He stopped and finished his martini—about three-quarters of a glass—in one gulp.

"And then suddenly one day, before I knew it, I found my money was about half up. Time flies, my God, I realized then I didn't stand a chance. Of finishing, I mean. You understand. So I figured, what the hell? You know what I

mean? Here I was in Europe, land of our forefathers, and all that rot. 'Eat, drink, and be merry,' as Plato said (I think it was Plato)." John chuckled softly.

"And then, I had met this beautiful girl: Jeanne (that's Jean in English). She was beautiful. She worked in a Café: she sang, beautiful voice. But not cheap, you know. It's just that—well, she just hadn't had the right opportunities. But essentially — you know — a heart of gold." He smiled to himself. Then he went over to the table, poured himself another drink, and sat down again.

"It got so that every night, at about 5 A.M., I had to leave her house and walk all the way back to my apartment on the right bank. (She was on the left bank.) So finally one day I decided what the hell, and moved in with her. Terrific cook, that girl. Really wonderful. You'd like her; I know you would. Poor kid just never had the right opportunities. Her family life was rotten, really rotten. Why, do you know her father used to beat her mother? Made a regular thing of it. Used to beat *her* too. You can imagine how awful it was. All the girl needed was love and affection. You understand."

"And you never wrote the book," Marilyn said blankly.

"Yes, that's right," said John, looking rather sheepish. "But oh darling," —his face brightened suddenly—"I had the most wonderful time. You'll forgive me, won't you?"

Marilyn didn't say anything, but walked over to the table and poured herself another drink.



THE CONFERENCE

DUNCAN KENNEDY '60

He was outside the door now, waiting for a conference with his English teacher. He was nervous for no reason. He thought of the classroom behind the door. In that classroom, the day before, he had talked for an hour with his teacher. It had been late afternoon, then, as it was now. The two of them had sat, gradually diminishing toward the lamp on the desk, as the dark came into the room. Their words had seemed to hang around them in the shadowing room, until there was a cloud of them stretching from the desk back to the windows, which were dark sockets in the vague walls. They had felt, at least for a few minutes, the comradeship of two people talking softly in a dark room.

Finally the boy went into the room. The master was sitting at the desk, holding the boy's composition.

"Well, how did you like it?"

"Sit down, why don't you? and we'll talk about it." The boy felt himself getting tense. He was frightened.

"Look, I was disappointed by this theme. As it stands, it's not very good. When you said you were going to write about divorce, I hoped for something more than this."

"Why? What's wrong with it?"

"Look, this is cold. There's no emotion in it. It's too objective."

"It's supposed to be objective. This is a record of experience. What I want to do is put you through the experience. If I explain it to you, you won't really understand."

"But can't you see you're deliberately suppressing part of the experience, the emotion in it?"

"I'm only doing it to make it clear to the reader. I'm trying to avoid emotion. That just clouds the issue."

"Look, this kind of thing is all right when you're younger, but now your writing's no good unless you stop being so detached. All your writing is like that; you refuse to give anything of yourself."

"Look, it makes no difference to you. Why can't you just take what's there? It's not supposed to be emotional."

"You can't just go on denying yourself forever. Look, I think you've got a lot to say and a lot to offer, if you'd just leave off your coldness. It's almost a scornful quality in your writing."

Every one of these things the boy had heard before, in other words. The story of his own coldness always filled him with fear. He wanted desperately to stop the conversation. Finally, he began to get angry. He sat back abruptly in his chair.

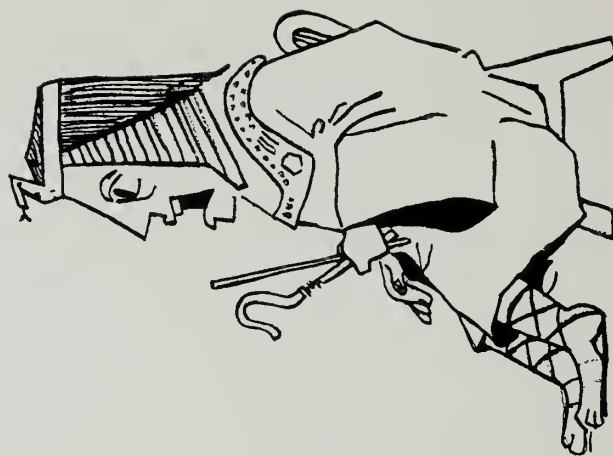
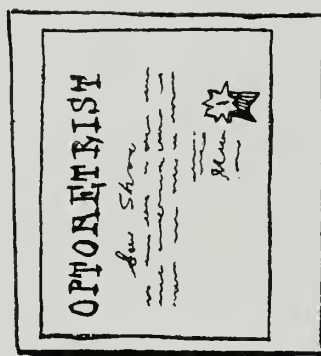
"I don't see why my stuff lacks warmth. And it's not scornful."

"In this whole piece, there's no emotion at all. You couldn't have gone through this divorce with no more feeling than that. Why not get it out in the open? You're headed for trouble if you keep on pretending you haven't any feelings." There was a moment's silence. They looked at each other; the master expectant, the boy frightened and at a loss. Suddenly, the boy relaxed. He smiled, as though to himself, and his eyes rested on the master as though they were amused.

"That's quite paternal, sir. But I'm not your son, -am I?" In the silence, the boy felt the room slowly fill with pain. Sitting there, they seemed to be thickening and congealing into their chairs. Finally, the boy stirred. He said softly, "Don't father me."

The pain hung warmly in the light from the desk lamp which had somehow gotten turned on. Pain was overwhelming them; the boy had stopped smiling. They sat for a few moments in the room which was full and thick around them. The master was looking down at the desk, at the bright square of green blotter on which the desk lamp was shining. The boy looked at the desk-arm of his chair. On it were engraved the names of girls: Betty, Jane, Jill, and random designs of squares and circles. The boy got up, and left the room. The master didn't look up.

The boy went out of the building, and stood on the pavement and looked at the dark buildings around him, and at the thin snow on the ground. Suddenly, he began to burn everything. The English class-room building was instantly on fire, with flames pouring from every window and the roof covered with red fire. He turned slowly around and the Commons and the gymnasium were suddenly burning, roaring and crackling, silently, bright with red. He himself went up like a torch, like a dry pine tree in a forest fire.



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LOVE IN TUNISIA

STEVE MOST '61

Opening the door, I saw my hostess come across the room to greet me. She took my hand warmly, utter delight freezing her lips into a grotesque smile. "It's so good to see you," I said.

Her smile broke; there was urgency in her eyes; she was going to say something. "Yes, oh—it's awful good to see you—do you, do you speak French?"

"Un petit peu."

"Good, good." Instantly I was in a corner with six—Arabs, they looked like, men with black hair and dark from the sun. They all wore blue suits and sipped their punch jauntily. "Tunisians," she explained. "Don't speak a word of English. Their government sent them here to study our agriculture."

"Oh, really?" I said.

"You'll talk to them, won't you? And — ask them if they'd like some more punch."

"Would you like some more punch?" I asked. They all looked at me, nodding in different directions. But our hostess was gone. I thought I heard her behind me, asking someone: "Oh, Alice, do you speak French?"

One of the Tunisians was still looking at me. He was a handsome man: there was vitality in his well-combed wavy hair and in the way he kept his flashing gold teeth constantly in view. His eyes, though fixed in my general direction, darted from various points on my face to the chandelier above me, the bright vase to the left of me, and the gay pink dress of a girl to my right.

Summoning my best pronunciation, I introduced myself, and his eyes snapped back to attention. He shifted his glass to his left hand, said "Jean Carpentier," and shot out his right. I met it poorly, grasping his fingers.

"You're here to study our agriculture?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

"I imagine you're especially interested in our machines."

"Yes," he said.

"This a buying trip or —"

"No, we're just looking. Looking for the government," he said.

"Oh." Jean took a long sip from his glass, his eyes riveted on mine. "How do you like — farming in the United States?" I asked.

"You have some very good things here."

"Yes." I paused momentarily. "Like

what?" I asked.

"Oh, different machines. You have some wonderful machines in the United States."

"Yes," I said. I had to find another conversation topic. I thought back desperately over what we talked about in French class. What is there that is of vital importance to every French-speaking person? What is there that could excite Jean's interest? Ah! I had the answer. "What do you think of DeGaulle?" I asked.

His dark eyes stared at me blankly for a moment. Then the light of understanding came into them: he leaned forward eagerly; his gold teeth flashed brightly. "De girls?" he said. "Oh, very much, very, very much. There are many pretty girls here, especially in San Francisco—you like pretty girls? you see them on the streets here all the time. There are many in Texas too, we were in Texas. Do you want to see a picture of my wife? very pretty, isn't she? she is jealous, jealous. She didn't want me to go on this trip. Very jealous. Pretty, isn't she? And here is my little daughter — three months old, pretty, hmmm?"

"She going to be like her mother," I said.

"Yes, she's going to be like her mother. You know, my wife and I are married three years, and still she's jealous."

"Very pretty woman, your wife," I said.

"How would you compare American girls —"

He shook his head negatively. "They're cold, very cold. They are interested in themselves only. They are not loving like Tunisian girls. You know, in Tunisia the climate is very warm; it is very—how shall I say—passionate atmosphere, you understand? You come to Tunisia, the girls are warm, friendly girls, not like American girls, all they think about is love. We don't have what you call career girls in Tunisia, why should girls go to college, learn a trade? What are girls for? They are for love, have a home, raise children, why should they have a trade? You go to Tunisia, the girls are not cold like in America; it is the climate, the atmosphere, something in the air, you understand? They are very faithful, very loving, Tunisian girls. You go there."

"Now I plan to," I said.

"You go to Tunisia, the girls are very friendly. They will love you, and then they will marry you. Have I shown you a picture of my wife?"

"The sex in America," he said, "I have been here only a couple of weeks, Washington, to Texas, to San Francisco—the sex in America is very strange. You see the advertisements, you know? the advertisements and the movies: in them you see sex, all the time sex. You'd think the United States was like Tunisia. But no! the climate, you understand, the atmosphere, it is not the same. Not like Tunisia: your girls are very pretty, but they are interested in other things: they are going to be news correspondents and home decorators—how do they have time for love? You come to Tunisia."

"Yes," I said, "I'll do that, I'll do that," and now I was glancing at the vase and the chandelier and the girl in the pink dress beside me.

Suddenly there was a hand on my shoulder: it was the hostess. She held her lips in an enthusiastic position. "How are you two coming along?" she asked.

"Just fine," I said, "Just fine."

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THE CIRCUS

RICHARD SCHULMAN '60

Yes. Once we were going through the city on a night so dark that all reality clung to the fleeing lights. I was happy when we got to the circus. Fuzzy arms swept across my cheeks, and rough cloth tugged at my ears. Everyone was pushing and scuffling through the sawdust. My father was one-leggedly shaking out a shoe when I looked back and saw him disappear. I walked a lot through the concrete corridors and smells of elephant or aging pizzle. The concrete looked like my grandmother's face, who was pockmarked and who turned stony-gray under a mercury lamp. (She had a stubby mustache and when she came over to smooch me, her upper lip was like fish scales rubbed the wrong way and I could feel the moisture on her septum.)

A tight-rope walker was walking with me and we went through an opening. Suddenly we were standing amidst tresses of warm blue light which fell at our feet in a trefoil. High above us were puddles of smoke, pierced by barely visible threads, from which hung the twirling, spangled acrobats, like baited silverfish. When I asked the ropewalker how he could tread his rope so high above the ground, he said that one must once try rope-climbing to know; but I will tell you: There high on the rope, there must be a giving and a getting with those below. The audience, below, who watch him on high, must feel that they are he, that the falling in his stomach is the falling in theirs, that they are he, looking down upon themselves. He, in turn, if he feels not those below him, will be

alone, and will rather feel the rope pressing hard against his feet, and the thisward swaying of his spine. He must be a spectator to his own act committed on high, observing from below. . .

We both became silent. The acrobats were still twirling from their lines, enclosed in membranes of light. Then a single acrobat, a feminine form in purpled tights, began descending and, while still high above the ground, disappeared into the nether lip of darkness. Then she was earthbound, mounted on a glaucous-eyed sorrel, galloping toward a waiting shape. The form dismounted and they clipped for a long time. She galloped to a second, and a third, and more figures. Our hearts were gulping as she wended toward the ropewalker and me. She wrestled fiercely in the hay with one of us, and pulled the other into her softness.

She had gone and a clown came over and waited till we had caught our breath. The corners of his mouth twitched, forming seams in his thick makeup. He sat down next to us and told us of the death of his wife, how they had loved together forever, how even after death they could never part. We explained him the woman in purpled tights but this only made more seams in his face, and he lowered his eyes. We all sat with our legs folded, very sadly. An ant stumbled through the sawdust, dragging a ball of dung. One of us bowed over it and let fall a string of spittle. Too late, we jumped up in horror, realizing our mistake, then fell flailing in the dust as the acid flooded over our eyes. A few last sparks and all became dark. . .

AT THE TOP OF WOODSDUSK

at the top of the woodsdusk
floats in the drifting darkness
a black slowfalling feather
turns turns

pushing against the airstreams
like a voice in a fugue
carefully played
with dutiful soft fingers

and sinking between the bracken
it vanishes quickly
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"... BUT FOR CAIN AND HIS OFFERING HE HAD NO REGARD ..."

TOM EVSLIN '61

There were rumors of the war and my brother had to fight on the other side because of his mother who is my mother too but that didn't matter in the dream. A letter came and my father was there and my brother left. Later I joined on our side and my friend Dick joined too but he had to join because he was eighteen and I volunteered but there was never any choice. I brought about my friend Johnny; he had to join too but he wasn't in the dream.

We had lots of weapons, Dick and I, and we had to guard a rectangle of beach. That was our sector in the war and it was yellow. The next sector was greenish-blue and it was separated by the kind of string with rags on it that guards a garden, both from people and from birds. We ran around in our sector and I felt good because of the weight of all the weapons; and "This is my sector" I thought.

Then there was a German on the beach. He was young and wore khaki in the shape of a foul-weather suit but soon he wasn't wearing any shirt. Dick held him and of course he couldn't defend himself and, of course, we had to kill him. We tried but we couldn't make our arms with the knives swing hard enough the same way I couldn't prick my finger for a blood test. We just made little slits in him and they didn't bleed. Once I swung pretty hard but I hit a rib. That time I expected blood but there wasn't any. Another time I swung hard and Dick grabbed my arm. "Why did you do that he asked?" I asked. He didn't answer and we let the kid go.

Then I was alone on the beach and the kid was taunting me and I had to fight him. There was an agreement that we wouldn't use any neck and I had my knife. We didn't fight with weapons but he had a jewelled dirk around his weapons but I pinned him easily and had to kill him because it was my duty. Then he was my brother. There were people—his friend sometimes, my friends I don't like sometimes—telling me I should kill him, shouldn't kill him. I tried to choke him but he didn't die that way and I thought of my revolver and wondered if I had one and I did under my coat.

I aimed at his heart and pulled the trigger and there was a strong recoil and a cloud of smoke. He was writhing on the ground screaming and telling me "Don't you have any

sense, Tommy. You did it wrong. You shouldn't have done it." like he does in life and the on-lookers agreed and some said I should put him out of his misery. There were seven shots left in the gun but I couldn't make it shoot again. There was a round hole in him below the solar plexus and it had powder burns on the side but didn't bleed. I thought of ways to kill him and then I knew I couldn't and asked him if it would be O.K. if I carried him over my shoulder and he said "Yes."

I carried him onto the boardwalk and then he walked. I wondered what would happen when I brought him in because it was too early in the war for prisoners. We went into a building like my old Junior High School and on the second floor I took him to the District Attorney-County Clerk's office and I could see two television Perry Masons in there through the glass door. Only the younger one was left and I put Billy on the counter and motioned to him.

He took him in a backroom and then Billy was out again telling me how they cured him and we needed some money and the signatures of three soldiers and I said I'd get them but I was a little worried. Then he was lying on the counter again with the hole in him and I asked how he was and there was a full-packed envelope with the hole in it lying flat so I knew he was dead period. And I started to wake up and it was JOYOUS in big capital letters with spaces in between them but not really because there was a bitter metalness in my head and I felt like crying.



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THE INTERVIEW

LAURENCE GILLIS 60

Jack opened the door of the Faculty Room, put his head in, and looked about inquisitively. Down at the further end of the room, the interviewer beckoned. Jack swung the door wide, marched in aggressively, his arms at his sides, bent away from his body. He could feel his eyes of the interviewer scanning him as he marched, eyes picking out significant minutiae, minutiae indicating Jack's character, his attitude toward life, his general demeanor. What interviewer could possibly fail to quiver with anticipation, 'Eureka' trembling on the tip of his tongue, at the sight of this - the All-American Boy. His entrance - as though he were manliness personified; a thirsty dusty cowboy, flinging wide the saloon door, heavy boots pounding on the floor, arms bent at the elbow with readiness, grim determination in his face, cold blue steely eyes, hair gnarled by the prairie's gutty gusts.

"Hello. My name's Reardan. What's yours?"

"Jack Brown. Pleased to meet you, Sir."

"Have a seat, Jack."

"Thank you, Sir."

Jack sat down and waited while Mr. Reardan shuffled his appointment cards.

"Ah, yes. Brown, J.B. You're from Topeka?"

Hard and quick like a steel trap came the reply.

"Yessir."

Mr. Reardan sat back in his chair. The boy exudes confidence; he's the positive, no-nonsense type. Sure, absolute, O.K.

"You, ah, want to join us, eh?"

"Yessir."

"What made you pick us out of all the colleges?"

"The catalogue description, the school's reputation."

Mr. Reardan sat back further in his chair and nuzzled his chin with his thumb and forefinger. The boy is an expert in handling people. He knows I wrote the catalogue description. Handled the reputation bit with kid gloves. Must figure I'm sensitive about it. Thinks on more than one plane at a time. Good P.R. man. See if he wants our Politics course.

"What graduate work do you plan on doing?"

"Both Politics and Law, if possible, Sir."

Mr. Reardan mentally adjusted his mind's jeweler's eye-piece. Kid knows what he's doing. Positive. Still, though, he's deferring. Doesn't force his confidence on you. Just exudes the stuff, if necessary.

"Have you any questions?"

"Yessir. First, what about A.P.'s? Second, what courses? Third, what's the story on your Law School? Fourth, how much do you consider extra-curricular activities?"

The kid has a myriad of faces. A.P.'s, indeed, quietly intimating knowledge of such things. Good crisp questions, though. Mental cataloguing file cabinet. Good organization.

"I'll answer your first three questions by sending you the proper pamphlets. On the fourth, we consider extra-curricular activities in their proper place."

Two can play his intellectual game. Score a point for me.

"What are your extra-curricular activities?"

"As of this morning, Sir, they measured 2.743 inches in the Pot Pourri."

"Good. Well, it's been nice talking to you, Jack. Goodbye and good luck."

"Yessir. Thank you."

Jack turned, hitched up his gunbelt, and marched out.

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HAIL TO THE DEAN!

Today let us examine that much maligned, widely misunderstood, grossly overworked, wholly dedicated campus figure—the dean.

The dean (from the Latin *deanere*—to expell) is not, as many think, primarily a disciplinary officer. He is a counselor and guide, a haven and refuge for the troubled student. The dean (from the Greek *deanos*—to skewer) is characterized chiefly by sympathy, wisdom, patience, forbearance, and a fondness for homely pleasures like barn-raising, gruel, spell-downs, and Marlboro Cigarettes. The dean (from the German *deangemacht*—to poop a party) is fond of Marlboros for the same reason that all men of good will are fond of Marlboros—because Marlboro is an *honest* cigarette. Those better makin's are honestly better, honestly aged to the peak of perfection, honestly blended for the best of all possible flavors. The filter honestly filters. Marlboro honestly comes in two different containers—a soft pack which is honestly soft, and a flip-top box which honestly flips. You too will flip when next you try an honest Marlboro, which, one honestly hopes, will be soon.

But I digress. We were learning how a dean helps undergraduates. To illustrate, let us take a typical case from the files of Dean Sigafos of the University of Y . . . (Oh, why be so mysterious? The dean's name is Sigafos and the University is Yutah.)

Wise, kindly Dean Sigafos was visited one day by a freshman named Walter Agincourt who came to ask permission to marry one Emma Blenheim, his dormitory laundress. To the dean the marriage seemed ill-advised, for Walter was only 18 and Emma was 91. Walter agreed, but said he felt obligated to go through with it because Emma had invested her life savings in a transparent rain hood to protect her from the mist at Niagara Falls where they planned to spend their

honeymoon. What use, asked Walter, would the poor woman have for a rain hood in Yutah? The wise, kindly dean pondered briefly and came up with an answer: let Walter punch holes in the back of Emma's steam iron; with steam billowing back at the old lady, she would find a rain hood very useful—possibly even essential.

Whimpering with gratitude, Walter kissed the dean's Phi Beta Kappa key and hastened away to follow his advice which, it pleases me to report, solved matters brilliantly.

Today Emma is a happy woman—singing lustily, wearing her rain hood, eating soft-center chocolates, and ironing clothes—twice as happy, to be candid, than if she had married Walter. . . . And Walter? He is happy too. Freed from his liaison with Emma, he married a girl much nearer his own age—Agnes Yucca, 72. Walter is now the proud father—*step-*



father, to be perfectly accurate—of three fine healthy boys from Agnes' first marriage—Everett, 38; Willem, 43; and Irving, 55—and when Walter puts the boys in Eton collars and takes them for a stroll in the park on Sunday afternoons, you may be sure there is not a dry eye in Yutah. . . . And Dean Sigafos? He too is happy—happy to spend long, tiring days in his little office, giving counsel without stint and without complaint, doing his bit to set the young, uncertain feet of his charges on the path to a brighter tomorrow.

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The Art Editor wishes to express his appreciation to Francisco Joseph De Goya for his invaluable assistance in the making of this issue's cover.



TRYST

WILLIAM FERGUSON '60

Karl saw the streetlights dim and then brighten again, as if someone had momentarily cut off the flow of light by gripping the wire with his hand. The fixtures were old, and veins of rust showed through where the paint had worn off. The air above was dark. Beneath each lamp was a greenish pool of light; on the sides this diminished quickly, until it merged with the air in a confusion of half-light and unrevealed sound.

He walked swiftly along the dark sidewalk, unaware of himself, obsessed with the succession of lights on his left. Every few minutes his hand went to his pocket in a spasmodic gesture of remembrance, and he searched frantically for his wallet; then his hand fell, and he remembered that the wallet was gone. Lost, or stolen; he did not know which. The wallet had been there, and then not there, very simply, with a quiet translation from one condition to another; and the money was gone with the wallet, as if neither had ever existed.

He felt a sharp pain in his left side, and bent over it slightly as he walked, rubbing it with his hand. This was a hunger pain; he could tell by the way his stomach felt: like a brittle expanding drum.

I remember the first time: a cold October night, and she beautiful and cold, not knowing that I saw her. God knows she was innocent. She doesn't know who I am.

By now she must be eighteen.

He saw the windows of the house, and drew closer to it; he could see moving shapes behind the warm panes, and in one of these was the small, exquisite image of a girl dressing herself. Watching the window eagerly, Karl walked slowly toward the house, his eyes following the image as it momentarily came into view and disappeared again into the hollows of the room.

Beside the house was a driveway, and on the side away from the house there was thick hedge of cedar. Karl, still gazing at the window, walked to a point behind the hedge. Then, stooping, he found a place where the growth was thin, and sat down on the damp grass, arranging himself so that he could see the driveway, the door, and the window without being seen himself.

The moment comes; Lucy again! Think of her, look at her, see her face and fall in love with her, as I have done! But she has never seen me.

Sometimes she comes out. We shall have to wait and see. Once I waiting here and she came, she came with her mother, and she was covered with light from her hair to her shoes, not yet ashamed of herself, as a woman would be. And I loved her for her firm and eager arms; for her incautious feet, fast on the driveway; for her face of innocence slowly being chipped away, turning into shame and womanhood.

The grass was wet, and his pants were soaked through. The window was empty now; soon the light went out, and the glass was cold again. He shifted back and forth in great excitement, leaning forward toward the door, straining to see through the branches.

Two minutes later he sat back, still eager for a glimpse of Lucy, Lucy, the goddess of purity. . .but she did not come. He waited three minutes—four—but there was nothing.

Lucy, Lucy,
I have grown sick with love.
Lucy,
I love your eyes, your hair,
I love your eyes.
I avert my eyes from purity,
Lucy

The door opened. Karl jerked forward violently, trembling, and peered at the shape he could not see in the shadow of the house. All he could see was motion; and he heard a shoe scrape. *A woman's shoe*, he thought. *It must be Lucy.*

The woman moved down the driveway, and Karl followed her behind the hedge to the end.

The eyes that I say are mine
Belong to a goddess.
I love her full white arms,
I love her firm chin,
Her laughing smile,
Lucy

The woman turned the corner. She passed within three feet of Karl's head, but he could not see her face, could not be sure it was Lucy. He watched her walk away toward the row of streetlights. It was time for a decision: whether to identify himself, or to take the chance of losing Lucy into the world. He chose the former, and started out of hiding.

"Wait!" he shouted at the woman. "Wait!" He ran out, hesitated, then ran again. She had stopped just before the first of the lights, so that a shadow fell across her face as she turned. "Lucy!"

He ran, half-stumbling, toward the greenish light. The hunger pain was in his side again, and he tried not to notice it; but his whole side seemed to be swelling, and the pain did not go away. The woman had turned again, so that her face was away from him. She seemed about to go on. "Wait! Lucy!" he shouted again, and winced as the hot pain in his side made him bow ludicrously while he ran. He had to stop ten feet from her, nearly overcome by pain, gasping and lifting his head to peer at the woman's face in the shadow. She moved back slowly into the light, and he saw the features of her face take shape one by one: the ears, the forehead, the nose, the mouth. . . lovely mouth. . . "Lucy."

The woman turned abruptly and started to walk away. Karl stumbled forward, and in that second the pain shot through his body, infusing his blood with pain, his head, his eyes. . . He had not seen Lucy's eyes.

He looked up only once more. Lucy walking away under the streetlights. She looked old and worn with her woman's coat, and her step was not the step of a girl. A virgin caught in the greenish light of the world.

The dead rain began,
And the fragile walls of summer
Crumbled and fell.



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PARK AVENUE DOORMEN

PAUL WARSHOW '61

The continuous faces along the street
seem to say "I belong." Although
I was born far away from the cold and the heat
which make this country so great, I'll show

you each and all how I belong.
My name is Bill and I'm from Brazil,
and later, perhaps, I'll sing you my song
and tell you how happy I am. Until

then, still, I'll show you them all: there's
Mike the kike; he's just like me—
a lost soul at first, but he fares
very well now, I assure you. We

can't exactly explain how we feel;
it's something like that togetherness
which everyone hopes to quietly steal
from everyone else. I have to confess

that there's nothing for us to be proud of. I hope
you'll forgive our being proud just the same.
It's something, I'm afraid, which we cannot cope
with. No one notices us, and we aim

not to have people notice us,
either. No one—why should they?—
respects us, but we don't fuss,
because it's not respect we want them to pay

to us, either. We've been so lost,
you see, we're glad to have a host.



EVOLUTION

TOM EVSLIN '61



An ape
Swinging through the trees
Furry
So's not to freeze
Changed
To a human
Because
Of no room in
The trees
As if
Losing his hair
Also
Changing his lair
Would make
Things much better
And not
Only fetter
The ape.

DAVID AND TREBLINKA

ROBERT CHARNAS '61

The full scale genocide of the Jews in Europe began in early October. Hitler had sent experts on annihilation to all regions of the Continent by early November. In Poland many planned anti-Semitic uprisings occurred. By the first of December all the Jews in Warsaw had been walled up in their ghetto. The systematic elimination of that body of Jews began by December 7.

Seemingly untouched by all this commotion was a small suburb of Warsaw named Treblinka. Its population of Jews was 700. Its population was 6000.

December 18, Reb Isaac Curtzl, one of the most important senior leaders of the Jews in Treblinka, called a meeting of the Board of Jewish Merchants at the temple. In his speech he condemned Adolf Hitler and Germany.

The morning of December 19, one of the members of the committee informed the new German mayor of Treblinka about Curtzl's treasonous speech.

The afternoon of December 19, four heavily armed German infantrymen knocked on the door of Curtzl's small house on the outskirts of town. Reb Curtzl was sitting in the library in his customary easy chair reading a book. His wife, Rachel, was dusting a table in the same room. His son, eighteen-year-old David, was upstairs on his bed daydreaming. Upon hearing the knocking, Curtzl, without moving from his place, called for the outsiders to enter. David slowly got off his bed and started to descend the stairway to the hall. He saw the four soldiers come into the hall and disappear into the adjacent library. Then he heard the thunderous exhalation of machine guns. He stopped descending. He sat. He stared forward at the open front door. He saw the four soldiers hurry out. And at the last moment, he saw the face of the officer glance back at him for a second, turn, and then follow those of his companions.

With dry eyes David arose and walked down the remaining steps. Then, from the doorway, he looked into the library. His father still sat in his customary easy chair. But his mother lay crumpled on the floor. His father had no face and very little chest left. His mother lay wet from her own blood. David turned around and walked out into the brilliant day.

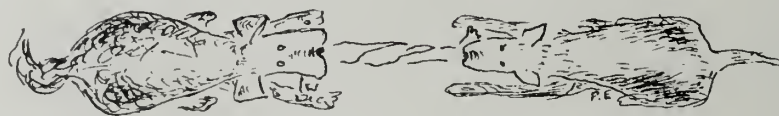
The night of December 19, David returned to his home after walking through the nearby woods for many hours. He entered through the back door which led into the kitchen. There, he pocketed a long knife and put on his heavy coat. He then walked into the section of town which the German officers frequented. A German soldier lay unconscious in the gutter outside of a brothel. Hidden by the night, David slipped his knife into the back of the soldier's neck. The German did not move. David left his knife there, but took the soldier's luger.

From the night of December 19 until noon, December 21, David stood across the street from the newly erected German Officers' Club. Because he stood behind a tree on his side of the road, he was practically hidden from the view of the soldiers going in and coming out. David remained motionless, intent, staring.

At noon, December 21, David saw his German officer enter the club. He took out the luger. Although the temperature was well below freezing, large drops of perspiration appeared on his brow. He waited, and he waited. When David saw the German come out of the club two hours later, he collapsed and fell to the sidewalk.

At 7:00 P.M. he regained consciousness and walked feebly to the Freud-denheimer's two blocks away. These friends fed the speechless boy and gave him a bed to sleep in.

December 22, at sunrise, he left his friends' house and took once again his place behind the tree in front of the club.



December 23 at 11:00 P.M., he saw the officer again enter the club.

At 12:00 the officer came out, turned to his right, and started walking toward the hotel. David followed.

In about fifteen minutes the officer opened the door to the inn. Just inside the door was a rectangular floor about ten feet long and three feet wide. Where the floor came to an end the long straight stairway began and led up to the rooms on the second floor. The German was on the fifth step of the staircase when David walked in the door. Without a word, David fired a bullet into the man's lower back. The soldier kept on climbing. David fired. The officer kept struggling slowly up with a second bullet in his side. David fired and fired. The German toppled backward and rolled down fifteen steps. David shot the remaining bullets into his victim. He turned to leave. A German soldier standing between him and the door sent David hurtling back and on to the dead officer with a score of bullets from his machine gun.

By December 25 there were no Jews in Treblinka.

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IT SNOWED
PETE MCKNIGHT '61

DETESTABLE LARRY

STEVE MOST '61

Outside, the boys - there were seven of them - had decided to let Larry out of the locker. They had had the fun of catching him, of holding him while he squirmed, and of thrusting him into the little opening among the smelly athletic socks. They had laughed as he thrashed around in the dark, thumping the locker door and screaming in a high-pitched, frantic voice: "Let me out, you guys." Now they might as well let him out.

They opened the lock and stepped back as Larry burst out, not crying as they had hoped and expected, but smiling, laughing, just to infuriate them. Larry ran past them - he was small, he was hard to grab - and onto his bike. They caught him mounting it; they dragged him down. One boy jumped on the bike and rode away; the others stood over Larry, who was sprawled on the driveway; they encircled him tightly, keeping him down as their feet thudded into his wiggling body. Larry was whining "Come on, you guys," in his high-pitched voice.

Inside, Mr. Coutman, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed teacher of English, scratched his thinning hair. He looked at the scene outside with contempt for Larry, which he knew he really shouldn't have. After all, one should be understanding, he thought.

Mr. Coutman didn't really feel involved with what was happening outside - he watched without emotion, his little finger thrust into his thin, pink ear - but he wondered if somehow a flash of pity would come to him, or maybe regret at what he had done third period. No, nothing came (they were dragging Larry off his bike now), and Mr. Coutman turned from the window.

It is often interesting to analyze one's actions, he thought. He had shown a bit of temper when he threw that book at Larry third period. Perfectly understandable, of course, but he must control that temper.

Mr. Coutman looked at the chair where Larry had sat. Larry had smiled that obnoxious smile - as wide as he could, just to antagonize everyone by showing them his dreadfully ugly bands - and then he was fidgeting in his chair, and then he threw that spitwad across the room. Mr. Coutman had seen it; he was irritated; he threw *New Grammar Usage* at Larry's head.

Mr. Coutman picked up a pencil and nervously fumbled it around in his hands. *New Grammar Usage* wasn't really a heavy book, and then, it had only grazed Larry. But it was temper just the same.

What if the headmaster found out? This

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was the type of story that goes around.

HEADMASTER (standing behind his desk; tall, flabby, and very stern — old-fashioned type): James, I hear that you threw a book at Larry Goldstein. You realize this is very serious; it is the teacher's duty to set an example. How do you account for your action?

MR. COUTMAN (sitting down and looking uncomfortable): I don't know, sir, it is very difficult to explain, sir.

No, that wouldn't do at all.

Well, how does one explain this sort of thing?

Do you frequently have outbursts like this?

No, I'm a very calm person, really. (One must be introspective about all this.)

HEADMASTER (thinking): James is a young man who apparently has not yet learned self-restraint. What if the mothers' organization found out?

Whatever caused me to do a thing like that?

It was Mr. Coutman's habit to drum a pencil against his thrust-forward lower lip. He was doing this now; he looked pensive.

An image came into his mind: a bullet-shaped head, close-cropped black hair. Little black eyes — Larry looked like a rodent, really. And that artificial, ugly, that obnoxious smile.

Detestable.

A scene: white spitward — Larry smiling, following through on his throw — Mr. Coutman, red face, lower lip out in anger and surprise. Seeing the book in his anger — his arm reaching across the desk to grab it — the red words *New Grammar Usage* glancing off Larry's close-cropped hair. Mr. Coutman smiling, the class laughing, Larry — Larry surprised.

One really must analyze such a scene.

Well, obviously Larry knew he was irritating. He did it on purpose.

It was obviously his fault. One can't blame —

Of course one must try to understand the little fellow. He isn't responsible for his actions. We're all brothers in this world, and one must be humane toward those less fortunate —

But Larry is awfully ugly.

Mr. Coutman drummed his lower lip. He opened his desk drawer and pulled out a cup. He would go downstairs for a spot of coffee.

The boarding students' laundry bags were all piled at the foot of the stairs; toward this pile the boys were dragging Larry. He was

kicking, yelling: "Stop it, you guys. Let me go." They shoved him onto the pile, they threw bags at him, keeping him down. Larry's screams were smothered by the flying white bundles — the bundles were on top of him, now there was white all around and darkness and he was pushing them off trying to get to the top. . .

The door at the top of the stairway opened. Mr. Coutman stepped down onto the top step and paused, seeing the flurry below. I really must break it up, he thought. Then he turned and went back through the door with his coffee cup in his hand.

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FOGGERY DOO DA

JOHN DANIEL '60

I walked down the gravel path which had become soft with rain too warm to freeze. What was left of winter ice steamed and added to the fog I was breathing. Fog makes the blackest night white around the lamp-posts.

So there I was, hitting every puddle perfectly, my rubbers bending the sopped pathway which would have been shaded by the dripping elm arch if it had been sunny and daytime. But no, thank God, it was early evening and the fog was warm and crawlyville. It congregated in little fog-drops on my glasses and made the (as I said) lamp posts greyzy. My hands were warm and happy closed around match - books and nap in my Ivy-league rain-coat.

Well, like I say and dream of, there was I alone and happy in what could have been called gloomy if it weren't for the wonderful shiny puddles ahead and the invisible ones I went slunch in below me.

They walked, hand in hand, hers in his, up the Art Gallery steps and leaned against a statue of Diana, huntress and goddess. Sheltered by an arch, this time a marble arch dry on its underside, they lit cigarettes I could feel different down in the bottom half of the throat: not exactly sweeter, but then again not exactly

more solid, smoke-wise. Boy, if fog made noise this would have really been loud. But fogs don't, and the lovers' voices carried out of the acoustical arch and into the night.

"Mumble bzat rrr. . ."

Laughter

He yodled loud and spoke soft: "I love fog; and you know what: I even love you a little too tonight."

"Yes I bet you do."

"But only because of the fog. You're pretty in fog."

They kissed (and that's as near to a sex story as I get tonight). Let it suffice to say their cigarette coals came off on each other's sleeves and we didn't bother to brush frantically or such to save the cigarettes. Filter Taryton.

Her head bumped on my shoulder and I bent the first knuckle of the forefinger of my left hand and placed it under her chin and tilted her smiling head - which was red on top - back and we laughed and I kissed her funny little nose and I held her hand with my fingers interlaced in hers and they sweated a little and rubbed and laughed and and . . .

Bear's Butt! I wish I had a girl to walk with in the fog on a gravel path on a warm winter evening.

THE MEDLEY OF THE FLEABITTEN PUPPY

ANONYMOUS

The sky was blue and tense, as if a flash of midnight lightning
had been snapped in mid-flight and forced to remain in
the air,

When a little dog came walking along the sidewalk.

His back was brown, his spots were black,

He had no collar round his neck.

Suddenly he began to scatch his fleas with the frenzied
circular motions of an accerating locomotive!

So I threw a snowball at it.

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SONGS AND ROOMS

PETER MANNING '60

Blue Room

John Erdmann lay in bed listening to the hard quick sound of winter rain on the window-pane, sound whose intensity rose and fell with the driving wind. He thought of the gutters, of the way the water raced down along the sheets of ices, undermining the edges, and of the clean crack the ice made when stepped on. He thought of the defiantly hard ridges in the frozen ground, and of the sharp and cold sun above the landscape, soon to lose its deluding false witnesses and to return to the indistinct grays and browns that are winter.

*O God, our strength in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,*

The room was heavy. Fringed lampshades, fringed chairs, and a fringed tablecloth. Deep pile carpet and heavy silk drapes over trivial white lace curtains. Knick-knacks, family photos, and plants in non-committal brown pots on dark period furniture. His grandfather, tall but stooped and gray, was shakily pouring drinks. John sipped his tomato juice and compared his grandfather with the picture taken of him some thirty-odd years before in the elaborate uniform of the Belgian ambassador to Honduras. Epaulets, frogs on the coat, and a ridiculous plumed hat in hand. Tentatively, still unsure in English, his grandfather spoke to him: Andover-how you like it? And then waited for an answer. John nodded, unable to reply simply to a question he had expected for hours. And so he said only: Great. I like the people. He had the feeling that what he was saying was going right past his grandfather, that the age and cultural difference was so great as to preclude any communication at all. Many Jewish boys? About 70. He watched the older man smile, and he tensed himself for the inevitable question and the inevitable response: Are they nice? which meant Are they accepted? and his ineffectual reply: I guess, I don't know, I never considered it that way. And the "Uh" that was question, exclamation, and disapproval at once. John forced his back into the straight-backed chair while his grandparents conversed worriedly in highly inflective Yiddish. His grandmother, large and content in a red chair, stared at him blankly. Well, he began, my room-mate's not Jewish and I - "Uh?" and more Yiddish. He turned his pinky ring from the inside with his thumb, and then the doorbell rang.

Lemme tell you 'bout a girl I know

When she opened the door John knew he could do it. He looked around the room, then at its occupants. Bastions of conventionality. The advertising-man's dream. Without ever thinking he made the usual greetings and good-byes. He didn't know how he was going to stand her for the evening. She was one of those girls who never look at you, but always up at you, who never talk, who always simper and say "cute," but maybe, just maybe, it was just one big naïve act. At the party everyone looked at her, because she was startlingly pretty in a delicate, fragile, and yet basic, way. He put his arm around her possessively, proud to be seen with her among his boarding school friends who could not possibly know. With the lights out and her head on his shoulder (Quietly, for which he was thankful) the evening passed quickly. Afterwards, by her door, they kissed lengthily several times. His hand moved under her coat and up on her sweater. She grasped the hand with hers, stopping it, and he pulled his voice into his throat saying hoarsely Joan Joan and then kissing her again. The hand continued easily stroking.

Well, it's Saturday night

No one moved and the room was broken upon into blocks of conversation. Everything was slowed up and preciously preserved among the sterile, functional new furniture. The awful pervasive omnipresent feeling that this was free time to measure out and savor and hold onto. Music, unlistened to, intellectual, meandering music in the background. Spot of light on the clip-board and large looped tired handwriting on the regular paper as someone tries to write a letter. The impossibility of concentrating, the fear of being like every other teen-ager and the unconscious unwillingness to be different. The fear of failure, of the future stretching out as dismally and as methodically as a time-table. The fear that maybe it's not unwillingness but inability. Worries that come only when there is no work to lose yourself in, worries arising from forced relaxation.

Dans un cave où il y a de bon vin

The light blinked and the pizza grew cold. The three classmates looked at the empty six-pack and the two vodka bottles, their pilfer-proof seals violated, lined up on the edge of the table. The world, one pontificated, is much easier to take on six hours sleep and liquor than it is otherwise. All agreed, looking wise, except John, who got up, kicked a beer-can, and went to sit in a corner groaning. The can jangled hollowly on the wood floor: For Chrissakes, cut it out, willya! Prep-school boys on a drunk. And

there was this uneasy atmosphere, see, and anyway we all knew when we walked in we were going to get laid, and she didn't feature it but I made this pass anyway and she just like looks at me in that goddam superior holier-than-thou patronising, you know? So what could I do? We went out to the car and she says Don? all sorry and questioning, and I sat and talked to her for two hours and then suddenly she says Unbutton me. A pause, a noise from the corner. For Chrissakes Johnny-boy, don't barf. Another pause. I dunno. Anything left?

Purcell: Trumpet Voluntary

It was so good of you to be so frank in your last letter I'll try to be the same. I hope you'll understand and it won't hurt you. You see if you take me home and I kiss you or dig my nails into your shoulder for a moment it is nothing to do with you, but only it is much nicer to be with a person than alone, so actually I am taking advantage of you, and it isn't good. Well, there went that - she probably is naïve! Chalk it up to experience, fella.

Johnny lay in bed, thinking, crowding the whole previous day's events into a moment of not-time, of not-being. For this relief much thanks. And what would ever after be a travelogue, not a speech: There is a tree grows aslant the brook. He felt himself falling back to sleep, falling off the bed onto the floor. It was a real fear, and he stiffened against it, grasping the pillow. When it was over, Johnny wearily got up and shut off the alarm.

Or would you rather be a mule?





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WILLIAM FERGUSON '60

In the night
The invisible thrush
Rested among the willows
As the smell of sunlight rests
In the dark hair
Of a girl.

DIFFUSION
PETE MCKNIGHT '61



GOD AND MAN AT PHILLIPULCERUS

PAUL WARSHOW '61

I have just returned from a visit to Phillipulcerus Academy, where I was greatly impressed by the strong religious fervor, which almost approaches a happier sort of fanaticism; for the people are literally clamoring for their religion, which is handed out in only limited rations so that only a certain number may have it. Indeed, I was greatly disturbed by the failure of the authorities to respond to the enthusiasm of the students; and by the fact that they even attempt, to a certain degree, to stifle it; for they seem to fear that the students may surpass them in goodness, thereby becoming more favored in the eyes of the Almighty.

In the morning, a bell starts ringing and a multitude of students rush from breakfast toward the church; as the frequency of the rings increases, the people become more and more frenzied, until they reach a high pitch of excitement. All of them wish to get there as early as possible, for the last ones to arrive are invariably prevented from entering; for chained up at each entrance of the chapel stands a gorilla, and when the quota is reached, the minister releases each gorilla, who then goes completely beserk in an effort to prevent the remaining people from entering. Any one man is completely helpless in the face of a gorilla but often the students join together and the religious fervor is so great that it instills in each man the courage to stand up to a gorilla. In this case they are often too much for the gorillas, and the minister will pick up his slingshot, which he keeps in a secret drawer behind the pulpit, and will fire into the mob, hitting man and gorilla alike. This does little to reduce the clamor but only adds to the intense religious feeling, which is extremely conducive to the silent praying of those already seated. I might remark that for sheer intensity and pureness of feeling the religious mood generated at that particular moment easily surpasses anything I have ever experienced.

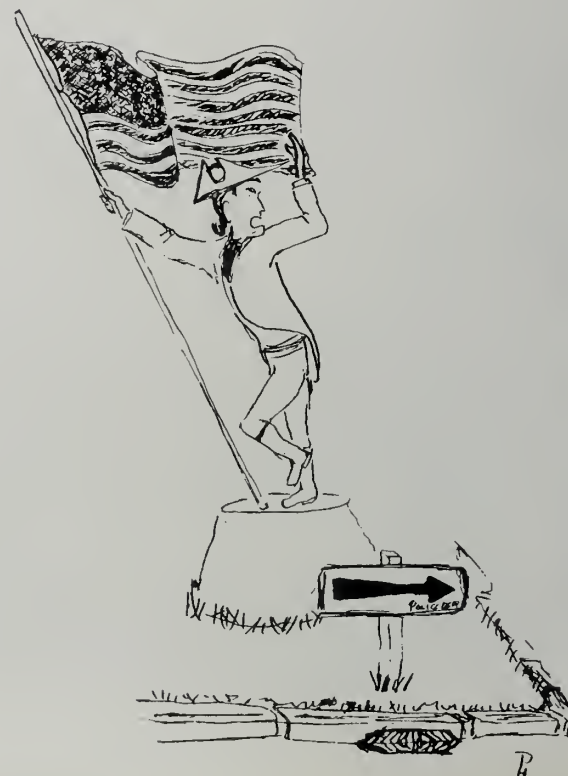
Then a mood sets in with perhaps the same degree of feeling, but greatly contrasted to it, for it is less fervent and intense and more placid and profound, a mood resembling my conception of the extreme beatific state, for the people are seated, often with their eyes shut, obviously in close communion with God.

In order to enable greater concentration and in accordance with the idea of peace

through suffering, all the prayers are conducted with everyone excepting the minister standing on his head and sometimes last for several minutes. The facial coloring of the students upon first standing up indicates the excitement which has gone into the prayer.

As the minister of the chapel, has been known to remark on several occasions, "Religion, like sex, must never be allowed to become ordinary or banal." To prevent such a thing from occurring, every Thursday morning the boy with the largest number of demerits is sacrificed on the altar as a burnt offering. This tradition, a very old one, also has—as the Reverend laughingly remarked—its disadvantages, and is responsible for the fact that no chapel at Phillipulcerus has lasted more than fourteen months; but this also, if only by rationalizing, may be considered an offering, and a supreme one, another indication of the people's dedication to God.

The happily smiles of the students as they leave the chapel readily indicate their eagerness to go forth into the new day with peace of mind due to the inner strength they have gained from the church, the bulwark of Phillipulcerus.



BE TRUE TO THE EARTH

RICHARD SCHULMAN '60

o to go out now where the warm wind comes spinning and jostles and hints upon our underarms fingertrills. o for the spring of our armed sensibilities. for late was the fall (yes of leaves and seasons and us) when leaves scudded waterbugstyle on poxed walks, moving on tip-pie-toe: shoals of shells of lifeless leaves bone-tottering by

i have said that i would live my life always sweating soul through clenched pores. tactile life one must seize it hard. aftersupper's dirty-dishes were having their clang when i slipped out the door to the warm wind's stream. seize it hard:: it seized me strong. how many times have i rode the wind as one rides the hammock-ed sea: feet pointed, chintucked, wrists banded to rumphummocks, ventrally sliding down the ways of the bucking surf, me above and the sea-below, tamed and facile

the oldfellow was sitting on the paving there, legs yogicrossed. it was dark and his eye-holes were gone behind blackglassblinders. close upon his shins was the metal cupthing, as down the street i came, my pockets chinking the song

of inequality. *then my brows tightening. then my legs stopping. quicker hand. sow the noisy seeds. look the cup dances. stop it. stop it.* his spastic three goutfingered sleeve which lunges misses the teetering cup lunges out past cups beyond spinning into the void of the weak-fisted who let go of the waters'handle and sank down. through the licking fluids of the soul as tears and bile and drink and phlegm and others until the last soulatom had been revenged.

the cup was dizzy and the hand was dying that reached for the ankle which felt the plump and seizure of the two gouty fingers. i kicked that mitten-fleshed hand and kicked laughter of silver and coppers and cup whorling around through the street.

power. power. that is what to live by. running down the street my shoulders swinging heaving powerful oars. scared efflux of the mind: evil good lust compassion, altogether burning. such power you have never seen cannot hold it. let it go let it go. death's waters are deep and still. die yes die. but in the torrents and whitewaters let it go power o Power

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A WATERY SCENE

WILLIAM FERGUSON '60

The rain was pit-patting on the roof. Pit-pat, pit-pat, it went. It hit the rain-gutters and the chimney, and it kept going pit-pat, or else drip-pock. Drip-pock, drip-pock, went the rain. Drip-pock, pit-pat.

Horace was daydreaming in his armchair on his yellow porch. The rain made him sleepy. He was thinking of grapefruit; piles of grapefruit floated through his consciousness. In his dream he was eating the grapefruits one by one, and he was using a silver grapefruit spoon. Poosh-pock, went the grapefruit. Poosh-pock, poosh-pock.

Horace had liked grapefruit ever since the

age of ten, when his mother had told him that on no account was he to eat grapefruit, since it was supposed to be bad for his liver. That night Horace had sneaked into the kitchen and eaten nine grapefruits against his mother's will. He remembered the first three. They were soft and yielding, and they went poosh-pock, poosh-pock.

He looked at the ceiling. It was bright yellow, and seemed to be concave, as if the roof were some sort of sphere. It was the bewitching sound of the rain that affected his senses. Things looked different. Drip-pock, went the rain. Pit-pat, pit-pat. Drip-pock.

THE STAGE COACH OF TLAQUEPAQUE

ELIAS ATRI '62

That meddling arrogant civilization has just come to Tlaquepaque without any right. It has come under the form of a huge bus, that from now will run every day from the beautiful Lake of Chapala to the picturesque town of Tlaquepaque.

As in every other place, civilization has come to Tlaquepaque to destroy everything. Now, the victim has been the stage-coach of Tlaquepaque. The old stage-coach will not gladden anymore the most beautiful road of Guadalajara with the jingling of its small bells and the halloing of Pancho the leader, driving them away.

It is painful to see how so many beautiful and typical things are disappearing from Mexico. Nobody will deny the sensation of happiness that one gets from a ride in a stage-coach.

Anyone who has ever been in the wet grounds the borders of Chapala will be able to forget the picturesque way in which La Ferrocalia left Chapala, and the way in which it changed the sad spirit of the road into one of happiness. The mighty stage-coach had a set of

thirteen strong and resisting horses. The powerful whip hitting the front horse was always heard when the clock struck twelve o'clock. One would see Pancho moving from one place to another trying to leave on time. One of the stouts had to make sure that the horses had already been fed; another one was helping the passengers to get in the stage-coach, and the third one would carry their suitcases.

I will never forget the famous stage-coaches races; the sound of the whip breaking through the air, the dust flying all over the place, and the scared passengers wondering under what seat or behind what truck they should hide.

Civilization is invading and destroying everything that is picturesque and typical. Some juke-boxes have taken the place of the old organs; the type of music now being played by the youth is chas chas, calypso, mambo, and some kind of strange noises put together under the name of rock'n roll. Cars are now destroying the old typical stage-coaches. Civilization is putting an end to the old peaceful life that our ancestors had.

A WALK

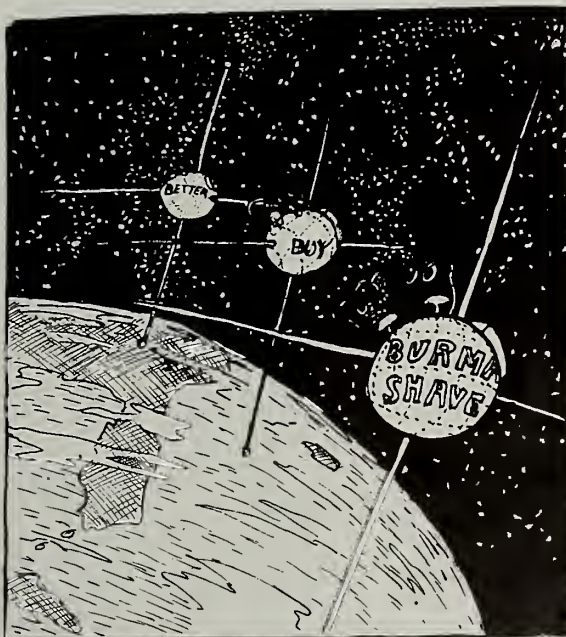
D. M. O'BRIEN '60

Walsh and I had become bored with town, because it was always the same. We watched the show at the Commercial Hotel among the laughing, gay, and blank tourist faces that were always old and white and smirking at the fat emcee's jokes. Then we had a few cold Luckies in the neon noise of the Mexican cafe. Then we walked into the dim streets to the noise of idling deisels of semi's parked outside Bettie's D&D Club and Rita's Classy Club. We smoked a cigarette, watching suits hustle cautiously by to the houses, and then went toward the light of the Locked Door, convinced the nice lady we were big boys now; and then drove in silence through the desert to the ranch.

We both had this ideal anyway, that we were on a ranch, and one Saturday ought to be in the cool mountains and birches, away from the ritual of the wide-open town. We bought canned food and milk and two beers and rolled it into our dusty green sleeping bags, strapped on carefully sharpened, skinning knives and snakebite kits, and filled our pockets with .22 hollow points. I oiled the Marlin lever-action and peered down the dizzy spiral barrel for dirt. Saturday evening after work we loaded into the Ford pickup and Fine drove us into the foothills, while I could still hear Aldrich laughing about the dumb cowboys. We knew we were being slightly unrealistic about the great outdoors with its mosquito clouds and ninety-degree changes of temperature from day to night, but it hurt to listen to his little sadistic jokes.

We watched Paul drive back into a cloud of dust after he had told us it was three miles Northeast to the ranch. We crawled through a rusty barb-wire fence and walked up a clear, cool stream through green, trailing willows. We were followed for a while by eight white mules from the neighboring Seventy-seven ranch, but they left us when we stopped in a clearing and shucked off our gear. It was nearing sundown, the time when a vague red sun filled the west, but if you looked east the sky was white and the hills rolling away below us were silvery blue-green tufts of sage and mesquite. Mark went out to get a rabbit for supper, while I scrounged brush for a fire.

I heard, lying staring into the hypnotic fire, three shots. In open hill country gunfire carries miles, and sounds worse than any thunder. You hear a door falling flat and echoes rolling into each other all around you, filling your head from every direction. Five minutes of sustained gunfire in one of those washes would drive any man insane. Walsh came back with a brace of cottontails. We skun them and roasted the haunches. The meat was gamey, but good for a change from the cook's heavy German meals. After kicking out the fire we retrieved the beers from the creek, crawled into our sleeping bags, rubbed on mosquito repellent, then watched five or six mustangs run across the ridges and the sun. We slept.



The sun in my eyes woke me the next morning. I booted Walsh and he rolled out. We didn't want to get caught in the noon sun, so we hastily ate the box of Frosted Flakes with canned milk, filled the canteens, and rolled up the bags. I tossed the trash into a sagebrush. Tony the Tiger looked out of place staring up at me from dry yellow grass and dust. I put three of the hollow points into the rifle and we started down the hills. We aimed at a butte rising sharp- from the desert floor at the base of the hills.

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By seven we were halfway to the butte, but it was already hot. We stopped to rest at a waterhole where a single pepper tree grew about twenty feet high. It was shady, but not cool. The wind that always blew during the day had sprung up and was already stiflingly warm. I went down to the water for a drink, but there were hundreds of tiny white worms swimming and wiggling in it. We went on.

The heat wasn't bad at first, just uncomfortably warm. But then you felt a hot drop of sweat roll down your side and your shirt and legs and face were wet, suddenly. After a while, walking steadily on the rough, stony red ground and across dead, gnarled brush, you couldn't see without squinting your eyes almost closed for the bright reflections of the sun off the light ground, and distant hills were vague. You couldn't tell where the hills and sky met. Heat shimmered in the air, and sweat trickled in my eyes, so I walked with my eyes closed most of the time, but stumbled on cactus and rocks, so I had to be more alert. When I thought an hour had passed, I looked at my watch. We had walked only twenty minutes.

Around eight we reached the butte, and breathed in its shadow. It was the last shade until we reached the ranch, for soon the sun would be high in the sky and there would be no shade anywhere. Looking back on our route, we estimated we had come about two miles. The ranch should be just past the butte. I didn't remember ever seeing this hill from the ranch, though, and thought it strange that it was so close.

When we came over the top of the butte, weary from the long, rough climb, the sun hit our eyes and we could not see for a moment. When we did see, it was a view of Mary's River valley, but the ranch nowhere in sight, just the long yellow valley wandering away below to the north and south. We sat on the flat grey rocks not moving under the sun that filled the sky and fell on you. Only when a sharp pain on my arm struck me did I look down. The gun barrel lay across my wrist and was so hot it burned the flesh. I jerked it off and stood. I started down the slope, and a few minutes later Walsh followed. There were many large grey rocks scattered on the grounds, giving a few square feet of shade, and any one maybe a sidewinder's home. I walked carefully, the rifle slung on my arm. Walsh was about three hundred yards to my left. We made it to the plain without incident, without seeing a snake. Disappointing.

We walked on opposite sides of a dry wash, on the ridges, with the sun always in the sky, on your back; heat reflecting off the ground into your face, burning. Walking was automatic, there was no sensation of feet moving, only of weights on the body, ground passing beneath, and heat. As I paced dumbly, I saw a jackrabbit move under a mesquite. I stopped, watching. The rabbit did not move but stared. I raised the gun, holding it at arm's length like a pistol, and squinted along the blue barrel. It went off, the bullet splattering fragments of stone where it struck in front of the jack, leaving a brilliant white burst in the rock. The explosion rolled a way across the desert. Still the rabbit sat. Then he hopped cautiously toward me, stopping about six feet away. I hated him, suddenly. The gun lowered; I fired again, not seeing. The rabbit lay dead in the dust. There was no mark on it, but guts lay splattered on the ground behind it. I wondered briefly why I killed it, but not immediately getting an answer, I plodded on under the sun.

The sun. It was always there, not poetically warming, but scorching, parching. A line meandered through my mind, "The sun shall not smite thee by day." I thought it was silly, for here was I, being badly smitten, and I began to sing to myself, "All God's chillen got smite, all day, all night," over and over. Then my mind stopped, and I walked in silence.

We saw the ranch at mid-morning, I suppose ten-thirty. It was a green blot on the landscape, still miles away. I felt strange, for I had to go on, but I very much did not want to. Walsh came up behind me then, so we sat. I lit a cigarette, but it was hot and dry, and I stubbed it out. "Jesus," and got up. That was all I'd said for hours.

A half-mile from the ranch I saw a white thing in front of a brown rock. I changed direction, after a few moments coming upon it: a long-dead horse, with all the bones laying in perfect order. The hide was dried and stretched across the ribs, while the neck and legs were bare. I picked up a neck bone and tapped the hide. It reverberated, like a drum. I played a rhythm on the horse idly, until an ant bit my leg. Speculating on how the horse came to be there, I wandered on.

We came over the ridge that the water tank sat on. It reminded me that my canteen had been dry since ten, and it was close to twelve. The bunkhouse was no more than a hundred yards away, but I searched desperately for a way to get water from the tank. There was none.

My mouth was dry, and I felt hot and tired and worn. We walked into the bunkhouse. I undressed, while Mark drank cups of water and poured it over himself. I hobbled into the shower, turned on the cold water, and sat down. I let the water run in my mouth, over me, washing away sand and heat and consciousness. It had been a long eleven miles across one hundred and six degree desert, and I slept under the drumming water.

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HANDS OFF DURING OFF HOURS

TOM EVSLIN '61

Now I'm a pretty good rocket jockey. When it comes to fooling around inside a solar system, there's nobody I have to say "sir" to. But I'm not much for deep-space cruising. The long periods with nothing to do and then the sudden alerts when you hit a break in relativity aren't my cup of tea. I tried working out on those long hauls once.

It was like this. I was quite young, just out of the training academy; and my folks advised me to try to get a post on one of the Flinucene Line deep-space freighters. I thought the idea was pretty good myself and applied for one through my uncles who's a big man with Flinucene. These appointments are usually hard to get; but mine came through in no time; in fact, it came before I took the tests. Anyway, my first billet was out to Legloce (rhymes with reg. loose) where there are usually pretty good profits to be made if the trading is attended to zealously.

The trip started out routinely enough. The turn over at one einstein was a little rough - I lost some of the skin from my fingers, but some careless pilots have been known to loose a whole leg. Being pure energy didn't feel different at all; but the pros always told me that really we're energy normally too and everything is relative to the absolute speed of light which is how the relativity drive works. I never really understood that stuff anyway, and I suspect some of them just said it to be iconoclasts. However, it does work to the extent that a person can boost himself and a ship into "hifi" as the pilots call it. I wish they'd figure out a way to get a second person through, though; it gets awful lonely out there.

Somewhere on the approach as I was preparing to come back to a state of matter, or, technically, a lower frequency of energy, all the alarm bells started ringing at once. I think it was in the neighborhood of the Taraproepri System. The panel was blinking like a galaxy of super novae. I would have done something but I had no idea what was wrong. As I reached for a switch, any switch so as to stay sane, I suddenly dropped to half an einstein and there was a huge sun outside the port. This was something I knew how to handle. I skillfully pulled the ship out of the flaming corona before the hull

melted.

However, the heat did something to the skin of the ship so that the detectors constantly thought they were being hit by meteors; and the ship bucked around on evasive maneuvers like a person tormented by fleas. I spotted a small planet beneath me, flipped the controls into emergency drop, and blacked out as the ship hit and fell over.

I woke up in jail. I hadn't expected to wake up. The warden was an old grey-haired woman. "You're an interloper, aren't you?" She challenged me.

"No." I said. "I'm just a normal person."

"Normal!" She exploded. "With short hair and hairy legs and arms and that most vile bit of anatomy between your legs? I know about your kind. We'll send you back to your planet and you'll get a punishment to fit your crime."

"W. . . Where am I?" I asked.

"Where are you. You think you're pretty smart, don't you? You're on Tabbo (pronounced Taboo) now, but you'll soon be back on Revonda where you belong."

I would have been at a complete loss, but I remembered an old poem from my days at the Academy. I'd always thought of it as a joke; but, now, it began to make sense.

There's noplacelike Tabbo
For making a man out of you.
On it a guy who sets foot
Braves a fate worse than death be put.
The gay blades from Revonda
Pretend to be not the least bit fond a
The chicks who live in the place;
But thrice a year it's amighty race
To see who can get there first
And commit, of crimes, the worst
And qualify for expulsion
By speedy jet propulsion
To somewhere outside
To take their newbride
When Tabbo must open her gates to all
Lest her inmates go swarming over the wall.

At first I couldn't believe this was the legendary Tabbo which is populated exclusively by broads and is coorbital with Revonda, populated with their opposite numbers. However, being well trained, I thought quickly.

By much argument and fervent bootlicking, I managed to convince my captors that I had been rendered impotent by my own choice and had come to their planet because I thought I would feel more at home there than anyplace else in the universe. They allowed me to stay among them on the condition that I allow myself to be used for demonstrations in the grossness of the male body. To save myself, I was forced to submit to this slight indignity.

I lived on Tabbo for about three months - Terra time - and learned a lot about the customs of these people and their coorbitors 180 degrees away.

The two colonies were originally founded by masochists and sadists and grew into thriving planets by what are rather dubious means considering their basic precepts. Nowadays, of course, things are more rigidly run and the populations are maintained by immigration. Each planet is run by those who are older and less likely to be tempted. However, for some strange reason, these leaders are allowed to have constant contact with their opposites and some of them even reproduce. Some claim that this arrangement is for the purpose of liason, while others say it is to show their followers the evils of heterosexuality. Personally, I am not quite satisfied with either reason. I think it more likely that this happens because it's

TRADITION.

The young on both planets are often heard speaking in low tones about the opposite sex, and some even boast about their conquests in this direction for the purpose of showing how superior their sex is to the other. Both parties are in complete harmony concerning their disdain for each other as the worst representatives of their sex. Many do burn their eyes trying to see through the sun to the other planet for the purpose of throwing disparaging glances.

Triannually, for reasons of unfortunate biological necessities, the two planets have unions. Tabbo furnishes sharp-eyed elders to watch that their charges don't approach within six inches of the Revondals; but, paradoxically, they have to equip them with blinders or nothing will be accomplished. I was never able to find out specifically what was supposed to be accomplished since none would talk about it openly; but I did observe that outside the pale

of the watchers there is a lot of bodily contact going on. After each of these Rixems, as they are called, many of the degenerate of the two worlds contrive to meet clandestinely. These meetings are allowed to go on for two reasons: first, they keep the more energetic from stirring up widespread trouble; and secondly, they furnish a way of finding these undesirables.

It was a Rixem that proved my downfall. I was carried away by the sounds of the merry-makers; and, being a rash youth, I forgot my supposed handicap and did some making of my own. The next day they packed me off in a rocket for Revonda; but the driver was smitten by my charms; and, instead, we headed for Leg-loce; and after my trading was over, settled down. Every once in a while I feel like trying my luck at another deep-space jaunt, but the little woman always reminds me of the virtues of system-jockeying.

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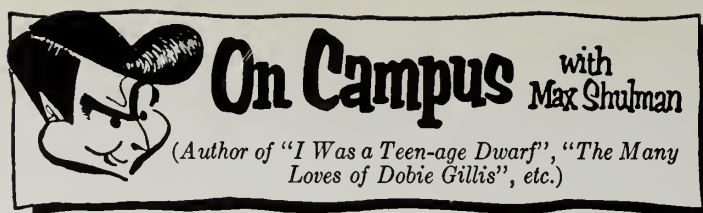
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THE THUNDERING MARCH OF PROGRESS

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Well do I recollect the tizzy in the academic world when Gransmire opened its portals! What a buzz there was, what a brouhaha in faculty common rooms, a rattling of teacups, when Dr. Agnes Thudd Sigafoos, first president of Gransmire, lifted her learned old head and announced defiantly, "We will teach the student, not the course. There will be no marks, no exams, no requirements. This, by George, is Progressive Education!"

Well sir, forward-looking maidens all over the country cast off their fetters and came rushing to New Hampshire to enroll at Gransmire. Here they found freedom. They broadened their vistas. They lengthened their horizons. They unstopped their bottled personalities. They roamed the campus in togas, leading ocelots on leashes.

And, of course, they smoked Marlboro cigarettes. (I say, "Of course." Why do I say, "Of course"? I say, "Of course" because it is a matter of course that anyone in search of freedom should naturally turn to Marlboro, for Marlboro is the smoke that sets the spirit soaring, that unyokes the captive soul, that fills the air with the murmur of wings. If you think flavor went out when filters came in—try Marlboro. They are sold in soft pack or flip-top box wherever freedom rings.)

But all was not Marlboro and ocelots for the girls of Gransmire. There was work and study too—not in the ordinary sense, to be sure, for there were no formal classes. Instead there was a broad approach to enlarging each girl's potentials, both mental and physical.

Take for example, the course called B.M.S. (Basic Motor Skills). B.M.S. was divided into L.D. (Lying Down), S.U. (Standing Up) and W. (Walking). Once the student had mastered L.D. and S.U., she was taught to W.—but not just to W. any old way! No sir! She was taught to W. with poise, dignity, bearing! To inculcate a sense of balance in the girl, she began her exercises by walking with a suitcase in each hand. (One girl, Mary Ellen Dorgenicht, got so good at it that today she is bell captain at the Deshler-Hilton Hotel in Columbus, Ohio.)

When the girls had walking under their belts, they were allowed to dance. Again no formality was imposed. They were simply told to fling themselves about in any way their impulses dictated, and, believe you me, it was quite an impressive sight to see them go bounding into the woods with their togas flying. (Several later joined the U. S. Forestry Service.)



It was quite an impressive sight...

There was also a lot of finger painting and sculpture with coat hangers and like that, and soon the fresh wind of Progressivism came whistling out of Gransmire to blow the ancient dust of pedantry off curricula everywhere, and today, thanks to the pioneers of Gransmire, we are all free.

If you are ever in New Hampshire, be sure to visit the Gransmire campus. It is now a tannery.

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* * *

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THE IRON STRING

JOHN A. BUTLER '61

The whole mess started yesterday afternoon when Mom told me my Grandmother was coming to dinner. I'd been planning to spend the night finishing *The Status Seekers*, but now that was out of the question. "She especially wants to see you before you go back to school."—that's what Mom said. I had to call off everything and waste the whole night just sitting around chatting with my Grandmother! I try not to be inconsiderate, but if there's one thing I can't stand it's making small talk with old people, especially her. You'd think I was a five-year-old or something the way she treats me. She's always kind of half-smiling and pretending to be interested. "The foolish face of praise, in answer to conversation that doesn't interest us"—that's what Emerson called it. Good old Ralph Waldo Emerson. He and I see eye to eye about conformity and that kind of thing. I bet she's never read any of his stuff! At any rate, I wasn't planning on much of an evening—the same old petty conversation and stupid questions. But I guess you must know it turned out to be quite a party after all!

When Grandmother got here I was just putting on my tie up in my room. I had almost decided to be tolerant and play the good Samaritan for the sake of my parents. It wouldn't have been too hard to just sit there politely and agree with whatever the old girl said. But when she rang that doorbell, I got mad all over again. No one else rings a doorbell quite like my Grandmother. Everyone else just gives the button a little poke, but not her! She has to hold it down a good minute just to be sure she's been heard. I think she expects everyone in the house to drop whatever they're doing and rush to the door just for her. How self-centered can you get. I know you think I'm a little forward saying all this. Well, maybe I am. Emerson says we ought to "speak the rude truth in all ways". She really is just plain selfish. It's almost funny to compare her with one of those grandmothers you read about in kids' books; you know, sweet and quiet, and always baking pies or cakes just for her grandchildren. That's certainly not my Grandmother. If she ever made a cake, she'd probably eat it herself!

I was deliberately slow combing my hair so I wouldn't have to meet her at the door and go

through the usual exchange of kisses. She seems to feel this is necessary to show everyone how much she loves me. When I was finally all set to go down and meet her, a horrible thought occurred to me. I wasn't wearing the tie she gave me for Christmas! With any other Grandmother this wouldn't have been such a catastrophe, but with her it was sure to cause some unsubtle little comment that would really get the evening off on the wrong foot. On Christmas day she went to great pains to tell me how she'd sent away for it in some catalogue. I guess this was quite an undertaking for a woman who usually lets Mom do all her Christmas shopping! It wouldn't have been so bad if the tie was handsome, or at least conservative, but that was too much to expect. It looks for all the world like something rejected by Spike Jones! At first I had the urge not to wear it. I figured old Emerson would have done that just to show he wasn't influenced by other people. But then I remembered him saying, "Whoso would be a man would be a nonconformist." That settled it. If that tie isn't a sign of nonconformity, I don't know what is! Anyway, I figured no one but the family would see it, and they don't really matter.

At last I went downstairs. Taking a deep breath, I strolled into the living room. She was sitting there in a big arm chair. Mom, and Mike, my little brother, were on the sofa. Dad wasn't home from work yet. Sure enough, the first thing I noticed was her "foolish face of praise" looking right at me. It made me sick to see that artificial look pasted on her tired looking face. I felt glad I wasn't smiling.

"Hello there, Jimmy," she said. "Come over here and give your Grandmother a kiss." I hadn't escaped the kissing bit after all! And the way she said Jimmy! My God! It's as though I was the pet dog or some thing. When will she realize I'm a sophomore at prep school now?

It took a lot of tolerance and humility to kiss her, but I forced myself to do it and then I sat down across the coffee table from her. I knew what the next questions were going to be, so I had the answers all ready. Every vacation it's the same.

"How do you like Choate?" she asked.

"Oh, it's fine, just fine." What else did she expect me to say—that I hated the place or something? Anyway, I could tell she didn't really care. Then, right on schedule, she noticed the tie.

"I see your wearing my tie," she said. "It

certainly is attractive, isn't it!" When she said that I could hear old Emerson in the back of my mind shouting to "go up right and vital and speak the rude truth in all ways", but I just didn't have the nerve to say, "No, it's gaudy and I hate it". I just muttered, "Oh, yes," or something and let it go at that.

Then she started to talk to Mom about bridge parties and all the other petty things she's interested in. How anyone can be so pathetically shallow is beyond me. I glanced over at Mike. He was sitting there squirming and eating *hors d'oeuvres* from a tray on the table to pass the time. Emerson sure is right when he says, "Infancy conforms to nobody." But then again, Mike's not self-reliant. Watching him made me feel pretty responsible.

Well, we sat there chatting for a good fifteen minutes, and I had just gotten to the yawning stage when somehow the conversation switched to Franklin Roosevelt. I guess there's never been a more controversial man than F.D.R., but it just kills me to hear my Grandmother call him a fool. I think she lost a little money back in the thirties and ever since then he's been an "old fool" or a "moron". I don't think she's ever used any other words to describe him. I don't mean to sound conceited or anything, but I probably know twice as much about him as she ever will. That's why I just had to disagree with her. Why, we've just finished studying his administration in American History. I tried to explain that he had been in a tough position and had done the best he could, but she wouldn't listen.

"Jimmy, I lived through the depression and you didn't" she said, still smiling. I was tempted to say, "So what!" How prejudiced can you be! Emerson was absolutely right when he said, "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."

Well, we argued back and forth politely for about five minutes and then I began to get a little worked up about the whole thing. I knew I was right, because as Emerson puts it, "A youth give us an independent, genuine verdict", but she just couldn't be convinced. Just as we got to the key point about whether or not he should have run for a second time during the war, Mom gave me a sign to stop arguing and to pass the *hors d'oeuvres*. Can you imagine? I'm right in the middle of my best point and she wants me to pass the *hors d'oeuvres*! I got up, still talking, and picked up the tray to pass it. Naturally in the heat of our discussion I wasn't paying much attention to what I was doing. That was my mistake. When I offered the tray to Grandmother, I tilted it a little. There was a sickening swish and all the canapés, etc., went right in her lap. For a horrible moment we all just stared at the gooey mess of cheese sauce and crackers on her dress, and then she said, "Well, do something!" I think if she'd reacted any other way I would certainly have rushed to the kitchen for a damp cloth, but that "Well, do something" really grated on me. The only thing I could think of was Emerson's advice: "Trust thyself, every heart vibrates to that iron string." All at once I said,

"I don't think I will do anything for a person as narrow-minded and selfish as you!" Then I walked out of the room.

I guess Grandmother left in a huff, and when Dad got home he was furious and gave me a long lecture about respect for my elders and all the rest of that hogwash. I just sat there quietly the way Emerson would have.

Since then I've had a lot of time to think it over, because I'm confined to quarters every night now. Dad and Mom just couldn't understand why I did it. But I don't regret anything I said. After all, "To be great is to be misunderstood".

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RELOCATION

PAUL KALKSTEIN '61

The bridge was up, and the cars stretched out for miles in either direction, as far as the eye could see. Jim Charon stepped out of the toll booth to see what was going on. Seeing no prospect of the long line moving, he walked up the grade to the middle of the bridge. Craning his neck in both directions, he looked up river and down river, but he saw no ship.

Clusters of people were talking loudly and gesticulating: no one knew why the bridge had been raised. Jim looked a little longer, and seeing nothing he returned to the toll booth. All up and down the endless snake of cars' horns honked raucously. The public servant stood in the booth for about half an hour, and finally decided to close it up and go back to the bridge, since the day was quite warm and hot sun made the interior of the booth like a small furnace. When he reached the summit of the fixed part of the bridge he noticed a definite change in the atmosphere. The air was closer now; it seemed that the humidity had risen to almost 100%. He saw several ominous black storm clouds gathering in the East and moving rapidly in his direction.

In a few minutes the clouds were right overhead, obscuring the once-bright sun. People had stopped talking and some were returning to their cars. Jim leaned over the railing of the bridge and looked down. The water level had risen twenty feet since he had last seen it. As he watched, fascinated, the water continued to rise before his eyes. It came up incessantly: families retreated to the sanctity of their cars, but Jim Charon still stared into the swirling brown water. At last it lapped at the bottom of the bridge. People were screaming now...

The agitated water slowly swamped the waiting cars. Jim Charon started to swim. Suddenly, with a muffled crash, the wall of the old gatesman's booth in the middle of the bridge tumbled broadside onto the whirling water. Jim managed to scramble up onto the broad surface.

The muddy water swept Jim Charon and his makeshift craft over the superstructure of the drowned bridge and on down the river. He was carried for hours. Finally the river calmed down. The new surroundings were foreign to Charon. There were few trees, and the sun

was not to be seen, as if it had somehow burned out.

At last the raft drifted to shore. Charon stepped out upon the land. Looking around, he noticed a group of men standing silently in a line, each of whom had a coin clenched between his teeth. Charon picked up a long pole which was lying on the ground to his right. With this pole he herded the spectre-like men onto his raft and shoved off from shore. "Step lively," said Charon, on reaching the opposite bank, "there's a Hell of a lot of people just dying to get over."



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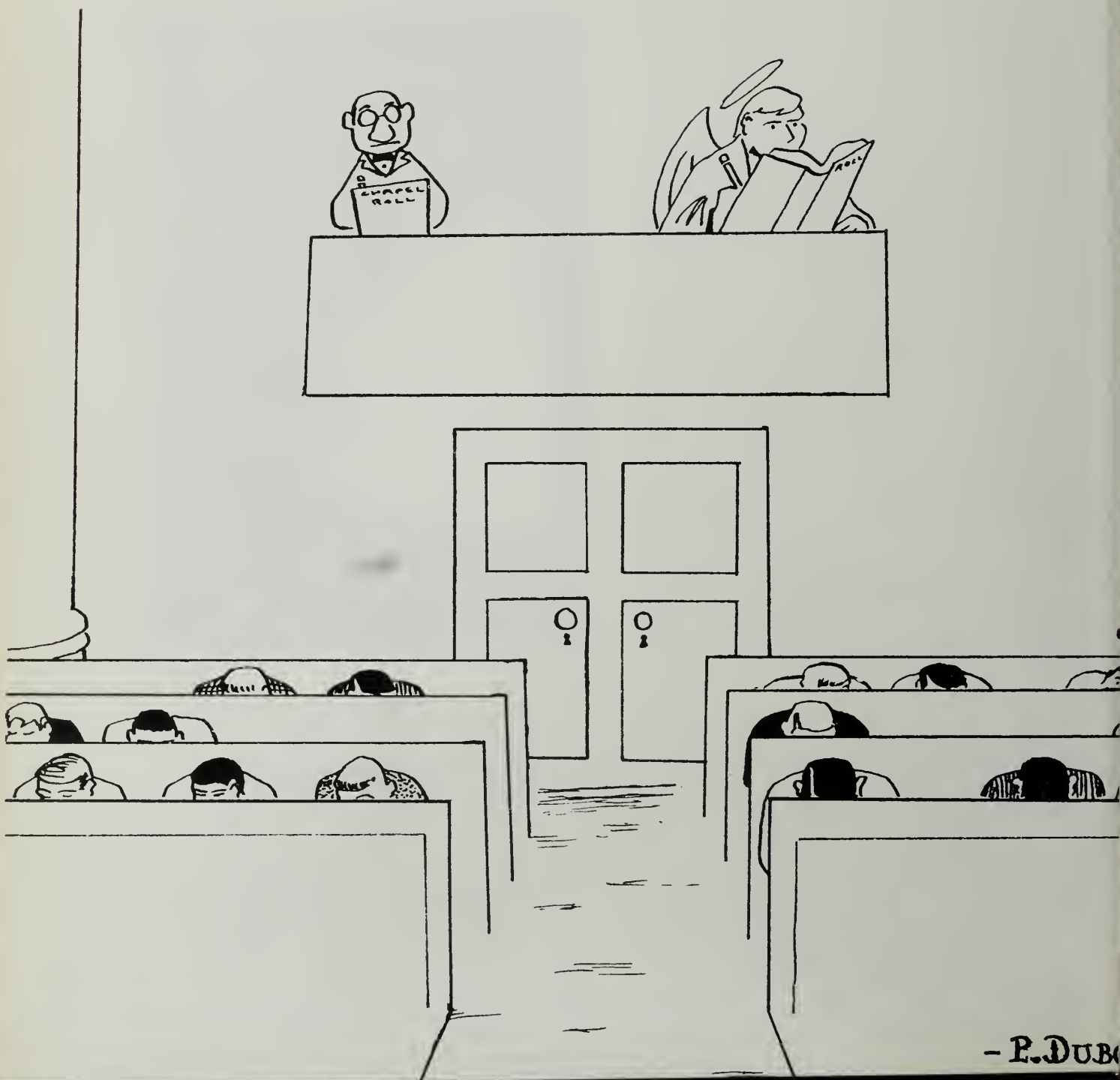
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LET US PREY

JOHN M. DANIEL '60

"You'll do fine: just unbutton your coat - you look nervous. It's simple: when in doubt, sing a hymn. I know you'll like the service.

"Come on, we're late." Pam did her best to give me courage. "Nobody will be looking at you anyhow. Church is fun; it's like a game: follow the leader.

"Come on; we're late." She led me through a group of people whom I didn't know, and I smiled at those who said hello to her and not to me. I soon relieved myself of the suspicion that Pam had dragged me to church to show me off to her friends; nobody paid the slightest attention to me. I followed my leader to a pew and after an honest attempt to genuflect, I sat down. Pam knelt, so I knelt, closed my eyes, and counted to a hundred. When I sat back down I was beside a family of little girls who seemed to know exactly what they were doing. I looked around me, but nobody seemed to be accomplishing much of anything. A few here and there were finishing up their prayers and were busy crossing themselves; others were looking in purses or leafing through prayer-books.

At the end of a long silence, the organ blasted out the opening chords of something and the little girls on my left shot up off their bottoms and stood Straight as Soldiers. Naturally I got up.

The processional hymn was under way. Pam had given me a book, and my little left-hand leader had found the page for me. Innumerable acolytes passed by, and the educated congregation had a special bow for each of them. When the parade was over, the congregation sat back down, everyone trying to make the most sitting-down noise in the humblest way. Little whats-her-name yanked the hymnal from my hands and placed it gently in a rack in front of me. Everyone was so anxious to help.

I was soon handed a prayer-book and a finger indicating where to look. The prayer-book told me when to kneel, what to say, who to praise, and how to think. I thought I responded beautifully. Now and then I looked at Pam for a sign of encouragement or approval, but she stared straight ahead, saying her sentences and Doing Her Stuff; not too loud, and not too soft. Ah, very religious - conspicuously humble.

"I believe in One God, the Father Apostolic, and Episcopal Minister, who hast taught you so bold to say supplications unto God, devoutly kneeling." Here begineth a spiel for the whole State of Christ's Church and for us miserable offenders, who, so earnestly repenting, draw us unto Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, through Jesus Christ our Lord Amen. Pam was right - religion is fun; a never-wonderland of passive submission. A self-gratifying something to do; one takes part, we're all a team. The perfect thing for those that travail and are heavy-laden, for they shall be called followers. Therefore with angels and arch-angels (bless all bishops and other clergy) and all the blessed company of Heaven, we most humbly beseech thee to Let Us Pray!

We knelt, a congregation of us, and listened as the priest began his Song and Dance involving trans-substantiation. This was a long kneel, and I concentrated on holding my position firmly and fighting the battle of buckling knees. To the disappointment of the family on my left, Pam and I never went to the altar rail for Communion. She must have realized that I would never have passed inspection. Instead, we knelt, and I began to tire from lack of action. Soon after I was delivered off my knees, the priest smiled and read a few friendly notes of parish interest and ended with a phrase I link with a forgotten night-mare: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The tinkling laughter of coins rippled through a room of proud givers. Terror-stricken, I explored my finances: Three pennies and a two-dollar bill. "When in doubt, sing a hymn," pray, do something, and at all costs avoid the scorn of little girls with money. Taking command of the situation, I reached across Pam's lap and grabbed her pocket-book. Making sure that no one thought the pocket-book was mine, I masculinely grappled with the clip and solved my problem.

The rest of the service went camly. I knew how to act during sermons, and I had caught on to the system of kneeling, standing, and sitting. I recognized the closing Grace, and I crossed myself and thanked my maker that Church was over.

THE MEN WHO LOOK LIKE JESUS

WILLIAM R. TORBERT '61

The boy and the man walked down the cluttered street together. They were used to the broken down doorsteps and the trash in the gutter. They didn't notice the squalor. There was only one lighted lamp on the block, and there were only a few shaded lights in the row-house windows. The other windows, black and humid holes set into the hot red bricks, stared blankly at the street. A few tattered curtains fluttered in the soft breeze.

The boy and the man were hot, too. As they walked, beads of sweat collected on their foreheads, ran down to their chins, and trickled down their chests. Their shirts were wet. As they walked, the man talked to the boy. He talked quietly, respecting the oppressive silence. He used gestures to emphasize his ideas. He pointed at the houses. He told boy about the poor people in the houses. They lived in the crowded dirty rooms because they didn't try. They didn't try to get good jobs; they didn't try to help their families or themselves. They spent their days at the little smoke-filled beer house on the corner. Their arms were thin, their teeth were crooked, and their skins were whitish-yellow from being inside too much.

The boy was impressed by what the man said. He knew that he did not want to be like the whitish-yellow men. He would try. He admired the man. The man was not whitish-yellow; his teeth were straight and like ivory; and the boy knew, although he wore a light summer jacket over his short sleeved shirt, that the man had big arms with muscles. The boy knew, too, that the man had tried. He had been a hero in the war. He had a little store and he worked very hard. He read a lot of big books

and went to the church every Sunday. The boy went too; the man was his father.

The boy adored the man. They walked together in the park every Sunday afternoon. Sometimes the man told the boy about the ants. The ants worked together. None of them did anything by themselves. The ants worked very hard. They planned ahead and stored up food. The boy knew that the man was like the ants. Sometimes the man told the boy stories from the Bible. He explained that the boy should always be nice to everyone. He told him about Jesus. Jesus was gentle and kind to everyone. Everyone in the church tried to be like Jesus. The boy thought that the man was like Jesus.

The boy thought about the poor whitish-yellow men who didn't try. The boy wondered whether these men tried to be like Jesus, too. He asked the man. The man said that almost everyone tried to be like Jesus. Some men forgot to be like Jesus a lot of the time, but they went to church on Sunday and remembered his goodness and his fellowship.

The boy was surprised. How could men who didn't try be like Jesus, he wondered. He wanted to see these men in the church. He was sure that they did not wear nice clothes to the church. He wondered whether they sat straight up in their seats or whether they went to sleep. He wondered whether they drank beer in the church. The man said that the whitish-yellow men acted just the way he did when he went to church. The boy asked the man whether they could go to the same church as the whitish-yellow men. The man said that they would.

They turned homeward. They were tired and hot. They were happy, too. ,

* * *

The boy awoke to warm sunshine on Sunday morning. The others were already outside, playing ball in the street. Usually the boy joined them, but today he was too excited. He put on his best clothes and waited in the kitchen. Time seemed to be stuck. The boy thought that the man would never come. Soon, however, the man came quietly down the steep, narrow staircase. The man ate breakfast much too leisurely. The boy was almost impatient with him.

They walked together to the new church. The streets looked much gayer in the daytime than at night. The red-brick houses looked

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cheerfully at the streets, and the bright windows showed off their potted plants and flowers. There were other people in the streets, all in their best clothes. As the boy and the man walked into the part of the city where the whitish-yellow people lived, the boy noticed that there was a big change there, too. The people in the streets smiled and talked to each other. They were friendly. The boy thought that these men were good. They were like Jesus.

The boy and the man came up to the church. It was a big, beautiful church. It was the biggest, beautifullest church the boy had ever seen. It was not made of brick but of great big stones. There were ten wide stone steps

leading up to the tall doors. The doors were made out of wood, with little round knobs of iron, forming beautiful patterns, stuck into the wood. At the door was the minister. He said good-morning to the people as they walked in. He looked like a nice man. He, too, looked like Jesus. Above the door was a big oval window with a big white cross painted on it. It was beautiful, too.

The boy and the man walked up the steps slowly, looking at the church. They smiled at the nice minister and said good-morning. But he said, "I'm sorry, no Negroes are allowed in this church."

TRANSCIENCE

PETER J. MANNING '60

The light falls on the table
And makes copies of itself among
The fruits. The undulating banana
Bridges the whole prism while the
Repentant apple reposes in the yellow.

From the corner I see
The radiant bowl, and, hungry,
Come near. I stop a minute to
Admire the intensity of the slanting light
And the perfection of the fruit,

And then lean forward.
The pattern disappears in my shadow,
But I feel it on my back as I take
The common apple from its
Common resting-place.

May 13, 1958

"WE'S ALL POOR NUTS . . ."

LAWRENCE M. BUTLER, '60

When I stop to think about some of the strange people whom I've known over the years—people who, shall we say, have their little eccentricities—I am surprised to find that they were either among my best friends or among those who I wanted as friends.

Take for example Freddie Merton. Now there was a real winner. This guy used to build bird-feeders for a hobby. I don't suppose there's anything wrong with building bird-feeders. It's a very nice hobby. John J. Audobon probably built bird-feeders when he was a boy. But Freddie Merton hated John J. Audobon worse than death, mainly because he hated birds worse than death. You see, when Freddie Merton was only five years old his mother was tragically killed by a flock of low-flying ibises. So he decided to revenge his mother's death by killing off as many birds as he possibly could, be they ibises or not. He very cleverly hid the arsenic-coated birdseed in colorfully decorated bird feeders. For years he did this. "Freddie," I told him, "enough's enough! Your mother is dead. Nothing you do now can ever change that." But he just looked at me and said, "Have some birdseed?" The guy was nuts! But I had to help him; after all, he was my friend. "Now listen Freddie, big soldier, put away those seeds. You're going to get into big trouble some day if you don't stop slaughtering everything with feathers," I said. "They killed my mother!" he screamed.

And sure enough, two days later they found him lying out near Hoskin's Bog, flapped to death trying to feed a flock of egrets. What a jerk!!

Then there was Jennifer M. Nussman. I met Jenny for the first at the school gym where she usually had her work-outs. I immediately fell in love with her. What a girl! She was ex-

ternally well-built, muscular, and somewhat ape-like in her features; but underneath beat a heart of putty which I knew I could manipulate. When I saw her press 150 pounds, I said to myself, "Now there is the girl for you. Get into action, boy." "Hi," I said, "say, that's pretty good Miss. .ah." "Nussman, kid," she grunted, "Will you toss me that medicine-ball over there?" "Sure Miss Nussman," I said. That was when I got my first hernia.

I didn't see Jenny for a long time after that. I kind of stayed away from the gym. But one day I bumped into her. She helped me up, made some comment about yielding the right of way, and hustled off. Yet I knew more than ever before that Jennifer M. Nussman and I were made for each other. I guess the gods were with me, because there on the ground were her sneakers. She must have dropped them. I followed her into the gym and saw her disappear into the girls' locker room. Only I didn't know it was the girls' locker room, and I walked in right behind her. They shrieked and threw things at me. Jennifer threw her medicine-ball. That was when I got my first concussion.

She didn't even thank me for returning her sneakers. But I forgave her, and when I got out of the hospital I decided to try once more. This time it was too late. Jennifer M. Nussman had found someone who could not only catch but could throw back her medicine-ball—good old Kenny (Mother) Dumbrowski, right tackle on the football team. When I saw Jenny and Kenny doing their deep knee bends in matching sweatsuits, my heart broke. But the other guys told me she usually sweats a lot and sometimes smells of garlic; so I figured it was for the best..

Stanley Chipman was a strange sort of a guy. He was rather thin and looked like a character from Dick Tracy. He had a small head,

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bulgy, green eyes, and fuzzy hair which stood out in tufts from his ears. But I suppose the most interesting feature of Stanley Chipman was his teeth.

I really don't believe I've ever seen a set of teeth more *bucked* than were those of Stanley Chipman. They looked a little like yellow-stained piano keys. And don't think Stanley Chipman didn't take a lot of gas from the other guys because of those godawful teeth of his. His nickname was naturally Stanley Chipmunk. Sometimes they called him "Squirrel" or "Badger" or "Marmoset". "Gnaw any good trees lately, Stanley?" they'd yell.

"How is Mrs. Beaver today?" "I hate you all very much!" he'd scream in reply. (There was even a rumor that once Stanley kissed a girl and gave her tularemia.) But I kind of liked Stanley Chipman. He was such a trooper. "I don't mind your teeth, Stanley. Honest." I said. "Aw go on."

"No, honest," I said. "Gee, you're the first person that ever said that to me. How would you like to be my friend?" "Sure Squir. I mean Stanley," I said. But I hadn't considered public opinion. And I was immediately branded as a Beaver-Lover." Nobody would speak to me. I tried to convince them that Stanley wasn't such a bad guy. Sure, he was disgusting to look at, but nobody says you *have* to look at him. But they didn't listen to me and went on calling him names. I sometimes wonder how I could have remained so loyal to Stanley. There were a number of occasions when I had serious doubts about him. Like there was the time when I noticed the autographed picture of Bucky Beaver in his wallet or when I found a secret cache of chesnuts in his desk drawer.

All the other guys said Stanley would never amount to anything; he'd probably end up in a zoo somewhere. But Stanley sure showed those guys. He worked like a regular little beaver all the way through high school, and today he is at MIT, although not as a student. He's their mascot.

Not all my schools friends were as strange as these three. It's just that I never got to know the others very well. I guess once you start to look at people carefully, they all seem a little nuts. The best way to stay friendly with someone is to stay away from him. So that's what I'm doing, and you know, lately all my friends seem very well-balanced.

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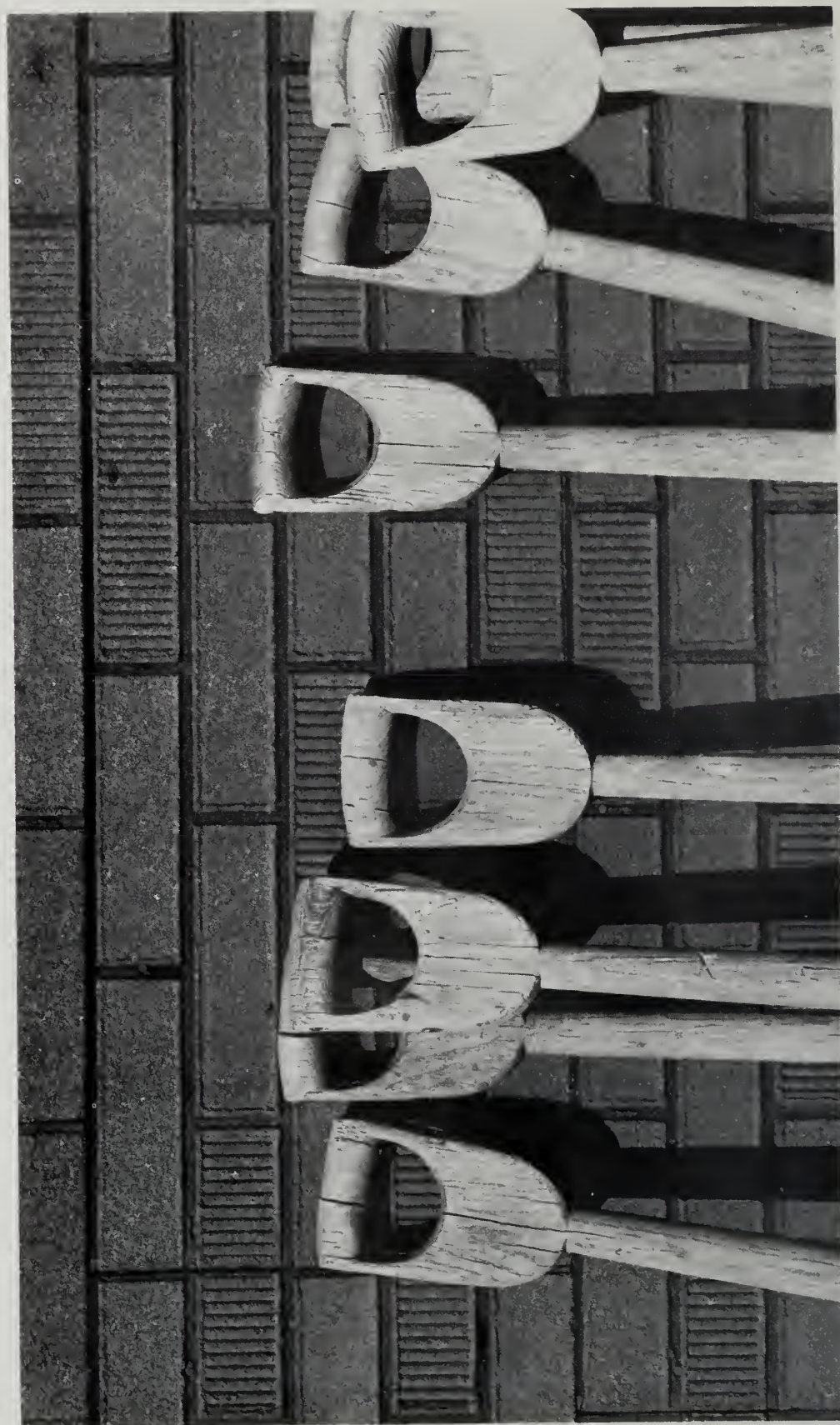
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FINGERS ON THE CEILING

CARL LAUPPE '60

Why does it take so long? We should be in New York by now, shouldn't we? Why can't Chuck drive faster? Why is the traffic so slow?—Calm yourself. Don't get so upset. Think about something else, anything else. — What a day! A weekend in New York! The Connecticut country side is really beautiful in the fall. The leaves: brown, red, yellow—Gosh! Corny! Can't do anything right. —Blasted traffic! Never get there at this rate. C'mon, think about something else.—Funny, me, Richard King going into New York like this with Chuck and Jon. All three of us from Denver and then roommates at college. Never even knew them. What a trio. So different. Chuck looks like he's made this trip a million times. Guess he has, sophistication, experience, and good looks. Girls must go for his blond hair, athletic build, going to school in the east. What a lucky stiff: he's got everything anybody could want: money like mad. What a life! Parties all the time. He must enjoy it, too: he's looking forward to this weekend a lot. He's got a hungry look about him. He knows what he wants and where to get it. Doesn't have to worry that it won't be there when he wants it, either.—Jon, on the other hand, is an amazing guy. He doesn't have anything Chuck does: had never been out of Denver in his life, on scholarship, a dumpy, nondescript looking guy. But he's happy. Wonder if art and music really make him happy? He just sits and thinks sometimes, like now. Bet he's humming a Beethoven Symphony under his breath. I'm a lot like Jon, I guess. But I've got all his disadvantages and none of his advantages. Maybe I can find his secret: this weekend should tell a lot. Must be almost there by now. Sure do wish we'd get there. Shouldn't take so long should it? Didn't think it would.

I: "So we're finally getting into the city, huh, Chuck?"

Chuck: "Yeh. That's the Columbia Hospital over there on our left. We're in Big Town now. Where do you fellows want to go first? We've got to decide so we can get off this damn parkway in time. I thought we might stop by a little place I know in The Village to get in the mood."

Jon: "Frankly, Chuck, I was hoping we could stop by the Guggenheim before it closes. If we do, then we'll have time to go to the Rudolf Serkin concert tonight. I did want to see the museum today. It's supposed to be one of the best things Wright ever did."

Chuck: "Who the hell cares? I hope you're not going to be like this for the whole friggin' weekend. We'll never have any fun visiting your damn screwy buildings full of screwy pictures. What we all need is a drink."

Jon: "Why don't we let Dick cast the deciding vote?"

I: "Well, err, eh, I could use some lunch; I'm starved."

Chuck: "I guess you're right. I know a nice place. We'll go there."

Golly! Hope these two don't keep it up. Won't get anything done.—New York's quite a place. Skyscrapers look like fingers reaching out. Wonder what they're looking for? Guess just about everything and everybody is looking for something.—Even the ads are great: "ARE YOU LOOKING FOR PERFECTION? THEN FOR THE TOUCH THAT MEANS SO MUCH, BUY SAVOIR, VIN SUPERBE." A bottle of deep red wine on a table set for an elegant dinner.—This city is just what I'm looking for. Everything's here anybody could want. It's like a huge department store; all you've got to do is go to the right department and there it is, whatever you want, just waiting for you to buy it.

This hotel is quite a place. That suite we've got, never seen anything like it before. And Le Cafe Parisien, what a neat place: right on the sidewalk, a hedge, tables with umbrellas, everything. Nothing in Denver like this. Bet the food'll be great, too. Wait until the other two order. Don't do the wrong thing.

Chuck: "Whatcha thinking about Dick? It must be a problem about your girl. You look so serious. Cheer up. We've got a blast coming. You'll forget her. Say, you've never been in New York before, have you? Well then, Dicky boy, I'm going to show you how great this town can be. We'll have the biggest damn blast you ever heard of. We won't get in 'til seven o'clock in the morning. We'll practically live in The Village...."

Waitress: "May I help you gentlemen?"

Hey! Didn't even see her come in. Ya know, she's sort of cute...don't know, she looks sort of phony...still...

Chuck: "We'll have three chateaubriands, haricots verts, et les pommes de terre a la francaise. And by the way, how about bringing us three scotch on the rocks?"

Jon: "I don't drink, thank you."

Chuck: "Well then, make it two...you do want one, don't you, Dick?... Yes, two, please."

Another thing before you go. What time do you get off work? I thought we might get several couples together and go down to the Village."

Waitress: "I'm sorry, sir, but I'm already occupied for this evening. I'll have your drink for you in just a moment."

Didn't know Chuck was going to be like this. Didn't think he'd try to pick up such a cheap looking girl. . . Ah, the drinks.

Chuck: "Here how!"

This stuff tastes so strange. It's not like I thought it would be. Burns my throat. Still, not bad at all. Wish Jon and Chuck would stop fighting and decide where we're going to go: want to get started on the blast.—Scotch is really great. Surprised I've acquired a taste for it already.—Sure is a great restaurant.—What are all those people doing coming out of that theatre across the street? Must be intermission. Just think, to go to a real play! It's a comedy; they all look pretty happy. Bet it's a good play. That girl out in front sure is beautiful. Love the way she lets her long, black hair hang freely down her back. Can hear her laughing if I try. Happy, without a care in the world. Bet she rides through the park on horseback with her boyfriend, that guy that's with her now. Bet he really has to go some to catch her. Her hair waves behind as she canters away. The park rings with her laughter. Whenever she walks into a room that's full of people, conversation stops. They all turn around and look as she moves gracefully like a queen among her subjects. Behind her the courtiers mumble and whisper and remark on how beautiful her majesty is looking. She is beautiful, so graceful, so refined, so fortunate. Really admire her. . . —Hey! My drink's almost gone. Didn't realize. Order another after lunch."

Chuck: "I don't care how goddam interesting it may be to you, I don't want to go to that Guggenheim place."

Jon: "It closes at four for the weekend and it's almost two now. We won't be able to see it if we don't go right after lunch."

Chuck: "If you really want to go that much, go by yourself."

Jon: "I couldn't get there and back by myself."

Chuck: "Ask a cop."

Jon: "Look here, Chuck, I don't intend to monopolize this weekend. However, there are certain things I want to do. And I think that the least you can do is go along with what the rest of us want to do."

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Chuck: "Does Dick want to go?"

I: "Why don't you two cut out the fighting? Chuck, why don't you come along? It's supposed to be great place. . . ."

Chuck: "I bet."

I: "...and at least you can say that you've been there... hey, here comes our lunch. What do you say Chuck?"

Chuck: "I can't fight both of you at once."

Jon: "Thanks a lot, Chuck. I think you'll like the Guggenheim, though. It's not a regular museum at all. . . ."

Chuck: "Cram it."

She's going back in now, back to the play. So beautiful. Really enjoyed meeting you, Your Majesty. It was a real pleasure. . . . She's gone. Doesn't matter. I feel wonderful, better than ever before. Don't particularly want to eat, though. —Tonight's going to be great.—Wonder what this Guggenheim place is like. If Jon says it's good, it must be. Maybe I'll see what Jon likes about this modern art. Hope so.—Couldn't possibly feel better. My drink is empty! Perhaps I'll have another. . .

I: "Waitress. . . ."

So this is the Guggenheim! Spiral that keeps on going, and faster back than I can see. Back, and back. Fading into a mist.

Chuck: "Jesus H. Christ, what a weird place. You're here now Jon; let's hurry up and get out. I don't want to stay here any longer than I have to."

Jon: "Mmm."

Sure didn't take him long. He's gone. Off in his own private world. He likes this stuff a lot. —Gees! Weird.

Chuck: "HEY! expert, what in hell does this monstrosity mean? If you can explain it, you're good."

Jon: "You wouldn't understand it even if I did. What do you think of it, Dick?"

I: "I like it, but I don't think I understand it. I mean, I can't find any hidden meaning. It seems to be a happy painting, though. I mean, that funny yellow star-shaped thing in the middle of the blue background seems to be happy. That's all."

Jon: "I'd say you understand this painting very well, indeed. This particular type of art is supposed to express emotions with colors and vagued shapes. That's the 'Hidden Meaning' as you said. It's a masterpiece, isn't it?"

Chuck: "Come on, you guys. Cut all this crap. Let's get moving. We don't have all night. God, how can you two stand to look at this slop?"

He's not even trying to understand. If he'd only try he'd find a lot in it.—Up. Falling up the spiral slowly. Up and up. Won't it ever end? Want to see what this place looks like from the top. Why don't we get there? We should be there by now, shouldn't we? Why aren't we? Falling up more. The paintings. Colors: blue, yellow, green brown, grey orange purple. Shapes: jelly-fish, clouds moving slowly, and the spiral up, always and forever up.

Chuck: "Jon, let's go. We've been in this place all of one, whole friggin' hour already. If you don't come on and finish soon, I'm leaving without you two."

Jon: "Oh, alright, we'll go where you want after we finish. I don't want to start a fight with you. But we're almost at the end. Can't you see?"

No! We're still falling up. No end. Why can't there be an end. I want an end... Wait! It's the last painting! At last! A torrent of red over gray-black. The red keeps on flowing, cascading down over the jagged rocks that implore the purple skies. Keeps on. Bubbling, hissing, roaring. Across the polished plain to another farther down, and another, and another. It burns my throat. Those rocks. Right beside the torrent. What do they look like? Hard to say. I like them. Wonder what they mean. Have to mean something. Can't just be in the middle of nowhere and that's all. Don't know. Like them anyway.—The torrent, the falls. Endless. Out, then down and down. Sky isn't really purple, it's black. Hard to see. What do I do? Can't see. Endless.

Chuck: "I've had it. I'm going."

Jon: "Wait. we're coming too. I guess."

Climbing down the cone. Reserve. The building's following us. It's coming down with us... it's stopped. Maybe it's tired. Everything's normal, okay.—What a time! Wonder

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where we're going now. What an evening this is going to be!

Chuck: "I know this really cool place down in the Village. We'll go there. It's the best."

Jon: "Fine, but let's not forget that we want to get to the Serkin concert. I can't miss that."

Chuck: "God!"

Damn it all. Wish they'd quit fighting. They'll ruin the evening.

Down into the cafe. Each time we reach the bottom of the stairs, there's another flight before us. But at the very bottom, a small door into a small room. Bewildering; the room is Spanish. The dirt, Spanish dirt, like sand. The air, genuine imported Spanish air. The people on the wall (in the arena), Spanish people watching a matador drive his swords into the back of a Spanish bull. Swords aren't swords. His swords are strange. The broken stem of a wine glass and a sharp paint brush. The wine glass hand is young and strong; the paint brush hand is weak looking, nondescript. The stem is fragile, but it looks nice and deadly. Yet the paint brush (its almost too heavy) does have a point. Hard to see: hidden in the bristles. Once you find it, it gleams and sparkles like a cold fire. The matador is confused, bewildered. One eye looks at the right hand, the other at the left. The spectators whisper with expectation.—The couple sits, hunched in a corner on the floor. They can't stand: the floor is too high. Each has each wrapped twice around the other. Their twenty fingers touch the ceiling where they must stop. The fingers are moving and twitching horribly. They grab at the ceiling and slide off. The couple gazes into each others eyes and moves their mouths in silent spasms. Our table is in the middle of the room. A wine bottle and candle on it. Just that. Looks almost deformed, but isn't. If we sit on the floor we

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Chuck:
tonic."

I: "Two."

Jon: "Nothing"

Chuck: "Miss, if
after you get off work, n
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Little girl, lady curl-
Home-by, lightly fly
Night sky with bird eye;
Hope cry, going by-
Sail furl, love purl.

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WILLIAM R. FERGUSON '60

Happy for once, the little crippled boy
splashed in the golden shallows of the bay,
and heard the day, for once,
in the joyful wash of water
against his thigh.
Fishes of glass and porcelain swam in the sun,
and the boy smiled, and laughed,
and threw his cane away.

THREE SPRING HAIKU

BOYLSTON A. TOMPKINS '60

The bright new sky skirt
swirls in flashes of white birds
Swish! the world is green. . . .

*

Warm spring wind velveting
the night silkens small strands of sea
Oh! softly. . . .

*

Hear shafts of birds in the sun:
the sky quivers,
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TOM EVSLIN '61

—What the hell. This is vacation. It's his own fault anyway. You'll get your head handed to you. You've been a nice guy too damned long. It's time for a little fun. But. . . Hell -

He sat down awkwardly, stretched self-consciously, thought for a moment, began. "Well, how've you been?"

"O.K. And you, Jim? How's school? How's your vacation?"

"I'm still here. The school's still there—laugh, Goddamn it—and vacations still here, thank God."

She gave an appreciative simper. She seemed inclined for conversation. Not exactly pregnant with bright new ideas, but willing to talk anyway.

"I hear you're writing?"

"Yeah."

"What are you writing now?"

"A short story, sort of."

"Tell me about it."

"O.K. You see there's this guy and he's been away at school for a long time and he's sort of uh. . . hard up, you know; and he sees this girl and he wants to pick her up; but he doesn't know quite how to go about it, you know; and. . ."

"That sounds cute. Can I see it when it's finished? Excuse me, there's Denny."

—Whether I'm a nice guy or not, it doesn't seem to make a Hell of a lot of difference. If Denny were gone. He's a good guy, but I wish he was dead but, then again, Christ—

He was going to think more. He was going to think how eliminating competition meant no real victory; how sex didn't mean a Goddamned thing to him without conquest; and he might have gone into philosophy and his own psychology even deeper but he was rudely interrupted. Maybe somewhere out in the cosmos there is something with a steel heart that plots irony, answers wishes; maybe there are infinite diverging universes, one for each possibility; maybe things just happen. Anyway, the bombs began to fall.

They could have been bombs; nobody except those who unleashed them ever knew. But they fell. "What goes up must come down." And they did. They fell but they only went off with little pops. Only? There are things besides noise and mushroom clouds and flame-balls. Invisible bits of energy crept out of the matter which

had imprisoned them since the world began. Like furious geniis, they spewed forth from their tiny vaults and overran the earth, committing worse atrocities than Hitler ever dreamed of in his last madness. They slew without prejudice; slew those at lunch counters and those getting hand-outs at the back door. They killed women and children. They brutally murdered savage warriors in the act of hurling their puny fatal spears. They butchered new-born babes and unborn babes; and then they went back to their boxes because they thought their job was done. It was, almost. Almost doesn't count.

Sitting on a couch at a party, Jim and Nancy were knocked out not by the first small blast, but with the first wave of radiation. As if unsure of its newly-acquired power, it dealt them gentle blows. Somebody might have figured it out if it were worth while to bother with the insignificant digits of the world's lamented three billions. Somebody might have figured it out if there'd been anyone around to do the figuring.

Jim woke up and glanced around unseeing-

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ly. The house was a shambles but there were still no specific details. The first thing he could focus on was Denny and instinctively he knew the life was gone from behind that nice-guy smirk on the pleasant face. Instinctively he knew there was life to his left. Instinctively he reached out for it. The cold water of another instinct awoke Nancy. The same instinct drove the arm that quickly reached over and smacked Jim.

"What the Hell?"

"What happened?"

"Everyone's dead."

He didn't know what he was saying but lies have to be planned beforehand.

And the years went by and the sun still rose in the uncharted East and set in the unknown West. The animals, spared by the geniis who killed none but those who unleashed them, ran wild and the green grass grew over the works of man and the snakes climbed the trees, there legs unbroken by human traps. Unto Jim and Nancy was born a son named Cain for the patch of sugar cane where Nancy lost those not-so-deep-rooted instincts to the ravages of despair and the ravishes of Jim. And unto them another son, Abel, for a bedroom joke when the whole world was a bedroom. And then Jim and Nancy, their names long since forgotten, new ones long since usurping, fought with the snakes in that first of all wars and, cutting off their legs, learned of blood and gore and had to move North to avoid the Malaria-bearing spawn of that blood. And then History began...

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THE WANDERINGS OF ELMER

DANIEL H. SAKS '61

This is the story of a boy, one who was never at a loss. He had gone far in the world, after the sack of Exeter, the virgin fortress; he saw many cities of men, and learnt their mind; he endured many troubles and hardships in the struggle to save his own life and to bring back his followers to their housemasters. He did his best, but he could not save his companions. For they perished by their own madness, because they ventured too near the toast machine of Mr. Eat, god of food, and the god took care that they should never see home again.

At the time when I begin, all the others who had survived the siege were home, safe from perils of battle and journey: but he was alone, longing to see his housemaster. He was detained against his will by a witch, Libraria, a passionate creature, one who had herself tasted ambrosia, and who wanted him to stay in the stacks of the library and be her husband.

The trees dropped their leaves many times, and when the time came which had been ordained by fate, which molds the lives of mortals, for Elmer to return, he had not yet escaped from the troubles which had been ordained by fate, which molds the lives of mortals. The gods were all sorry for him, except Mr. head of "The Plan," who never forgot a name.

But it happened that Mr. \$\$\$\$ went for a visit to the West Coast, near the setting sun. There he expected an elegant feast and stores-full of money for "The Plan." The rest of the gods were gathered in the meeting room of *George Washington Hall*.

Then the leader of gods and men, the Keeper, made a tearful plea for cooperation; for one of the mortals had spoken against "The Plan" and had been taken off the list of those to receive the monthly "Bulletin." He spoke thus:

"Upon my word, just see how mortals always blame us for their miseries, when they are really of their own making. Look here, now: this man Alumnus has done what he ought not to do—spoken against 'The Plan.' He was warned to no avail. Now he has paid the debt in one lump sum!"

Then young Miss Goodwill, symbol of "The Plan's Forward Look," oiled across the room toward the Keeper and in her money raising voice, for she had been given power to wring money from those who needed it most, took up the case of our hero, Elmer:

"Cronides our father, Keeper of Keepers and Mover of Movers! I have nothing to say for that transgressor. A pox on anyone who should disbelieve! But what about that clever fiend Elmer. I am anxious about him, poor chap. Stuck in the stacks with that witch, Elmer, who is so shrewd and who descends himself from the gods. Don't you remember that Budding Genius possessed Intelligence in a cavity and bore Prodigy, who slept with Spastic and produced Elmer. Poor Elmer!"

Then the Keeper thundered:

"How could I forget Elmer? Wise beyond mortals. But our colleague, Mr. \$\$\$\$, bears an eternal grudge against Elmer. It all goes back to the time that Elmer ruined Hot Prospect #4a. Mr. \$\$\$\$ hoped to have Hot Prospect #4a donate the addition to the Art Museum. Mr. \$\$\$\$ was showing his victim around 'the place' while giving a running commentary on how much the boys love art. Elmer happened to pass; so Hot Prospect #4a asked the passing boy what he thought of the Art Museum. Elmer replied that he didn't know there was one. And mighty Mr. \$\$\$\$ never forgets a name, especially when it ruins a hot prospect."

Miss Goodwill clinched the argument thus:

"Cronides our father, Keeper of Keepers and Mover of Movers! I know this, but it looks bad to those on the outside. Tormenting someone like Elmer. Contributions have fallen off."

The Keeper made his decision:

"You're right! We'll put a notice in the

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daily bulletin that Elmer is to escape. He shall slip through the mail slot and make his way to the infirmary where Nursecia dwells. But on his way he must traverse the treacherous Route 28."

Dawn shoved her pudgy red hand through a hole in the wall and Elmer, exhausted from the trials of his trek, crawled as a worm, ready to devour whatever worms devour, into the infirmary.

All fled but Nursecia, who gave Elmer succor. She bid the other girls return, after Elmer told her of his languishing for days at the edge of Route 28, waiting for Rockingham to close. She started to bathe him but he said:

"Just stand a little way off, good maids, while I wash my shoulders by myself, and give them a rub with the oil: it is long since my skin knew what oil feels like. I will not wash before a lot of pretty girls."

And so when Elmer had finished washing himself, he offered up a prayer of thanks to the Gods and gave a sacrifice to "The Plan."

DINE AT . . .

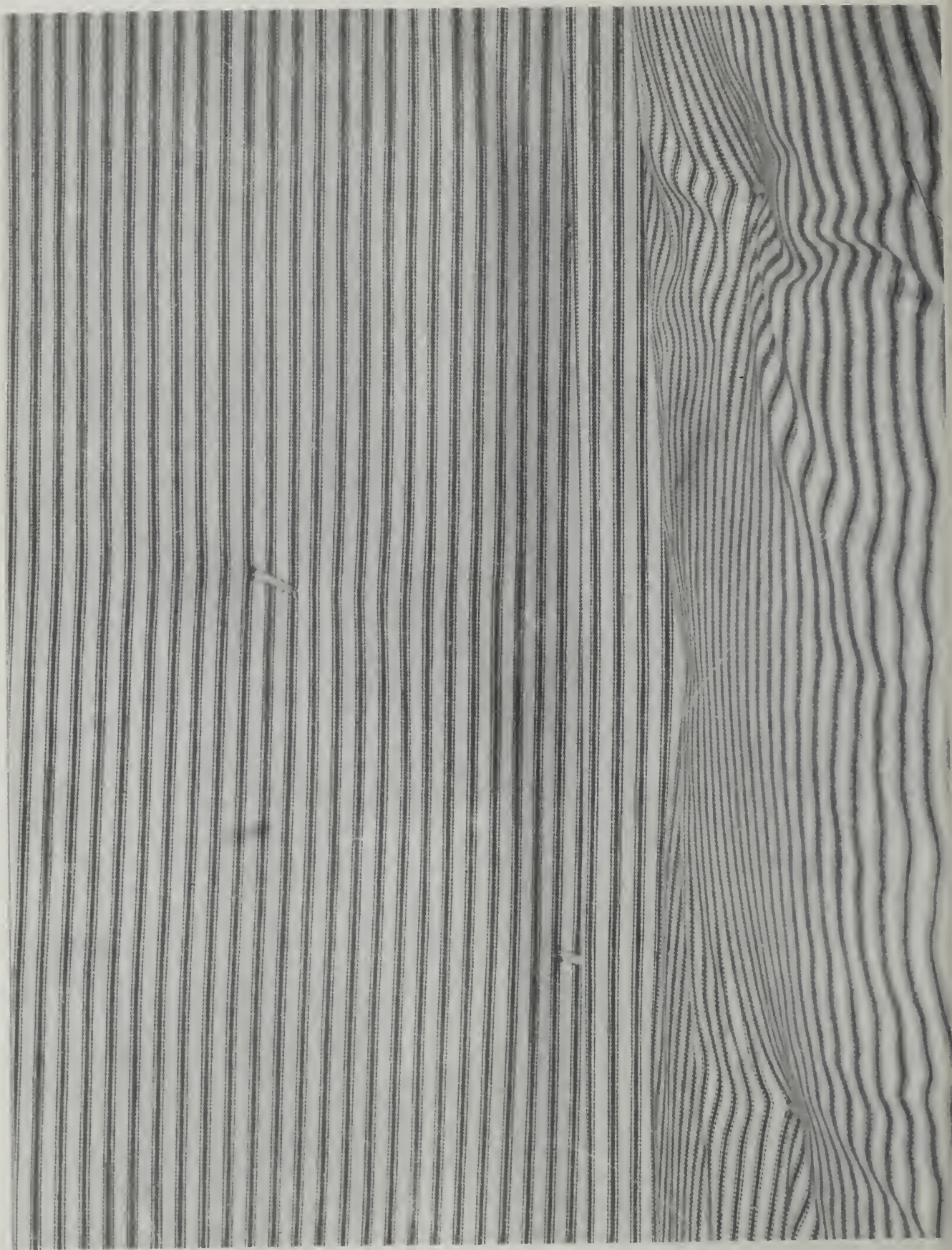
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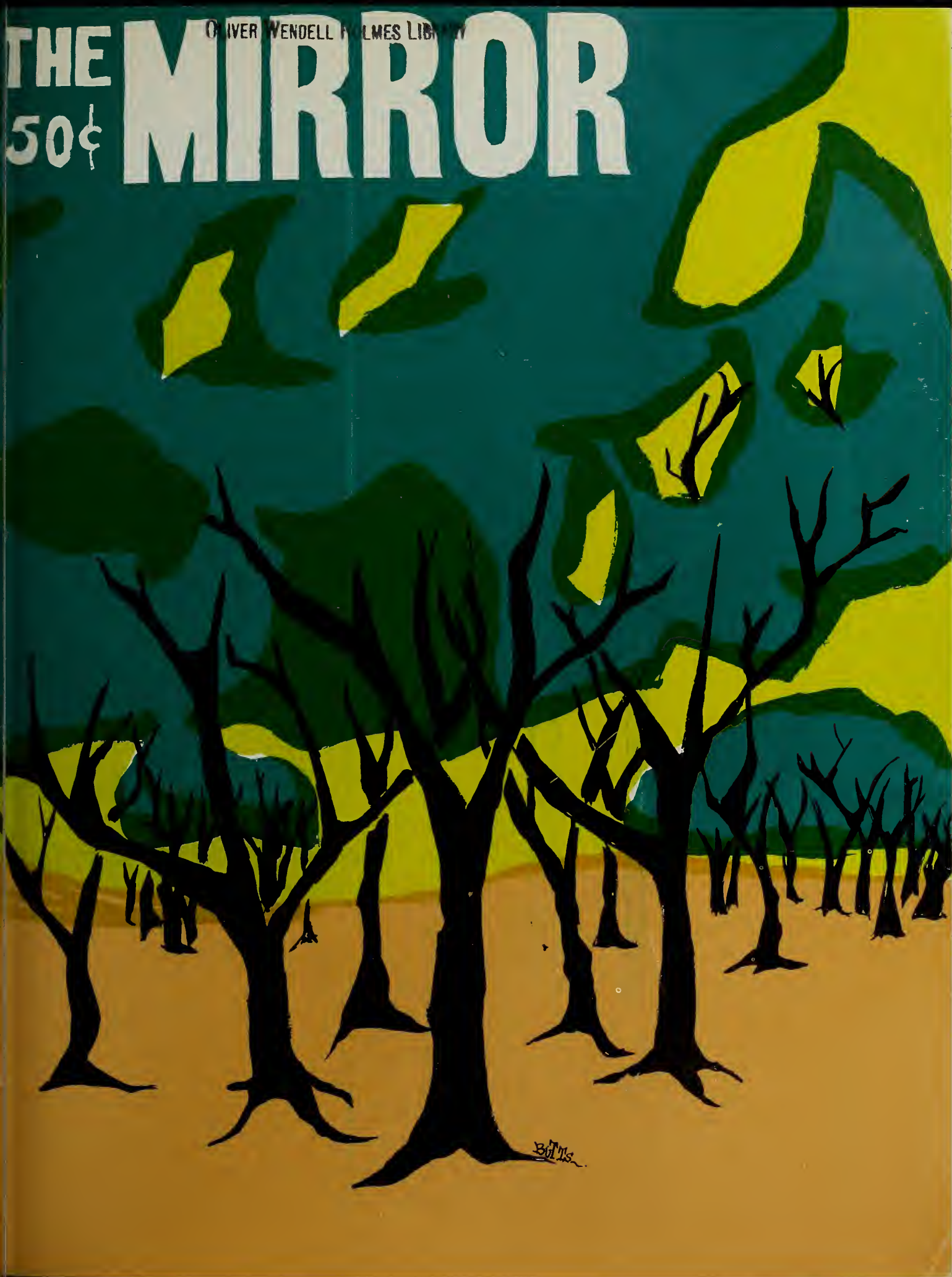
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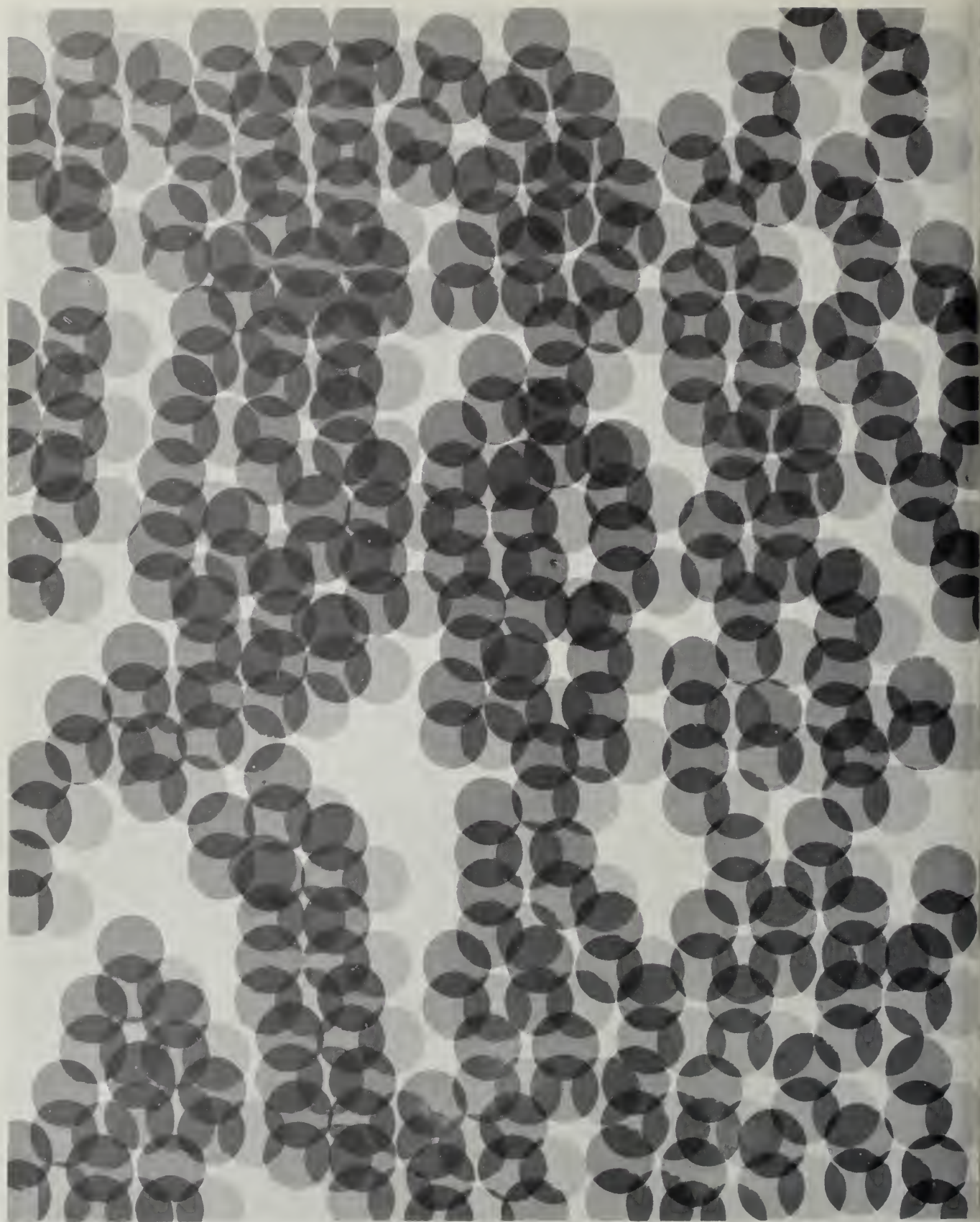
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The Editors wish to thank Mr. Dudley Fitts for the help he's given them throughout the year.

THE TROUBLE WITH P. A. OR WHAT I LIKE ABOUT ANDOVER

DUNCAN M. KENNEDY 60

Mr. James says that we think we're another lost generation. That may be so. Our lostness is supposed to be proved by our stealing of raincoats, by drinking and going to prostitutes, by lack of "constructive criticism," but most of all by "cynicism," the cut and slash, and lack of consideration. It seems to me that all these things are manifestations of a definite attitude that certain Andover boys develop during their years here. I am going to try to define that attitude and try to pick out some of the reasons for it. I am doing this because I feel that the misdemeanors of Seniors and Uppers should not be approached primarily through the Saturday morning assembly technique; but that they should be treated more as signs of the way we feel not only about Andover but about the nation and the world. What I am about to say concerns a relatively small part of the Senior class. The only thing which makes the attitude of what Mr. James calls a new lost generation important is that everyone is so concerned about it.

There are many ways of stating the attitude which worries so many people. One person says simply, "the world is a crappy place." Many claim to be motivated by an immaculate self-interest which they will defend against all contenders as their sole passion. Perhaps the thing which unifies all the so-called negative Andover philosophies is that they're all anti-ideological. They're all against the militant faiths, like Communism, Christianity, nationalism. While other generations have been without plans at our age, they have not been actively against plans.

Underlying the anti-ideological feeling is, it seems to me, a profound feeling that we are not important as individuals in the world; that we are a bunch of nobodies who will eventually leave the world of childhood to go out and be nobodies in a big lousy world of other nobodies. We don't feel that youth is just a preparation for the splendors of adulthood, but that youth will be followed by something less attractive. One of the reasons why so many people intensely resent Andover life is that they feel they are sacrificing the possibility of having a blast in the present to a future which isn't worth the self-denial.

Out of the rejection of systems, and out of the feeling of insignificance, comes what seems to be a dominant Andover trait, selfishness. For if we are nothing and our actions ultimately mean nothing, why shouldn't we act only for our own personal gratification? If the world is lousy and there's nothing we can do about it, why shouldn't we be lousy too? These are serious questions, questions which it is apparently much harder for us to answer than it is for the adults around us. Because we can't or won't answer them, we lack "responsibility"—willingness to sacrifice ourselves to the group—and "consideration"—willingness to sacrifice ourselves to others. Lack of responsibility and lack of consideration are attitudes which produce positive results which people recognize. The faculty hears about throwing potatoes or have doors slammed in their faces and get worried. They lecture us about these things without realizing that even if they scare or sober everyone into holding the doors open they won't have touched the real problem, the problem of how we feel about the world and about Andover. They might as well try to abolish food throwing by banning potatoes. And before they condemn our attitudes, they should try to understand objectively exactly what they consist of and where they come from.

Why do some Andover boys (some of them "intellectuals" some of them "rocks") feel that the world is a lousy place and that neither they nor anyone else is going to or can do anything about it? In the first place, the vast majority come only more or less close to feeling this way. In the second place, this feeling is largely unarticulated. It has its main force in the way it predetermines our attitudes, the way it justifies, without being stated, the things we want to do. Because it is not formally expressed, this feeling is not formally defended. The reasons for it are never gone over carefully to test their validity. It is therefore futile to say "The reasons you give for this feeling don't justify it at all, therefore I condemn it." You can't exercise a fundamental attitude by proving it illogical. The thing for the student to do is bring their basic assumptions out into the open where they can be examined reasonably. The thing for the faculty, the educators, to do is first to try to

understand the exact nature of the students' dilemma and second to give the student as much help as he can in clarifying his point of view.

I think the things that disillusion Andover boys can be divided into three groups: Those that are part of the world situation, those which are part of the national situation, and those which involve Andover boys and all other schoolboys directly. To say that our generation lives in terror of the hydrogen bomb is an exaggeration. It is true, however, that we are acutely aware of the prospect of total destruction. We all know about SAC bases and missiles. We have lost the assurance that the world will continue indefinitely. Neither progress nor survival are at all inevitable: the hydrogen bomb has set us apart from other generations. Finally, the hydrogen bomb is not something you can fight against. The pressing of one button will be irrevocable. The existence of that button has, curiously, relieved us at least partly of responsibility for ourselves or the world. The button is a symbol of the futility of anything we can accomplish and of the victory of man's destructiveness.

The H-bomb, then, is a factor, in the Andover malaise. Another factor is the nature of the global struggle. We are fighting what seems like a losing battle against Russia. The most we can hope for is to hold Communism at bay until it advances to a state where we can co-exist with it. There is no prospect of victory of the kind we had in the first or second world wars. We are not unpatriotic but I think we are defeatist about the cold war.

As far as national factors are concerned, perhaps the most important is the over-organization of life. The whole country seems to be massed giant corporations, giant labor unions, and giant government. It seems as though there is no way to be anything but a salaried executive, a low grade public servant, or a lawyer devoting himself to paper work in a grey flannel suit. To many of us there no longer seems to be any hope of making a great deal of money or even of being completely free from money troubles. The great paradox is that though we won't be financially secure, we will be and are swamped with consumer goods. The great majority of us already have our own radios, furniture, and large stocks of clothes. The great majority of us will soon have golf clubs, barbecues, and fancy cars. The effect of all these goods is enervating. We have bathed daily in luxury for so many days that nothing seems very important except the heat of the bath water. American life is organized to blot out the individual, and it is fantastically rich. The organization and the richness were achieved by our ancestors who struggled for profits and wealth. They achieved their goal, and now what is there for us, their descendants, to do but enjoy to surfeit the luxury they put in our hands?

It seems to me that what has happened is this: during the last century, the dominant aim of the people of this country has been wealth. During the nineteenth century the profit motive produced gigantic personal fortunes- Rockefellers, Vanderbilts, and Morgans. It also produced a great industrial machine and a nation of enor-



mous potential richness. Around the turn of the century the profit motive also produced a drive to democratize wealth. The people began to get richer until they vastly surpassed the rest of the world. Now the profit motive has achieved its ends in this country. We have reached a point where we, as a nation, don't need to get any richer, but we still glorify the profit motive above all others. By achieving luxury we have destroyed our old goal, and by basking in it we lose our strength to find new goals. Perhaps we should remember that we stand in the same relation to the other nations of the world as the Rockefellers and Vanderbilts of the nineties did in relation to the rest of the country.

Besides these general reasons, there are reasons for cynicism which are peculiar to schoolboys, and more specifically to Andover boys. One reason for cynicism which should not be underrated is that it is the accepted attitude of several Andover groups. It seems to me that there are a large number of people who affect to think the world is lousy simply because they want to get in with the rocks. As far as I can see, they usually don't succeed, which perhaps persuades them that the world really *is* a lousy place.

A second reason is a feeling of falsity in the relations of boys to adults. One of the great problems at Andover is the lack of effective communication between faculty and students. Perhaps the most striking symbol of this is daily chapel. Here, four days a week, faculty and students fail to get through to each other. One of two things has happened. Either we are a new generation whose ideas of right and wrong, of the whole nature of the world, are different from the ideas of the generation which preaches to us and lectures to us. Or perhaps the people who preach and lecture to us have changed sometime in the last ten to thirty years, and lost touch with the way students look at things. They don't realize that faith, duty, honor, are not really part of our vocabulary. There are icons which have no power in our religion. We have our own code of conduct, a schoolboy code which is hard to pin down. Unless the faculty realizes this and tries to bring their abstractions into some kind of relation to the way we look at things, no real communication on morals and conduct is possible.

The problem of lack of contact between students and faculty comes up again in many classes. (The following does not apply to advanced or accelerated courses). The teacher is not forced to teach; he usually seems at least to ap-

proach the class as something which interests and excites him. He naturally tends to assume that the student too is interested. But most students go to class because they have to. They have not worked out, as has the teacher, a reason for studying the subject strong enough to make them do it voluntarily. In fact, as long as they are required to take a course, they usually figure out no justification for it at all. The result is that in many classes the students put up a polite show of interest for a teacher who, secure in his own knowledge, never bothers to make it plain just why they are taking the course. The preservation of the fallacy that student and teacher are moving happily together down the path of learning makes for boring and sometimes very unpleasant classes. It also gives the student the feeling that he is working at cross purposes with education. School seems like a hopeless farce in which you kid the teacher along so as to get through without scars.

Another thing that makes the student cynical is the existence (in comparatively small numbers at Andover) of classes in which the teacher has simply lost the respect of his pupils. There are few things more demoralizing than daily sitting through a class in which the teacher only half comprehends that he is being suf-



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ferred through with a mixture of contempt, indifference and fear. I am not suggesting that the teacher should assume that his class loathes him and his subject matter. Andover boys are, in general, committed to getting something out of their courses. But teachers should be aware that they themselves must somehow communicate if not the usefulness at least the interest of their subjects. They must realize that they have an audience which is neutral to start with, and which must be persuaded. From the faculty's failures in this respect comes a feeling that faculty and student have nothing really in common. The students live in their world of compulsory dull classes and Ryley Room; the faculty live in their world of honor, honesty, faith, and incomprehensible devotion to teaching.

This feeling of division is one reason for the Andover abhorrence of sucking. Because faculty and student are irreconcilable, any attempt of the student to get in good with the faculty must be the most blatant hypocrisy. Moreover, the fact that there are people who brown-nose in revolting ways makes everyone react against all contact with the faculty. The general awareness of sucking is both the result and the cause of cynicism. The sight of so many people curry-

ing favor and getting ahead by it makes us cynical about human nature. Our cynicism leads us to interpret what is sometimes perfectly innocent interest as fanning.

The hypocrisy of brown-nosing seems to symbolize to many Andover boys what is really a national disease. We are very aware of the falsity of advertising, for example. Exposure to the vast crude fraud of selling in America had made us despair of all sincerity. The obvious unreality of much entertainment—especially television and the movies we see in G.W.—has made us distrust all displays of sentiment. Sometimes we go too far, but the audience at the Saturday night movies is generally extraordinarily sensitive to emotional phoniness.

Last, and perhaps most important, of the local factors which bring about the cynical attitude is the division of Andover society into the rock and weenie classes. I don't think it is an exaggeration to say that awareness to social caste has had an enormous effect on many Andover boys. To enormously oversimplify, the students are divided into a group of athletic, tough-minded, (according to them) virile, and (according to the weenies) stupid boys; and a group of physically insecure, sensitive, (according to them) intelligent, and (according to the rocks) effeminate boys. One of the origins of this system is the reaction of ninth graders from high schools and small private schools to the devastating competition of Andover. Boys who at home considered themselves quite smart arrive at Andover and find themselves crushed academically, unable to get the grades they got at home without an enormous and unpleasant outlay of effort. Many of them are forced to give up the pleasure of feeling that they are damn smart. Naturally those who can turn to athletics. They build up and nourish the cult of the athletic to compensate for their loss of intellectual prestige. As they more and more reject the intellectual for the more ego-inflating athletic, they come to associate brains and studying with effeminacy. Eventually, by discarding the weenie and all he stands for they cover up what they feel is their intellectual failure. Other boys feel at Andover that they are uncoordinated weaklings. As a result they turn toward grades and academic prestige. They develop a dislike of athletics which is based on more than a feeling of wasted time. By evolving a cult of the intellectual (too often of the grind) in which the only thing that matters is how smart you are, the weenies cover their failure to meet the physical challenge of Andover.

Of course there are many other differences between rock and weenie, and what I have stated is extreme. However, the description I have just given accounts for two factors in Andover cynicism. In the first place, the system is based at least in part on the failures of the people in the two groups. The rocks tend to feel that they are irrevocably inferior intellectually to the weenies and that the weenies despise them for being clods. The weenies are likely to feel that they are complete physical failures and that they really are effeminate. The result is a feeling of failure on both side, a feeling that we are stuck in social ruts, and that part of society is permanently against us.

Another result of the system is that it heightens the real differences between rock and weenie and brings out the worst in both types. The weenie becomes a worse athlete because he is driven away from athletics by fear of failure, the rock becomes less intelligent because he regards all things intellectual as permanently beyond his grasp.

Perhaps I should add here that the rock-weenie situation changes from year to year. By the spring of Senior year a definite status quo has been achieved. The classes have not disappeared, but they have become reconciled and coexist in mutual indifference. It is possible for Charley Kessler to say in assembly that we all know who he represents and say it not bitterly but as a fact which we all accept. I probably would not have written this essay if there had been no relaxation of class tension and no consequent growth of class unity.

I have just stated what seem to me to be some of the world, national, and school reasons for the point of view that the world is lousy, that the individual is impotent in it, and that he is consequently justified in acting selfishly. It is not my personal opinion that the reasons justify the attitude. On the other hand I don't think the cynical attitude is something to be horrified at and condemned out-of-hand. The attitude represents the conclusions of a group of young people confronted with some of the basic problems of the modern world. As an attitude there is this to say for it: it is fairly realistic in its view of the facts if not in the conclusions it draws from them. I think it is true that the cold war is a mess and that national life is decaying under the influence of wealth and general hypocrisy. The cynical attitude has avoided a complacent point of view toward these things: it has accepted no bromides. Besides rejecting the standard solutions of our elders, we seem,

to their horror, to have rejected all interest in other solutions. We seem to be adrift, ready to abandon ourselves to selfishness and irresponsibility. In fact, it seems to me we are in an intermediate phase. We have looked at the ugliness of the world, perhaps more than children before us have, and we have found the explanations for it inadequate. We have adopted the cynical philosophy of self-interest as the only philosophy which will interpret for us and protect us against the world. But while we have rejected, and I think rightly, the hopes held out by religion, by the success ladder of business, by the political panaceas of Democrats and Republicans, we have not rejected all hope. We will not give up and run off to Paris and write about our torments. Our "lostness" does not prevent us from making normal plans for normal lives. On the contrary, it seems to me that Andover, which has made some of us cynics, has also made us more realistic than most boys our age, has given us a point of view relatively unencumbered by theories and abstractions. Andover should try to understand her cynics and treat them as intelligent people with legitimate doubts about the world and themselves. If she could understand what causes their attitude, she might train them to be not negative hedonists, but incisive and unsentimental attackers of the great and soluble problems of the world.



THE DEACONS

THE CHILD

ANDREW W. TEUBER '60

His heart presses against the pane,
Sees the world; and the rain
Pouring upon the black pavement.
In the street below violent
Winds come and go to torment
His restless soul; yet he remains silent.

Slowly the walls remove their gray
Apparel. The child again is gay.
The black pavement sparkles with white.
His room the world, is filled with light.

Yet he remains silent.

He returns to his toys and plays
Until the light is gone, until his days
Are numbered - His time shall come,
Now he is fearful of freedom

And he remains silent.

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WILLIAM R. FERGUSON '60

On Saturday of Holy Week
Parson Higgins starts to speak.
"My talk today is built upon
a theme well known to everyone,
perhaps, called 'Christ Does All He Can,'
or 'God's Relationship to Man.'
We may be wondering, some of us,
just why I wrote the title thus
and not some other way; the reason
lies in the joyful Easter season. . ."
Thus he talks and talks, and weaves
a delicate arch of flowers, with leaves
of waxen green, with veins of gold,
that curl, and twine, and interfold
in harmony; and curving lines
of finely crafted silver vines
run through the flower-woven walls.
And as the parson speaks, and calls
for freedom and truth, and peace and love
the overloaded arch above
begins to tremble, lurches, reels
and falls: the helpless parson feels,
in one last moment, the silver vines
that held the arch in place—one twines
around his thin and fragile chest,
the other round his neck. The rest
is silence: he staggers, fights for breath,
and falls to a gentle, florid death.

RUSSIAN BOY

WILLIAM R. FERGUSON '60

Smiling *malchik*, little laughter,
run your happy tongue
along the curving gums and happy teeth,
and laugh at the warm sun. The sun
goes running through the rounding lines
of cheek and chin and eye: there,
in the shouting eye, the sun!

Little laughter, *malchik*,
shout the burning sky,
little one with folding ear
and cold nose,
laugh and shout for me:
The sun, the sun!

PIÈGE

WILLIAM R. FERGUSON '60

Madame, regardez cette chemise chère;
notez bien que je suis, j'espère, un bon bourgeois
de bonne fonction, qui voudrait beaucoup faire
ce qu'il convient de faire aux gens soumis aux lois,
et—que faites-vous là? Il me faut bien vous dire
que je ne suis pas libre, et ma femme m'attend;
ôte donc de mon bras ta main, et ne m'attire
pas à toi—mais tes yeux! Si beaux, et si brûlants!
Je te dis, chacun d'eux, c'est tout un beau poème;
vraiment; et je voudrais, à vrai dire, les voir
plus près. . .mais qu'as-tu dit? Je suis le troisième!
Sois là; je t'attendrai. Dix heures. Bien. Ce soir.

A NIHILISTIC POSITIVISM

ANDREW W. TEUBER '60

I've always wondered what people would say if I burst out. All of a sudden! If I told my message to the world! Well, I no longer worry about what people will say. Can't you see I'm ready with my message and nobody is going to find the strength to stop me. Now that I have begun, it is a near impossibility for me to stop. I've been silent too long! I've lived in the darkness for my entire life - is it wrong if I seek to be honest with myself, just once, to put myself in the light, just once, to see myself, just once? For that's what I'm about to do: "see myself." Well, to tell you the truth, I don't think I'm ready: my eyes are watering and I have diarrhea - a tremendous liability for the man who is about to become aware of himself.

You see, I've never existed because I've always been in the dark. Nobody conceived of me simply because no one was able to see me. Unless there is God; he could have done it. But, of course, there is no God, just as there is no hope. Now wait. I see you're beginning to grin. "Very witty," you say? Stop it; I can't stand that merciful grin! Don't laugh at me! After all these years! No, don't say it! I am not. I am not, I tell you. I am not an Existentialist! Oh, you have no mercy. Stop it! Did I say there was despair? No...I didn't. Go on, you call Sartre your leader. Well, he thinks a damn lot of despair. But not me. Oh no. Sisyphus will never despair. He will always roll his rock up that little hill in spite of the fact that he knows damn well he'll never reach the summit. Man always goes on, do you hear? Please don't turn away! This is the moment of truth for me! Remember, I'm coming out of the darkness today. "Il faut continuer; je vais continuer." Why are you smiling again? Don't laugh so loud! People might hear you. What's that? You didn't think I'd stoop so low as to quote from that avant-garde trash, Samuel Beckett? So it's trash, is it? Well, I'll...trash? How onomatopoeitic! I can just picture mankind in that one word. Of course, that will come after my time. I'm much too early with that thought. But you just wait, you who laugh now, thousands of years from now you'll be struggling in your own refuse. But then again, you'll never know what it's like to suffer. You, all of you, are like: healthy, honorable, and virtuous. But in 1926 some foreign author said that there are two paths to life: one

is regular, direct, and honest; the other is bad - it leads through death. That is the way of genius, I tell you! Stop your laughing, you make me sick. Stop your damn laughing! How do you know you want to choose the path that is normal, honest, and virtuous? Why are you always doing good? What has become of evil?

Here you sit, and you are told with Dostoevsky in parenthesis that two and two makes four. And when you are given the problem: what is two and two? What do you say? Four! You always say four. Sure, you're being honest. But are you exercising your free will? That is not what is meant by free will? Yet, you sit back in your plush seats and smile that you have solved the problem, you have chosen freely. Ha, only if you are acquainted with servitude and suffering, can you realize what freedom is. And you call two and two equals four freedom! You are in the same boat with the rest of humanity and one of these days you're all going to drown yourselves. Just you wait!

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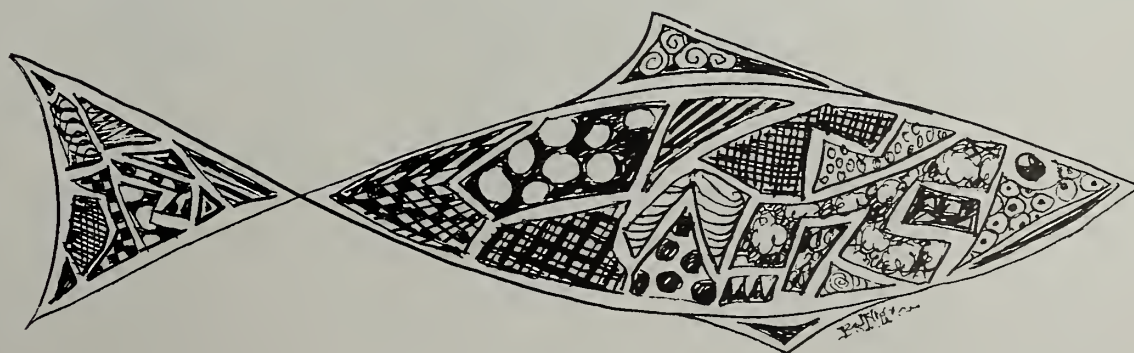
Now you have everything! Yes, everything: your bars, your bombs, and your bedrooms. You have never suffered because you have never been deprived. One doesn't suffer until one is deprived of something. Do you hear me! Wake up, this is important! . . . oh . . . I'm sorry. I didn't mean to wake up that gentleman over there. Oh, I'm terribly sorry. Really, I got carried away for a few seconds. It really isn't that important. In fact, it's not important at all. Nothing's important anymore. It just simply . . . is. All's there is is existence and perhaps a little non-existence now and then. Oh no, I didn't mean that either. There is no such thing as non-existence. Forgive me, my dear sir. No, I assure you, it won't happen again. (Will somebody kindly show the gentleman out so that I may continue?) No, I assure you, sir, I am not against the State. Really . . . Down with mankind, up with the State! Well no, not that either. But of course the State and Law. No, I do not oppose them. I am not a revolutionist or a reactionary. I follow both State and Law, I assure you. I'm your humble servant. Now . . . (Will somebody kindly show the gentleman out.) Yes, yes, good-day sir, yes, yes, three cheers for the State.

Politics! Don't ever become involved in them; they will destroy you. Politics are the fetters of mankind! the political world destroys the intellect. . . What do mean by asking me whether I believe what I am saying? Of course! This is the moment of truth! . . . Politics like religion is not concerned with intellect but with faith. You see, faith does not necessarily imply the presence of intellect. Of course, without faith man could not survive: all of his strife would end up as a form of bestial stupidity. In all the meaninglessness, man has to find some reason for going on: some reason for his struggle to alleviate human suffering. He finds this reason

through faith. He never thinks that it might be better to suffer; it might be better if two and two made five!

What's that! So I'm didactic, is it? Well laugh all you want, my friend. But I tell you, you have come across my faith. I thrive on the pedagogic. If that were taken away, I could not go on, just as if I were to kill your God, you could not go on. But if you don't watch your step, that's exactly what will happen and Nietzsche's words will mock your heedlessness: "Whither is God?" he cried. "I shall tell you. We have killed him - you and I. All of us are his murderers . . . Do we not smell something yet of God's decomposition? Gods too decompose. God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him." He carried a lantern with him. At last he threw his lantern upon the ground and it broke and went out. "I come too early," he said then; "my time has not yet come." But you just wait, my friend; the time will come and then you won't be able to go on, for to kill that which you have faith in, you have to be equal to it or greater than it. You have to be a god to be worthy of such a deed. And therein all mankind will be destroyed!

Well, I've had enough. I'm going to come out of the darkness now. At last I will be seen. I will see myself. I will be recognized. Recognition is something I've always wanted. Are you ready? Stop smiling, just for this moment! This is serious. Kindly show the proper reverence. Here I come . . . I'm almost there! What do you see? Tell me! What can you see of me? Am I ambitious? Tell me! What am I? What's that? Why have you stopped laughing? Why is it so silent? Say something! . . . What? Speak louder! Nothing? You say you see nothing? Come, come, look more closely. I MUST exist! Now what do you see? Say something! Speak! Not nothing! . . . Not nothing! . . . no not . . . NOTHING!



AN INTRODUCTION TO CHINESE ART

MRS. RAYMOND LAMONTAGNE

Mrs. Lamontagne is the daughter of the Minister of Finance of South Vietnam. She first became interested in Oriental brush painting at the age of ten, when she was studying in England.

It is impossible in such a brief article to present a proper survey of Chinese art. I can merely hope that, despite the inadequacies of my writing, the article will introduce you to this fascinating subject so that you will pursue it further.

The Western conception of Chinese painting tends to be limited, usually including only the decorative art on merchandise imported from China. Until recently, Chinese art seemed too remote to be appreciated by anyone but specialists. But toward the end of the nineteenth century, French artists became interested in the technique of Japanese prints and gave Western society its first taste of Oriental art. But the Chinese jealously prevented the shipment of their paintings.

The lack of appreciation of Chinese art, though deplorable, is to be expected, considering that even today few American schools include Chinese history in their curricula.

Until very recently, the Chinese were the greatest admirers of their own traditions, and the greatest praise that could be accorded an artist was to say that his work could be mistaken for that of his master or for that of the ancient masters.

A Westerner, looking for the first time at a Chinese painting, must adjust himself to a number of "peculiarities." One of these involves perspective, the study of which is considered essential over here but is ignored in China. The Chinese have solved the problem of "far and near" in their own way, giving a unique conception of landscapes.

While a Chinese artist never paints in the open air, he studies nature even more intensively than a Western artist does: after spending perhaps several years of travel just admiring the landscapes of his country, he will return to the quiet of his studio to depict these scenes, which he has carefully thought out in his mind.





He may paint the landscapes very quickly, with just a few strokes of the brush, or he may execute it very slowly, with minute strokes. His material does not lend itself to retouching: the artist must begin with a clear conception, a sure technique, and spontaneity, all of which are necessary to guarantee that the painting will be the full expression of his personality.

In addition to oils, the Chinese use water colors quite similar to our own. Perhaps the richest discovery in Chinese art is Chinese ink, which has infinite possibilities of shading on silk or paper. This ink is a mixture of black ink and glue and is used in the form of a stick. The Chinese brush is a simple bamboo stick with various types of animal hairs at one end; perfected through the centuries, it is perhaps the most delicate brush an artist can use. It is moved not from the wrist but from the shoulder and elbow. As the slightest stroke can be of importance, years of practice are needed to obtain

the proper discipline and control.

An artist's virtuosity is perhaps most manifest in calligraphy, the writing of Chinese characters of letters, considered an art in itself. Calligraphy, produced with the same ink and brush as a painting is, requires the same precision and a beautiful example of calligraphy mounted on a scroll will be as appreciated as a painting itself: it can reveal the artist's personality just as well as a painting. A Chinese who has acquired the ability to write the thousands of characters which compose the vocabulary of a cultured man possesses the necessary technique for painting.

Calligraphy sometimes forms an important part of a painting. It can be a poem that the artist composed as a keynote for the entire painting or a few sentences written by a friend to praise the painting or by a connoisseur to identify it. In recent paintings, these few lines are frequently added for the beauty of the





whole, because of their masterful technique or their emotive elements.

A Chinese thinks of a painting not just as something with which to decorate a wall, but as a work of art which must participate closely with its environment. He will roll it up, put it away, and only take it out when he receives a group of friends capable of appreciating it or when any situation arises which he considers appropriate. It is like a precious book that one enjoys *au gré de sa volonté*.

The principal shapes for scrolls are the vertical form (*Chou-Kiuen* or, more commonly, *Vakemono*) and the horizontal form (*Tcheou* or *Makimono*). The *Makimono* is a scroll that unrolls from left to right, one section at a time; it may take the spectator through perpetually new landscapes, or it may take him through separate scenes. In the rendering of landscapes, the Chinese add an element of Time which is peculiar to the East.

While nearly all subjects, religious or secular (with the exception of the nude) can be found in Chinese painting, it is in the landscape that this art excels. The art of the pure landscape was practiced in China several centuries before it was discovered in the West; it is said to have been initiated by Nang-Wei (699-759). Ever since that epoch, the beauty of the landscape has fascinated the Chinese artist; he has never stopped trying to render its magnificence, its infinite variety. Sometimes he depicts it from a distance, as a vast panorama; sometimes he approaches it more closely and delicately; but rarely will he dare approach it as a Westerner would: to dominate it. The landscape remains for him a source of unending mystery, and he treats it with great respect.

An appreciation of Chinese painting does not belong exclusively to the expert. The language of art is universal, so that the difference of a culture from our own need not be a barrier to our understanding of its art. But only through effort will we find appreciation.

PAMELA

BOYLSTON A. TOMPKINS '60

I had met her through her brother, who was my age, and who used to play tennis with me a lot during the summer. We never used to play much tennis, actually. We'd play maybe one game, and then start fooling around, hitting long, high drifters and smashing them bang down in the net. But it was the night in California which we were really out for, I guess. The courts were floodlit and stark blue in the huge warm cave around. And when we hit a high one, the ball would disappear for a few seconds, and then the lights would recreate the small sphere, and I used to wonder if it was changed while it was up outside where no one could see it. It always looked the same, though. I never asked Tain (that was his name) about it, except once, when I was drunk, and he told me to go—myself, and we laughed like maniacs. It's funny, we never used to play much in the daytime—just at night.

But I was telling you how I met Pam. I was playing with Tain one Saturday night, and when we got through, we got in my car and drove off to Tain's house for the beer we usually had together each summer night after tennis.

He mentioned on the way that his sister was home from a job as counselor at a girl's camp in Marin. That made me wonder later— it wasn't the kind of thing Pam did. Anyway, she was in the living room when we walked in, and Tain said the usual things you say to a sister home from a job or whatever, and introduced me to her. She was playing with a cat— she used to call all the cats in the house Muzza, because she thought that was the way they looked when they sat and looked at you very quietly, with no questions at all in their eyes. She might have been a little afraid of them because, she told me once they were doing the same things with their lives as she was. Only they knew what they were doing, and they never said anything about it to her. But she loved to have them around for her eyes to lie down on when everything else in the room was too busy. Cats never let you see what they are doing in their movements, she said, and there is a certain rest in that.

She didn't get up, because it would have meant moving the cat. But it didn't matter at all— I would have somehow felt a tiny lack in her if she had. Tain had brought in the beer, and

A FRIEND

we sat around for a while trying to think of something to say- Tain and I, that is. Pam had the cat again and was scratching its ass very slowly and sweetly, as if it had been some lover from the very back part of her dreams- tentatively and hopefully, back and forth, with one arm, flickering the light from the lamp next to her. She was patterns in light and no noise that first night, and I remembered it later when she was in her sad stage of trying to get everything straight in her head and yammering desperately at me all the long summer nights. Maybe I loved her.

Tain was trying to stir up conversation, Pam was watching the cat, and I was alternating looking at her and jumping up to find some records I hadn't heard to play. Then Pam said very quietly and don't give a damn, "I want to go skinny-dipping." So we did, and it was the first time I ever had with a girl, and I managed to embarrass myself in the beginning. But after a while, the cold water and a certain rubbing off of Pam's neutral attitude hit me, and it didn't really make any difference. It was a rich night, and we splashed ineffectively in the pool, but the minute we were quiet all the tremendous loud non-sounds covered the sky like pillows. The stars looked sort of in back of the sky full of loud air, and you couldn't see them too well. After a while we just came out and lay down naked on the grass and didn't say anything. I lit a cigarette and smoked it, lying flat on my back a little apart from Tain and Pam. When I had finished it. I rolled over to stick it in the wet grass, and Pam was just standing there, circumscribed with her golden spirals, looking at me from out of her body.

I haven't written her in a long time. Maybe I ought to.

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THE WAY OUT OF A POEM

ROBERT S. BEALE '60

The important thing to remember when studying poetry is that it is not so much *what* a poem means as it is *where* it means. That is to say, where does the poem grab you? It is a pain in the stomach, that type of nauseating pain in the back, or a pain all over? In order to discuss all poems, I shall discuss one poem, "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," by Frost. At first glance this poem is found to be a pain in the stomach, that type of nauseating pain that occurs when one hears of a particularly disgusting deed. The poem begins,

"Whose woods these are I think I know.

His house is in the village though. . . ."

Immediately we sense that something is about to happen, but we don't know what.

"He will not see me stopping here

To watch his woods fill up with snow."

Now we know doggone well that the poet isn't stopping out in the woods in the middle of the night just to watch some stupid snowflakes fall. The next two lines tell exactly why he is stopping.

"My little horse must think it queer

To stop without a farmhouse near."

As soon as we see the words *horse*, and *queer*, and realize that there are no people for miles around, we know what the poet is about to do! Since his horse has been acting queerly lately, he has decided to shoot the poor beast, but he wants to do it where the S.P.C.A. won't see him. Here is where the poem really becomes a pain in the stomach, as we picture the poor little horse, chained to the sleigh, as his cruel master approaches with a shotgun, blows his head off, and leaves his twitching body to be covered by the snow. The poet refrains from actually describing his foul deed, but he implies it in the last line.

"And miles to go before I sleep."

This line proves that he has killed his horse since he now has miles to walk before he gets home.

The poet increases the nauseating effect by writing the poem in idiotic propiameter or mambo beat. -uu/-uu/-uuuuu/ugh! This type of meter makes the reader's head swim, thereby making him nauseated. Also, the poet very wisely includes at least one "w" in each quatrain, since "w" is known to be the most nauseating

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letter in the alphabet. The rhyme scheme of the poem is aaba, bbcb, ccdc, dddd, which means that every line rhymes with every other line except for line 3, which doesn't rhyme with anything, unless it is not in the first quatrain, in which case it rhymes with the first, second, and fourth lines of the preceding quatrain; however, if it is in the fourth quatrain, it not only rhymes with the third line of the preceding quatrain, but also with the other three lines in that quatrain.

Since every poem is a metaphor, it must be attacked on two levels: statement and suggestion. The statement of the poem is simply that the poet has killed his horse, but the suggestion is that he hates his mother. The suggestion becomes obvious when one notices that the first, tenth, seventeenth, nineteenth, twenty-seventh, and twenty-ninth letters of the first line of the second quatrain spell "mother". Such sneaking in of letters is the poet's method of bringing his mother into the poem so that he can show that he hates her. When one realizes the suggestion of the poem, everything begins to fall into place. The poet identifies his mother with a horse, so when he shoots his horse he feels that he is shooting his mother. The reason that he hates her is given in the last line.

"And miles to go before I sleep."

The miles represent all the work, such as brushing his teeth, and picking up his toys that the poet's mother makes him do before he can go to bed at night.

Therefore this poem just goes to show that Robert Frost is like other great poets such as Adolph Hitler, Benito Mussolini, and Sigmund Freud, all of whom as the world knows, hated their mothers.



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CLIVE T. CUTHBERTSON '61

Let me tell you about what happened to me. I'm sitting in this little theater in the Village called maybe the 6th Avenue Cinema, and I'm watching one of these black and white foreign movies with subtitles. I got a little box of pop corn in one hand and I'm comfortable.

Now get the picture. This movie starts out with a head on view of two big iron doors swinging open to make way for this old fashioned carriage that comes rushing through with the loud clatter of hoof beats on cobble stones. Very exciting! Right away the picture changes, and I find I'm looking at the two people sitting side by side on the rear seat of the carriage. One of them is a little boy wearing a dirty white uniform, and the other is a sour old man who's wearing a neat, black military uniform. Well, they're both jogging up and down with the bumpy motions of the carriage, and after five seconds of this, they start talking.

Man: Are you comfortable, your highness?

Boy: I am comfortable, Anton, but I am confused. These days I never know what will happen from one minute to the next. When will everything stop changing, Anton?

Man: Never. It is like the games you and I played in the palace garden. We are on the seesaw and she is always changing, No?

Boy: Anton, when you played games with me in the palace garden you were always a lot of fun, but now you sit and speak very stiffly.

Man: Your highness can forget the way I used to be and the garden too. The garden she will not be kept up, and after the rains come, she will be gone, and there will be a lot of dried mud which can be used to plant wheat and corn for the people.

Boy: Anton, you should not lose your temper and say such things. I know what will really happen: My father's armies will rescue me from this carriage, they will kill you and your friends, and I will return to finish my vacation at the summer palace. In the fall we will return to our winter palace as always, and when my father dies, I will be king.

Man: Your highness, what happened was that the army she dethroned and executed your father last week, and it was decided yesterday to exile you. I am taking you now out of the country. Last week I was only a palace servant, but today I am a general just because I locked the King's door and barred his escape.

Boy: But Anton, I know I shall see the winter palace again!

Man: No!

Boy: And I know I shall eat in the royal box at the banquet hall in the capital again!

Man: No you won't!

Boy: I know I shall be allowed to steer the royal yacht again, and ride my horses, and fly the royal kite!

Man: Nope! Your highness, we are all on the giant seesaw of life, and now I am up and you are down. The king is dead because the people wanted to change the way they lived, and he didn't want them to change. The new government will have no principles other than to change its principles with the people. You see, that way it will last a long long time. It is fitting, therefore, that all the palaces they be torn down and the government she operate from a tent which can easily be moved around.

Boy: Anton, I'm sure your government won't be any good. . . .

Then, all of a sudden, I get this full screen view of the old carriage crossing a long bridge. It's going pretty fast, but even so the coachman is whipping the horses every few seconds. I'm just about to pop some pop corn into my mouth, when the middle of the bridge blows up with the carriage right on top of it.

What's left of the carriage comes trickling down from the sky, making hundreds of splashes in the dark water under the bridge. There is a rustling in the bushes, and I see two men come hurrying out of the roadside shrubbery at one end of the bridge. They run over the wooden planks of the bridge until they come to the part ripped away by the explosion. There is a closeup of their two faces as they look down over splinted timbers into the water.

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FAT ONE: Our mission she is accomplished, no?

THINONE: Yes, you can see they are all blown to bits. But I don't understand. The government was about to set the prince free. Why did they send us to blow him up?

FAT ONE: They decided this morning it would not be right to let the old order just fade into obscurity. How much better it is to impress the people by giving it a final punctuation mark, the old fashioned bang-up finish! It was a change of strategy, a better idea, no?

Now I'm just beginning to get interested in the plot when this person who's sitting next to me taps me on the shoulder and hands me a little pen light and a piece of paper. This has never happen to me in the movies before, so I don't know what to do with them. But then he helps me get the idea I'm supposed to use the light to read what's written on the paper. All I know about this guy is that he had a beard, so he was probably some nutty beat. It figures; you see the paper had this poem scribbled on it, which I guess he wrote while he was watching the movie. Of course, you never know about these people. They'll show you a poem one minute and try to sell you dope the next; so I read the poem, then quickly changed my seat.

POEM:

O MAN, YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR
WHEELINGS AND YOUR DEALINGS,
YOUR STEALINGS AND HURT FEELINGS
WITH SLAP-STICK TO EACH OTHER

O THE ONLY TRUE CONSISTENCY
IN YOUR PAT EXISTENCY
IS CHANGE, BUDDY,
FROM ONE MAN TO ANOTHER.

Dig?



TO AGE

W. D. HANSON '60

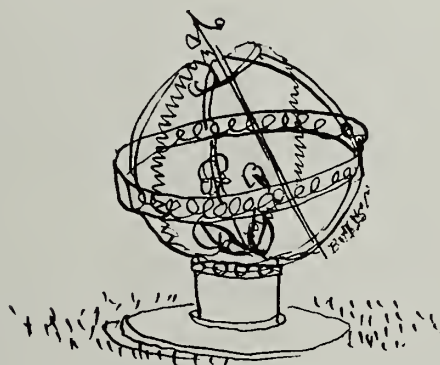
Oh sculptor of men, I have known you long. I first saw your work when I was a child. When I was a child, I thought as a child, and so I did not think that Grandpa was a product of your studio and of years of your painstaking efforts. I thought that those distinctive lines of your art had always been a part of his forehead. I could not imagine that, before you set to work, he was rough, raw material—a pink faced infant, a sturdy youth. I saw your work then, but I did not recognize it.

Yet I knew that I and all other children serve as your material eventually, for my father and my teachers and my books and my common sense told me so. I longed for you, because you seemed to grant mysterious powers to your materials. Those upon whom you had already worked could do things which I could not. They had liberty and power. Even my older brother, who had received a mere touch of your hand, could go downtown alone, could read, could do mysterious things with numbers. I longed for these powers and for this freedom, and so I longed to meet you. I knew just what I wanted you to do with me. And yet I had never met you then, nor had I ever seen you at work. You worked so slowly that your actions were imperceptible. I only knew you by your effects.

Once you worked so quickly that I saw you. You drew your lines on my father's face, you thinned and grayed his hair, you melted the flesh from his bones. I saw you finish him in two months. You were hurried and so you could not do your best work. Disease deprived you of ample time which nature usually allows you. You frightened me then. Still, I expected that you would grant me power and freedom, and I longed to meet you face to face, so that we could discuss your artistic designs for me.

As years passed, my desires of you changed. I still wanted the freedom and power which I had learned was yours to give. But now I wanted freedom from fears, from enslaving ambitions and desires, from selfishness, and from those impulses which lead me to do things which I later regret. I wanted the power to know, to love, to conquer all obstacles. I wanted you to carve me into a talented artist, a gifted intellectual, a charming socialite, an excelling athlete, a brilliant conversationalist, a wise and good man. I wanted universal greatness.

My life from day to day was somewhat productive. I won occasional sweet praise. But all seemed to have little bearing on the person I would be after you set to work. They told me that to my little cousin I was model of success. Several regarded me with love and appreciation as I was then. But I felt then that the present was unimportant. They made me the head of my family. But I still confidently awaited your coming.



Last night, as I sat alone thinking, you appeared. You did not descend in a fiery chariot. You appeared in simplicity which shocked me so that I hardly recognized you. I asked you why you had not appeared to me before. You answered that you had worked on me in my sleep. I told my wishes. You looked meekly at me and said that you did not have it within your power to alter the nature of the materials upon which you work, that a piece of material determines its own design by its very nature, and that your craft is merely to utilize those traits already present in your materials. I asked what my traits were. You told me to look in the mirror. I asked when it would be time for me to put away childish things and to become a man. You said that time had passed. You said that you had already performed your rough work on me and that all that remained was to polish, to add a few lines, and to alter a few features here and there. I asked you why you had come. You told me, "You have reached the point of development at which you must be put in the kiln." I asked then if I could hope for any further substantial changes. "No," you said.

Oh sculptor of men, give me my hope.

THE CASINO

PETER E. SVASTICH '61

Most days on the Mediterranean coast are very warm, and the sun is as brilliant on the sands of its beaches and concrete roads as it is anywhere in the world. This day was no exception, except for the lack of ocean breezes that usually make the climate in those parts extremely pleasant. As we drove along the Promenade des Anglais, the largest and most beautiful of all the avenues in Cannes, the multitudes were beginning to desert the hot sands of the public beaches and were heading for home and the exciting night life of the French Riviera. I remember vividly squinting for the whole trip, because the reflection of the sun off the glistering black hood of our car was so scintillating; what I remember most was the intense expectancy with which I rode, for even to a nine-year-old, the Casino at Monte Carlo seemed very adventurous.

The Casino is without a doubt the biggest attraction for both residents and tourists of the Riviera. It is a place to which numerous types of people go for various reasons. Some go to try to win a fortune with a small stake, some to test their gambling skills, others for social purposes, and still others to forget their problems in a gay and exciting atmosphere. The Casino, a beautiful white marble building with a square in front of it, is situated at the top of a rock formation overlooking the sea. Through its brass doors people pass in an attempt to rid themselves of the overpowering instinct to gamble or just to find out what it is like to gamble. Often, however, instead of losing the instinct or at least appeasing it, they augment it, and with each spin of the wheel become more and more like the impulsive gambler.

For my parents and me this was not to be a test of moral character but merely a night out. My mother had always wanted to try her luck at roulette because she had heard so much about it. She was intent on breaking the bank; but, as it turned out, she did not hurt the finances of the Casino too much. As we entered the building, we checked our topcoats with what I now realize was a very attractive girl. She was dark-haired and wore long black tights over her slender legs. She spoke to my father in French, and then she handed him a ticket of some kind.

We proceeded to the main waiting room, from which numerous doors led you to the various little private chambers where the activities were carried on in noisy fashion. Some rooms were for card games, others for roulette, and some for throwing dice. I did not, however, have the opportunity to see any of these rooms at close range, because we were confronted by a gentleman in a tuxedo. It seemed that there were rules against the admission of minors. As a result, I had to wait in the lobby while my

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parents went inside for what they said would be an hour. It turned out to be a long and tedious wait from seven-thirty until ten, during which time my father visited me twice.

The waiting was not without fun. From where I sat, I could see my two parents hovering over the roulette table. At first, their betting seemed casual, and they took their losses in stride; but after one win of fifty thousand francs, their attitude suddenly changed. They acquired a strange and almost ominous gleam in their eyes, as they followed the little black ball bouncing around the spinning wheel. As it clinked against the shiny steel compartments

imbedded in the wheel, my father gripped the edge of the green table with both his hands and anxiously waited for the spin to come to a stop and reveal the winning number. Time and time again a look of disappointment would come over his face when the wheel stopped, and either the teller or someone else would pull in the winnings.

After an hour of sitting on a soft leather couch and gazing at the green felt which covered the table, I became a little impatient. Suddenly, my father handed his chips to my mother and walked towards me with a look of disgust. He asked me how I was and told me what all parents tell their children when they are out somewhere. That was that we could soon be on our way home. Offering me some chocolate which I promptly turned down, Father patted me on the head and went back into the room.

Another hour passed, yet I still watched the gesticulations of the gamblers with avid interest. One small, bald-headed man had made what looked like a good bet. He stuffed his pockets with multi-colored chips and happily walked toward a window with gold bars. There he exchanged his chips for paper money and then left. Mother watched him leave with a sigh of envy and then whispered some words in my father's ear. He turned around and saw me looking at him. Shortly afterwards, he came out to pay me a second visit. Asked if I was bored, I replied, no; nevertheless. I demanded to know when we were going to leave. Before he had a chance to answer, a shrill cry was heard at the roulette table. It was mother, and from the jubilant expression on her face it was obvious she had finally won.

It did not take very long to cash in, and soon we were on our way through those brass doors. With our newly acquired riches, amounting to about five hundred dollars, we headed for a restaurant near the Casino. It was a very small, typically French "dive" in the basement of an old yellow house. I remember it well, because it was there that I first got to order my own *repas*. During the meal the two of them discussed their evening at the "table" and practically forgot about me. I did not mind, however, because the food was especially tasty, and within me there was an innate feeling of joy at seeing them so happy. I ate my food in silence and pictured myself as a young man coming through those brass doors with a faint smile on my face.

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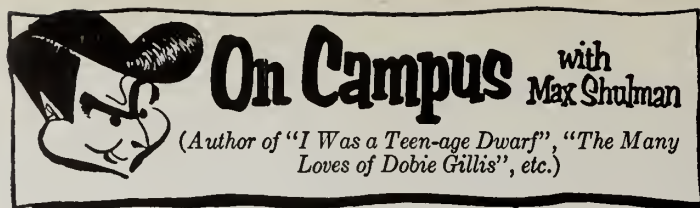
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THREE WHO PASSED IN THE NIGHT

Last year, as everyone knows, 1,210,614 undergraduates dropped out of college. 256,080 flunked; 309,656 got married; 375,621 ran out of money; and 309,254 found jobs. As you have, of course, observed, this accounts for only 1,210,611 out of 1,210,614. What happened to the other three?

Well sir, to find the answer, I recently completed a tour of American campuses where I interviewed 40 million students and sold several subscriptions to *The Open Road for Boys*, and it pleases me to report that I can now account for those three elusive undergraduates.

The first was an LSU junior named Fred Gaugin. He was extremely popular, always ready with a smile, fond of folk dancing and pralines, and last semester his Chi Psi brothers unanimously elected him treasurer of the fraternity. This proved an error. Gaugin, alas, promptly absconded with the money and went to Tahiti to paint. The fraternity is bending every effort to extradite Gaugin, but Tahiti, alas, is currently observing the feast of Dipthong, the Sun-God, a five-year ceremony during which all the islanders wear masks, so nobody, alas, can say for certain which one is Gaugin.

The second missing undergraduate is William Cullen Sigafoos, Oregon State freshman, who went one day last fall to a disreputable vendor named A. M. Sashweight to buy a pack of Marlboros. Mr. Sashweight did not have any Marlboros because Marlboros are only sold by reputable vendors. However, he told Sigafoos that he had another brand which was just as good, and Sigafoos, being but an innocent freshman, believed him.

Well sir, you and I know there is no other brand as good as Marlboros. That fine filter, that flavorful flavor, that pleasure, that joy, that fulfillment—are Marlboro's and Marlboro's alone. All of

this was quickly apparent to young Sigafoos and he flew into a terrible rage. "As good as Marlboros indeed!" he shrieked, kicking his roommate furiously. "I am going right back to that mendacious Mr. Sashweight and give him a thrashing he won't soon forget!" With that he seized his lacrosse bat and rushed out.

Mr. Sashweight heard him coming and started running. Now Mr. Sashweight, before he became a disreputable vendor, had taken numerous prizes as a cross-country runner, and he thought he would soon outdistance young Sigafoos. But he reckoned without Sigafoos's stick-to-itiveness. At last report the two of them had passed Cleveland. When they reach the Atlantic Seaboard, bad Mr. Sashweight will get his lumps from Sigafoos, you may be sure, and I, for one, am glad.



The third missing undergraduate, also named Sigafoos, is a Bennington sophomore named Celeste Sigafoos and, ironically, she never intended to leave college at all. She was merely going home for Christmas on the Natchez, Mobile, and Boise Railroad, and during the night, alas, her upper berth slammed shut on her. Being a Bennington girl, she naturally did not wish to make an unseemly outcry, so she just kept silent. The next morning, alas, the railroad went bankrupt, and Miss Sigafoos today is lying forgotten on a siding near Valparaiso, Indiana. Fortunately she has plenty of Marlboros with her.

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* * *

And how about the rest of you? Do you have plenty of Marlboros? Or if you like mildness but you don't like filters, plenty of Philip Morris? Hmm? Do you?

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A collage of autumn leaves and acorns on an orange background. The leaves are in various shades of brown, tan, and black, with some showing detailed vein patterns. Several acorns are scattered around the leaves. The word "MIRROR" is written in a stylized, black, handwritten font on the right side of the collage.

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The Editors wish to express their appreciation to Mr. Fitts and Mr. Bensley, the judges of the MIRROR prize, and to our other friends in the English and art departments for their advice and assistance.



JOHN McPHERSON '61



According to Dr. Fuess, the MIRROR is the oldest academic publication in America. It has reflected the finest art and thought at Andover for one hundred and six years; and like every mirror, it presents an image which is constantly changing.

Quality is the MIRROR's only criterion for publication. With the object of presenting the finest student writing, the MIRROR has published work of a rich diversity both in form and in tone.

This diversity is especially apparent in the present issue. Kim Atkinson's *The Naked Babe*, a serious short story which shows great understanding and sensitivity in dealing with a dormitory friendship, appears in the same issue with *The Revenge of Robin Hood* by Michael Beard, a rollicking song of derring-do. And in this same issue are *Now Let's Turn to the Poetry*, Fred Gass's hilarious and yet somehow accurate account of an English class with Mr. Pynchon; *The Rain and the Man* by Peter Svaslich, a moving short story about a boy's emotional and spiritual development; and Dennis

Holahan's *Slot El*, an essay into which Dennis empties out that little cubbyhole of memory that he reserves for elevators. So perhaps the most striking thing about this MIRROR is the variety of tones and subjects which it reflects.

And the MIRROR will have even greater variety in future issues. We may publish an occasional contribution from Abbot which would lend a whole new flavor to the MIRROR. We will also publish three or four faculty contributions which will provide another kind of seasoning.

But the most important thing about the MIRROR is its potential. By giving \$150 for the best student writing and art work, the MIRROR can provide the incentive for the many talented people at Andover to develop their talents to the highest possible level. And if the MIRROR can encourage these talented students to do their best work, the result will be a magazine of steadily increasing quality. Indeed, it may be true someday — perhaps only six issues from now — that America's oldest student magazine is also one of the best.

THE RAIN AND THE MAN

PETER SVASTICH '60

He had heard people say it before, but it took him a long time to realize its absolute truth. Serenity does bring the human mind to a functioning level in which the individual's innermost character is released. In his case, however, serenity alone was not enough to achieve that aesthetic dimension of the mind which is only rarely found. Never had the quiet and security of a small chamber with a dim light glowing in one of the corners moved him with the same degree of emotion that he felt when he was out in the fresh air. The sight of the open world about him and the vast heavens above him thrilled him. When the skies turned gray, and the sun lay latent behind an ominous black cloud, and the rain began to slowly fall he was able to associate his tempestuous character with the weather. Through the dampness that clung to his cheeks and through the wind that blew against his hair he achieved his greatest sense of understanding and realized his utmost virtues.

His first moment of spiritual arousal came in his childhood. His awe at the city of Paris led him on many occasions to spend an afternoon just walking around and looking at the grotesqueness and beauty of the place he inhabited. The city seemed too noisy and commercial when many people were on the streets; therefore, he often wished that something would drive the people back into their homes. To this end nature provided him with one of her gifts—rain. While most people sought dry and comfortable shelters, he went out and enjoyed the deserted city. He walked under the pouring rain to the Invalides, through its renowned museums, by its tulip gardens, and then to the quais along the River Seine. The river was rising as droplets of rain by the hundreds poured incessantly on it. He saw only an occasional couple huddled under an awning on some small side street or walking arm in arm under the protection of an umbrella.

Though the rain and the brisk wind were gnawing at him and causing chills to run through his body, he felt the strangest warmth inside him. He sensed some rapport—inexplicable even in his later years—with the great city and with the earth and the cement on which he walked. The scarcity of the people he encountered strengthened his association with everything around him. The boutiques, the wooden newspaper stands, the traffic light, and the avenues—they were all his, and he was theirs. He suddenly felt the need to communicate with

someone and tell him his fanciful feelings; but there was no one around. Almost nobody, that is, for he hastened his steps and shortly arrived at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. As he walked through the huge portals, he noticed that the church was empty. He no longer heard the splashing of the rain. The House of God was dark and eerie. He knelt, prayed, and wondered about many things which he had done and experienced. He asked forgiveness for his sins, and amid the flickering of candles and the deathly silence he knew God had forgiven him. He stayed a short time and gazed at the resplendent beauty of the colored glass portraits, but soon his boyish restlessness overcame his spiritual desires. He longed for the rain outside to hit his face and make him know he was alive and sensitive. He rushed out, but the rain had stopped. His combined feelings of joy, ecstasy, and fantasy were lost in the clamor of the city and its residents.

Like the child who forgets one great experience when his mind is occupied with new adventures, he played with large numbers of children and stayed at home with some companions when it rained. It was not until several years later, when he was in Nice, that he again was obsessed with walking alone in the rain. This time instead of the Seine he saw the ocean, and instead of small brownstone buildings he saw great white hotels leaning up into the clouds. Palm trees were swaying with outstretched branches like tormented men, a previously golden beach was turning to the color of mud, and the foaming surf came in with each tide more quickly and vehemently than with the last. He saw human footprints and the traces of beach chairs become pools of water and then disappear. He became acutely aware of the immense capacity for sudden change in life. He realized that the actions of men were influenced and even altered by natural forces and phenomena. He saw danger in the rain and in his solitude. He became afraid and ran off the boardwalk and across the Promenade des Anglais. He no longer felt himself part of the rain but merely an object of its wrath. He disappeared into the lobby of a large hotel filled with many, many people.

Upon reaching adolescence and what he thought was maturity, he overcame his fear of the rain. People had told him that rain could not harm anyone or get rid of traces of human activity, especially in New York City. Once again he found himself attracted by the idea of

walking in the rain, but this time not as a small wide-eyed child but as a young man. His character had developed, he had gained insight, and he had more knowledge than he had had as a youth. He was more cynical, complacent, and arrogant than before. He fancied himself more important and vital to his environment than his environment was to him. He was more sure of himself, and therefore less concerned with the effects of any kind of force upon him. He also reached a point in his life where he had to make something of himself, and once he had decided upon a goal nothing else but his own security was to be considered.

Once as he walked out of one of the many upper class cocktail lounges that served even minors, he noticed it was raining. He was on vacation, but on that particular day he had no plans. It had been a long time since he had been alone and had had a chance to think. Why not walk home? As he crossed Central Park, he thought about his school work, his athletics, his girls, existentialism, and his future. He encountered nobody as he slowly made his way toward the 72nd street exit. He almost forgot that there were millions of people alive and near him, until in the distance a black object on a park bench caught his attention. It was partial-

ly covered with some old newspapers that were falling apart from their wetness. As he neared the object, he realized that it was a man—probably a vagrant bum. Pulling his hands out of his new rain coat, he gazed at the freeloader with a sense of compassion. His eyes started to swell, a lump caught in his throat, and his breathing stopped momentarily. Then warm tears rolled down his cheeks and mixed with the cold rain. He forgot completely about himself and thought only of the prostrate figure.

Once again he felt that certain warmth in him that he had not felt for so long. He pondered over what he could do to aid his fellow man. It occurred to him that he could leave his coat for him; but that seemed too extravagant, and besides his parents would not understand. In desperation he poked the man and beckoned him to get up. He took him to a dryer spot that provided more shelter. The shabby being muttered, "Thanks, fella!", in a drunken voice as he slouched down and resumed his seemingly uncomfortable slumber. Without turning back once, the young man walked slowly away feeling, even if only for a moment, a strong rapport with his fellow man whom he had neglected.

★ ★ ★

MEMORY

Dappled green of summer sunlight
Filtered through a blind of leaves;
Quiet of a path at midnight,
Moon-painted blossoms on shadowy trees.
I wish I could make them mine for ever
But I travel light, leaving facts behind.
To keep them at all I must vainly endeavour
To store away memories in my mind.

But I cannot return to the woods at midnight
And pick a blossom that will not fade;
I cannot capture a shaft of sunlight,
Or keep for ever the cool, dark shade.
The ever-advancing present moment
Shuffles the cards in the pack of time,
Till order gives way to a chaotic ferment
Of jumbled impressions, confused — but sublime.

HANDLEY M. G. STEVENS '60.

SLOT EL

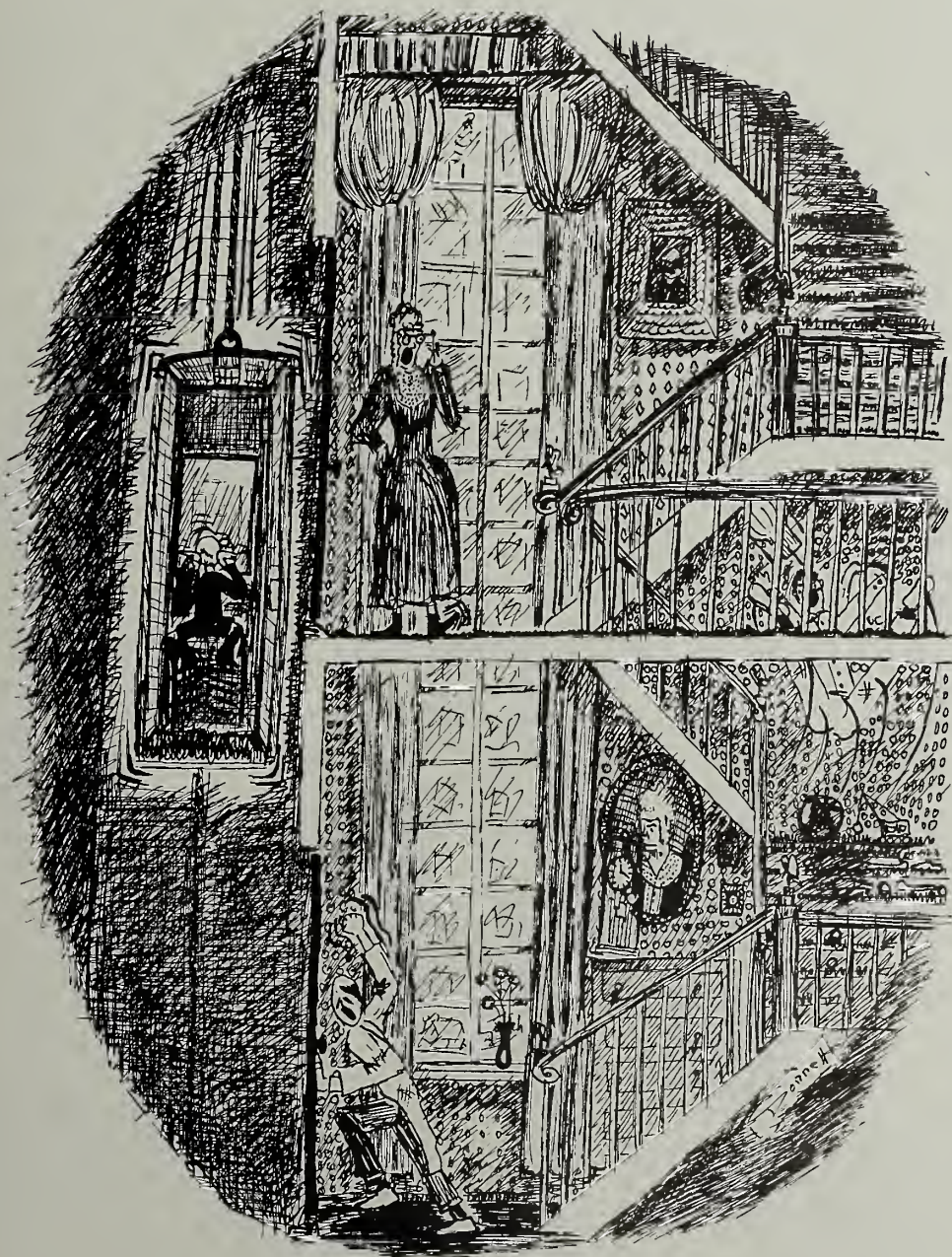
I'm sure most people don't feel that way about them, but to me elevators are something special. I have my own pigeonhole for them, with EL in capital letters under it to distinguish it from *eating* in front, which gets quite messy because of the constant influx of information, and *epitaphs*, in back, which is dusty and little-used. Slot EL is not quite as disorganized as *eating*, and certainly not as drab and bare as *epitaphs*. It is one of those things that you get around to on those rare days when all pressing matters have been disposed of and you can spend some time on things of less world-shaking import, but things which, nevertheless, are necessary if one is to be able to enjoy his orange juice the next morning as he tells himself how nice it was to have had some extra time for thinking of elevators the night before. That is why my pigeonhole for elevators is so neat. All of the other really important slots are messy. Somehow when you are finished with the slots for roommates or novels, you are so glad to get away from them that there are always a few stray papers sticking out of them or scrunched into them. But not so with EL. EL is a pigeonhole which is kept neat out of simple affection, as if you were saying good-bye to a close friend and you wanted to be sure he'd be the same when you came across him again.

My slot for elevators is quite full. The oldest notes in it are written in scribbles mostly illegible, even to me, but very expressive notes taken down at an early age. Most of them tell of the old ornate elevator we had when we lived in the city. Inside, it was of white woodwork with a thick red carpet on the floor, and mirrors on the upper halves of the three walls. It could hold four people comfortably and went all the way from the guest bedrooms on the fifth floor to the kitchen in the basement. It was my grandmother's elevator, since it was in my grandmother's house. It was one of those elevators which, while ascending or descending, seemed to be trying to get in as much horizontal movement as possible. Even at the tender age of six, I noticed a similarity between my grandmother and the elevator. Both swayed from side to side as they moved. Like most little boys, I chose the wrong moment to bring my discovery to the wanting outside world, and fell out of my grandmother's good graces for three days after that.

It was in this elevator that I first viewed myself objectively. When I discovered that I was tall enough, I would stand in the elevator with my nose and eyes stretched up past the bottom of the mirror and ride up and down with periodic leaps to bring my collar, and sometimes even my second button, into view. Needless to say, the leaping, in an elevator addicted to wobbliness in flight, caused, even in that big house, rather penetrating vibrations which always produced a regular steeplechase with the butler and the cook as entries, both trying to get on the right floor as I glided upward, or downward, so they could order me to halt through the glass elevator doors on each of the five floors. I would stand sideways, hands behind my back between leaps, scowling at myself in the mirror and feigning complete deafness to their frantic, muffled shouts. Cook was usually faster than the butler, having longer legs, and, I suspect, using the stair banisters for sliding to keep up with me on my descents. Various toys of mine would be scattered on the stairs between the second and third floors. This was always the crucial point of the race, and I could always count on hitting the second floor on the descents without a competitor in sight. It is an exciting feeling to hit the ground floor in an elevator and try to find a hiding place before the other people, whom you've been racing with, come down the last flight, looking somewhat disheveled and as if they had just missed a train because the tickets, along with the baggage keys, were locked in their suitcase.

Perhaps one of my most significant transitions in life was the change from our elevator to elevators of the outside world, without mirrors, red carpets, but considerably larger and with many more people. Usually there is someone there to push the button for you, which took most of the pleasure out of elevators for me at first, but then I found interest in the people I rode with. I think all of us really have the desire to push elevator buttons for ourselves, and it never ceases to amuse me to think about what would happen if a whole elevator full of people decided to push the button just after the door slides shut and before the elevator goes anywhere. Not many would escape undamaged, especially the professional buttonpusher, who probably would really like to have everyone push their own buttons anyway.

If you are interested in riding elevators, stores before Christmas are, without a doubt, the best places. Not only are their lots of elevators available, but there will be many other



This was always the crucial part of the race . . .

people who are just as interested as you are in riding elevators. You will undoubtedly discover someone you know standing right behind you whom you haven't seen in quite a while and who would love to treat you to lunch. Many of my luncheon dates have come about in just that manner. It is necessary, however, to get a good look at your old friend, who is standing right behind you, before you get off the elevator. You may recognize only his voice, not his face, and you may find yourself going to lunch with someone who is quite sure that he didn't ask you.

Usually it is unwise to try to start a friendship in an elevator. If the opposite party is a woman, she will state that you are the decadence of modern civilization personified. If it is a man, he will think you want to borrow money. It is best to just ride for the pleasure of riding and observing. A smile is usually permissible. But if there's only you and someone else, and if, upon entering, you flash a smile that says it's nice to ride in an elevator with someone who also thinks of them as something more than just elevators, and if you receive a dismal stare in return that asks you what on earth there is that can be agreeable about two people in an elevator, especially if one is grinning like a halfwit, you may use the stairs for several weeks afterwards. Usually though, some expression of friendship will be returned, even if

it's only an I-don't-know-what-kind-of-an-idiot-you-think-you-are, -but-I'll-smile-back-only-because-I'm-a-Christian sort of look, in which case the best thing to do is stand quietly and hope he gets off at the next floor.

But most of the time elevators are fun. Whether in your own with friends, or in elevators with strangers, there's always that intoxicating weightlessness of the legs as the elevator starts down, or that sobering bending of the knees as it starts up, which, after all, are nicer ways to get intoxicated or sober than the more widely used methods. But an elevator is something more. It is not just a box speeding between floors of a building, it is a shelter from the frantic lingerie sale, the ogre-like floorwalkers, and the seething masses of the bustling shoppers which reign just on the other side of the sliding door. It is a home away from home, where men, women, and children are united by a common bond of peace, even if only temporarily. There is brotherhood, sharing, equality in elevators. And always — always when riding in an elevator, you can be sure that in that bond of equality, the same thing will happen to all of you, you will all come to the same end — if the cable breaks.

DENNIS HOLAHAN '61

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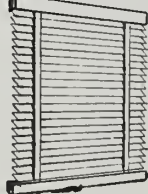
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THE REVENGE OF ROBIN HOOD

MICHAEL BEARD '62



Brave Robin Hood and all his men
Were raking o'er a lea.
A thousand King's men chased them all;
King John was full of glee.

The Sheriff's men were beating them;
Did Robin's men all fail?
They kept on fighting valiantly,
While Robin had some ale.



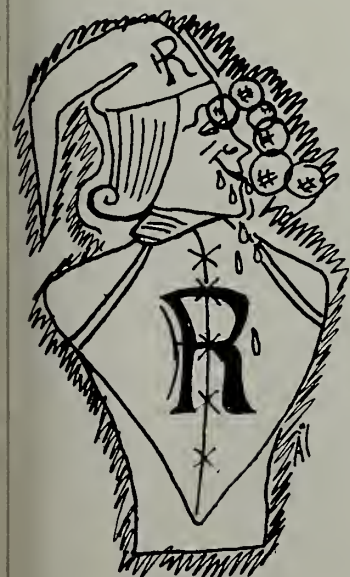
as at the Inn of Seven Boars
t Robin came to drink,
men were being overwhelmed
le he could scarcely think.

now his men defeated were;
ir straits were rather dire.
sheriff led them down the steps
o the dungeon's mire.



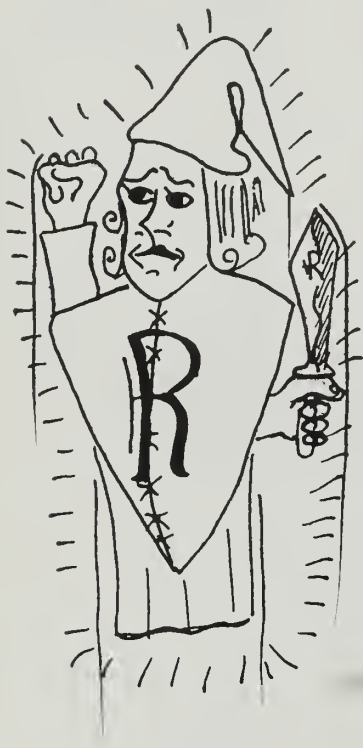
And first they tortured Little John;
They stretched him on a rack.
"Now set them up," said Robin Hood,
And now he changed to sack.

A message-boy didst enter then,
And knocked him on the shin.
"Now watcha want?" said Robin Hood,
"And make the next round gin."



"Your men, they have been taken all
 Into the castle's core."
 Now Robin didn't tip the lad,
 Just kicked him out the door.

Then Robin sat a minute there,
 Just sitting, as in prayer;
 And then a loud and horrid shout
 Assailed the filthy air.



Now Robin reached the castle gate,
 But did he make a stop?
 He swam the moat and cleared the wall
 In one gigantic hop.

He saved his henchman, Little John,
 And then he freed the rest.
 He wrecked the castle, brick by brick,
 And killed the sheriff's best.

"How could you free us with such strength?"
 Said Stutely, all in awe,
 "When you'd been drinking all day long,
 Indeed, from e'en the daw'."

Said Rob, "I've still a score to set,
 It still is not quite quelled, sir.
 While I was bleary-eyed and drunk,
 They stole my Alka-Seltzer."



THE UNKIND JOLT

TOM EVSLIN '61

Going away to school should have been the big shock, but it wasn't. Neither was learning that parents are not only imperfect but sometimes bad. Nor did the knowledge that people can be cruel without being glamorous and exciting wrench his mind free from the mold it had been cast in by Santa Claus and *Treasure Island*. All of these things were just little changes; they didn't hurt him any more than crossing a day off on the calendar and knowing that it will never come again.

Jim spent the winter vacation in California; and so he hadn't seen the kids at home for six months when he took his spring vacation. Everything was about as he had left it. The Carters and their sixteen-year-old daughter, Nancy—the one Bill used to go out with before he went to Jersey—had moved away to New Orleans. Some new people had moved in, but no one seemed to know or care much about them. All the guys were the same—maybe not as smart as the guys in school, but warmer and more human.

The Gint had his license now, and Jim was going somewhere with him. The weather was beautiful; but it was hot enough for the cigarette to fill Jim with lethargy; and he slumped down in the seat. "Did you hear about Nancy Carter?" the Gint asked, obviously expecting that Jim had and that another conversation would start, struggle through a few sentences, and die.

"No. What?" asked Jim, also suspecting that he had, but not able to call anything to mind.

"She's getting married."

"Sure."

"No, really."

"Bull," Jim said, beginning to worry.

"Ask any of the guys. It's true!" the Gint said.

Now Jim began to feel it, but it hadn't hit full force yet. Nancy married. He already had realized that it was true. His mind tried to find a trodden path to travel on. He felt that he ought to plan or change his plans in relation to the fact that she was married. His mind pitched on finding this impossible. There were no plans to change; it really didn't even affect him since he had no contact with her. "To who? Bill?" he asked, trying to joke his way back to the world which was fast escaping him.

"No. To a clam digger. That's why the Carters were going to take Nancy to Europe this summer and bring Pat Johnson along. Because they wanted to get her"—he meant Nancy—"away from the clam digger."

"I guess Pat won't get to go then," said Jim, able to gain a minute's respite by drawing a conclusion.

The car stopped in front of the Gint's school, and he went in to get something. Jim sat up straight, shifted the cigarette to the side of his mouth, and tried once more to puzzle things out. He felt as he often felt upon coming to a problem on a Math test and taking a few pokes at it and then finding that he didn't know what to do with it—his problem couldn't be set up; he couldn't even look at it and make a guess for the answer. He felt as if someone had said "A women bought three hats; how much were they apiece?" But he wasn't suffering from a lack of information; he had too much. The completeness of the statement "Nancy's getting married" left him nothing to figure out.

He accepted the statement as an axiom now; and it began to sink into every facet of his thoughts like ink proceeding along a blotter in a lacy network, surrounding a blue atoll and turning it black. He wished it were a dream and it would go away. Marriage was too final. It meant Nancy had settled down with someone for life—for life, that means until death; and somehow this brought Jim closer to the end of

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his life—closer to his own death. Death, too, he had tried to shut out of his mind; he knew and tried to make himself believe that he could never die. Now the fact of Nancy's marriage seemed to be opening the carefully latched flood gates of his mind to the horror of his death. From then on, everytime he watched the great New Year's celebration, it meant a year out of his life and not just a mark carved in infinite time.

Things seemed to move more quickly. It seemed that he should move quickly. It bothered him when he had to strike two matches to light a cigarette. It was no longer O.K. to put things off for another day; no longer could he read books he liked over and over and over again. He had to read other books quickly before he outgrew them or didn't have time and they were lost forever.

The Gint came back, and they went home. The rest of the day was like any other day except something had been lost and something sterner was starting to take its place. All through the day his mind would wander back to Nancy's being married. Other symbols of time's fatal march struck him and tore at him: Gint and Dick had their licences; he would never spend a full year with his family again.

Suddenly it seemed impossible that he go back to school and cut nine weeks out of his life.

But he went back, and he came home again. He got so that he could talk about Nancy's marriage without resorting to jokes or obscenity. Other girls he had known got married. It still hurt him whenever Pat mentioned the letters she got from Nancy and when Pat told him about Nancy's baby; but it was no longer the pain of a mind being wrenched from its moorings. Now he felt only sorrow for the lost immortality of a child and pity for himself whose life was ticking away.

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NOW LET'S TURN TO THE POETRY

FRED GASS '61

Let's turn now to the poetry assigned
For yesterday. We're just a bit behind
The other class, but they have one more test
To take this week before they do the rest
Of chapter nine. On page one hundred one
As I remember we had just begun
To scrutinize the poem by Stephen Crane.
Would someone like to read it once again?

5

That's good, Dewitt, but try to emphasize
Crane's whimsical grotesqueness. Otherwise,
The wry New England humor in his tone
Is lost. Can someone find which words alone
Appeal to tactile sense in stanza ten?
Nobody knows? Oh come now, gentlemen,
This poem was due a week ago. If you
Have read it once, you should at least review
Before our class discussion. No, Dewitt,
I don't believe that Crane had quite the wit
To pun on "cuckold." Still we have delight-
Ful imagery that counteracts the trite,
Mundane appearance of the page on which
The poem is printed. Rhythm does enrich
The poet's ultimate intent, so who
Will volunteer to read the first line through
And name the type of foot? Cadwallader?
The other section wanted to aver
That Crane's prevailing foot was anapest,
But I myself believe it would be best
Described as dactyl. You agree with me?
That's wonderful. I might just say in summary
That Crane maintains a playful, flippant mood
And although serious, is not a prude.
To be quite frank, this poem's my favorite
Of all Crane's works. It's really exquisite.
Oh yes! And incidentally I might cite
The subtle reference to Sweetness and Light
And the Biblical allusion to Saul.
That's all.

10

15

20

25

30

35

Fred Gass (1943-)

Questions

1. Vocabulary: scrutinize (7), wry (10), grotesqueness (11), cuckold (19), mundane (21), flippant (31), prude (32).
The diction in this poem is taken from a very colorful source. Can you name it?
2. What is the central intention of the poem? What is the dramatic situation?
3. Characterize the teacher as fully as you can. Where was Dewitt in line 25? Should we have been told?
4. What figure of speech is employed in lines 15 and 38?
5. Find examples of oxymoron, pleonasm, and reductio ad absurdum.

King Perrine Harris (1943-)



STUART WREDE

PROGRESS

HANDLEY STEVENS '60

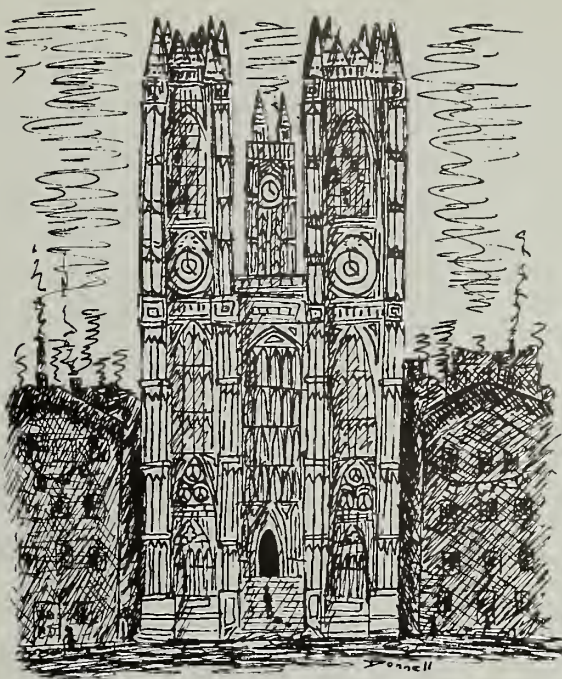
I stood in the dirty narrow street
Of a crowded medieval town;
To the open sewer at my feet
A woman threw her garbage down.
The sluggish filthy watercourse
Carried her messy slops away
But left me wondering of course
Why this should still be so to-day.

Sick at the age-old fetid stench
I took an alley which wound its way
Away from the stinking sewage trench
Up some stairs that seemed to say
They were struggling out of the muck and slime
Step by step to a clearer air.
After a steep and tortuous climb
I found the cathedral I hoped was there.

It rose like a fortress in the air.
Awe-struck at first by the massive pile
I soon began to wonder where
They had found the money to build it while
The people it served lived in squalid slums.
Could they not better have used their wealth,
More worthily spent such incredible sums,
For Hygiene, and Housing, and Public Health?
My futile anger passed again
As the mellow chime of the ancient bell
Rang from the mighty tower. Then
From every hovel and every cell
Bent figures in black came shuffling by.
A wizened old woman struggled up
The steep ascent. She met my eye
And shamed me as she struggled up.

She seemed to sense that to me the stairs
Were just a symbol of the past,
A reminder of the distant years
When life did not rush on so fast.
No car or even horse could use
Those streets. Her eyes and now her back
Spoke of that life — I could not choose
But follow meekly in her track.

She hobbled on across the square,
A pathetic figure, shrivelled, poor,
And yet she drew me on to where
She entered by the Western door
The cathedral. Here I paused. What
Could she seek in the great rich church
Which had not sought to change her lot
In years? I followed through the porch.



Entering the cold dim Gothic nave
I sensed the peace which all men crave,
Perhaps in the calm blank saintly faces
Gazing steadfastly from their places,
Perhaps in the harmony of design
Where the mystical stained-glass windows shine
With myriad blues and gold and red
Which spill on the stone like a watershed.

Dwarfed by a blackened marble column,
Bent in the attitude of prayer,
I saw once more the aged woman
Whose steadfast hope had brought me there.
Surely she knew that she would never
Improve her lot by a hopeful word!
Surely she knew her prayers would never
However fervent, be really heard!

And yet there was a sense of peace
About that noble ancient place.
I had to admit it was very still
Here where the eyes could drink their fill
Of ancient beauties never old
Of deep blue glass and burnished gold.
Vaulted roof and column tall —
A mystic presence enveloped all.

Before I must bend the knee in awe
In a gesture I knew would do nothing for me
I hurried out by another door
To a new part of town which I wanted to see.
I stepped out into a "brave new world"
Where the people had broken their age-old chains.
The banner of freedom had been unfurled,
Freedom from others' greedy gains.

Here where the hovels had been pulled down
 The ancient tower struggled in vain,
 As it watched the growth of the bright new town,
 To overlook the builders' crane.
 Level with the tower's clocks
 Were people in their cramped apartments,
 And the growing shadows of office blocks
 Humbled the mighty tower's escarpments.

But in their frantic efforts to save,
 The ancient cathedral was lost from sight,
 Lost was the peace of the Gothic nave,
 Lost in a blaze of neon light.
 The music of the bells was drowned
 By the noise of the booming city street,
 Whose clashing, raucous bedlam of sound
 Made me seek a quiet retreat.

This gay façade had nothing to hide.
 This side of town the people had
 All they could want, both good and bad.
 Poverty is now unknown, it cried.
 Nevertheless the people here,
 Though free from the curse of poverty
 Reason elsewhere for misery,
 Seemed less secure, more burdened with care.

Here rich men had used their wealth
 For gardens and parks, where people met
 For cheerful recreation, and yet,
 Despite good Housing and Public Health
 They still thought of life as a constant fight.
 Without the secret of being still
 Which I had found at the top of the hill,
 They rushed around blindly from morning to night

Perhaps I should try to put my mind
 To analysing what I find
 When I sit in a cool dim Gothic nave
 And sense the peace which all men crave.



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THE NAKED BABE

KIM ATKINSON EX-'61

Jay was taking a shower; he could tell. The warm, reassuring odor of moisture and Dial soap filtered softly through the dorm. He could always tell when Jay was taking a shower, by that peculiar warm odor.

He opened the bathroom door, walking in as the folds of moisture enveloped him. He felt supremely peaceful there in the bathroom: just himself and Jay, on a Sunday evening, with all his homework behind him. The warm clouds of dampness continued to swell about him. He adjusted the mirror, preparing for a shave.

Jay turned off the shower, and stuck his head from behind the curtain. "Well, son," he said with mocking casualness, "it may seem strange the first time, and you'll probably cut yourself. But with more experience, you'll develop a technique. I'm glad to see you've finally grown up and joined the ranks of us men."

He was delighted—he loved these times when he and Jay were alone together, when they could banter and laugh with each other. But he ignored the remark with studied boredom, trying to invent a retaliating slash.

"How many pushups did you do tonight?" Jay asked suddenly.

"Thirty."

"Ha!"

"I did, and only paused once, after the twenty-fourth."

"Ha!"

"And my form was better than yours," came the sly hint.

"All right, so those last eight-odd were a bit strained tonight, but that's because I'm out of practice. You'll have to admit, though, that my form was flawless in the beginning." Jay's voice took an edge.

Silence.

"I'll bet you a quarter that I had perfect form those first few pushups. One quarter! Are you going to defend yourself?"

So trivial. What did it matter?

"You're on." Wearily he put away his razor and blades. Why did they have to fight?

Jay finished drying himself. "We'll ask Charley to judge. He was in there tonight and he saw me too." A pause. "And don't try to worm out of it. You can't possibly pretend to've misunderstood me like you did on that bet about the track meet."

"We've been over that before." He hated this argument more and more. He hated the insinuation that he would lie to Jay, especially over anything so petty as a bet.

Jay laughed softly. "You'd do anything for money." As if reading his thoughts. Picking up his soap and towel, Jay left the bathroom.

Tacitly he stepped into the shower. The warm water coursed down his body, but this time received no welcome. Not again, not again. Always these flare-ups. He hated to argue with Jay. Sunday evenings were too rare to be spent in arguing.

He soaped himself listlessly. Lying for money. The thought alone of lying to Jay hurt him. But for money! Money would be the last thing he would ever want to come between himself and Jay. He knew he was right, in any case, and he knew Charley would verify Jay's bad form. Jay probably knew this also, but he was too proud and too antagonistic to let pass any slights on his abilities.

Jay was sort of strange. He had many friends on the campus; he was good looking in an athletic way. Yet there was something in Jay's personality that grated with his own. They would be talking together good naturedly, as they often did, especially during evenings when neither of them had much homework. (Jay would tell him about his home then. He loved it when Jay talked about his home.) Gradually, for no apparent reason, the conversation would take an aggressive, antagonistic tone, as it had tonight, and he and Jay would end up in a heated verbal war. He hated such situations; he couldn't understand these tiffs at all. He thought they were good friends; he wanted to be good friends. Jay was admirable in so many ways. Perhaps that was it—perhaps he idolized Jay too much.

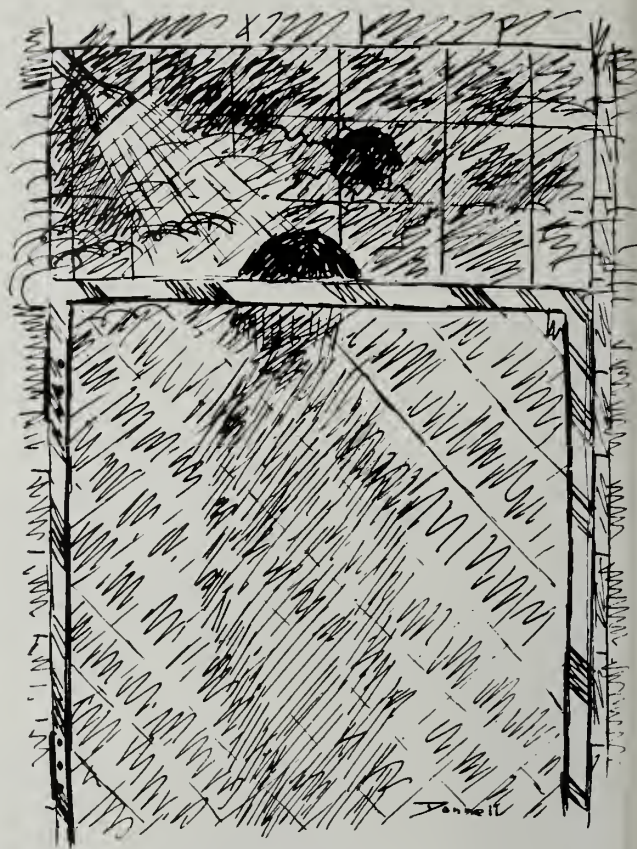
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In their arguments he felt a terrific pressure of rivalry and frustration, a need to justify, to prove himself. And in Jay's voice he sensed inflections of derision. This was what he hated most of all: the feeling that Jay didn't think of him as an equal, as having feelings, as being a close friend. If Jay would give him nothing else, at least he might cede him the respect of friendship. If Jay couldn't treat him as a friend, then life on the campus could lend no excitement, no gratification for him.

The soap slipped from his hands. The water beat incessantly on his back. Suddenly he had an overwhelming desire to run to Jay, to hug him, to tell him what a terrific guy he was. He wanted to tell Jay what a useless character, a bum athlete, he himself was, how girls never swooned over him; what a paragon Jay was...

He turned off the shower. He dried himself. The vapors were no longer warm. He walked into his room and took a quarter from a pocket of his pants. He passed down the hall to Jay's room, and entered; he placed the quarter on the desk in front of Jay.



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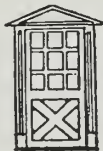
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LOVE at SHIN SIGHT

BY JULIE OWEN



August's irascible humidity had not penetrated the curving red brick, Jeffersonian walls of Mr. and Mrs. Stonehedge's neat, ivy-clad garden. In one corner, a tarnished chubby cupid splashed his presence, and slim goldfish glided below, oblivious to the fountain's constant sprinkle.

From a shaded cast iron chair, a young girl almost sixteen stretched out her hand to catch the cool cascades of water. "Don't you think it's fun to be here?" she suggested to the blase king of all day dreams who slouched with

self-assurance on her right.

"Yes."

"This water never gets tired of splashing. Look, there's a turtle, under the cluster of leaves. Have you ever caught one?"

"No, can't say that I have."

She withdrew into the uncomfortableness of her chair and pretended to be lost in serious meditation.

"Did you like high school?"

"So — so. I never opened a book until my Senior year."

"You never opened a book until your Senior year!"

He looked at her with a smirk on his face, as if to say, "You really are thick."

"That's pretty good; and you got into college too."

"How about you and school?"

"My boarding school is awfully hard, and I get tired of living with girls, girls, girls; but I have to do it. What do you want to do now, for a living?"

"My father's setting me up in his law firm. Last summer I was an office boy; spent most of the time learning how to swear in Italian from the janitor."

"That's nice, that you could get to know a different type of person." She stopped abruptly and transferred her gaze from his intriguing hairline to the chewed fingernails that were trying to hide in her lap. That word "nice" had slipped out by mistake. A friend had explained the difference between what boys termed a "good" girl and a "nice" girl. Maybe he already knew what she was.

"Say, what do you do for excitement during the summer?" A cold curiosity edged his voice.

She recrossed her legs in embarrassment. "Oh, lots of things. We have a country club in our town, and I'm learning to play golf."

"Do you ever date?"

"Oh, sure." She furtively swept a mass of bangs from her hot forehead. It was wiser to let a boy think that you were experienced. "We date a lot. How about you?"

"I can't complain. Plenty of girls and booze to keep any guy happy around here. Do you drink?"

"No."

"That's a shame." The sarcasm was humiliating; she tried to be coy.

"I don't think so."

"Okay, what are you interested in?"

A breeze rustled through the ivy. Again she let the fountain's water trickle and spatter on

her fingers. The host's French poodle sniffed his way to the pool's edge, and examined the visitors. She fondled its ears and imagined that it would be lovely to tickle those of a boy. "Have you ever wanted to do something really exciting?"

"Like what?"

"Traveling or meeting and working with people?"

"I went to Spain with my grandparents when I was eight, but all I can remember is that our bags were stolen in Madrid."

"I've always wanted to go to Europe."

"Maybe you will some day."

She angrily wondered why they couldn't talk about life or sex. This conversation was exasperating; it made her feel young and awkward. Something alluring should be said. It would be impressive if she could get a boy so much older, and his age would sound so romantic. "Of course I like to do other things too,"

she murmured. Startled, he quickly glanced at her, but she was suddenly too ashamed to look up.

Voices drifted from the house, as couples began to leave. Panic swelled in her throat. "Our parents are through."

"Say, it's about time the old birds stopped guzzling." He forced a smile. "Nice meeting you." Then he rushed off, wondering how his parents could be herded home in time for him to take the car and pick up Tuesday night's date.

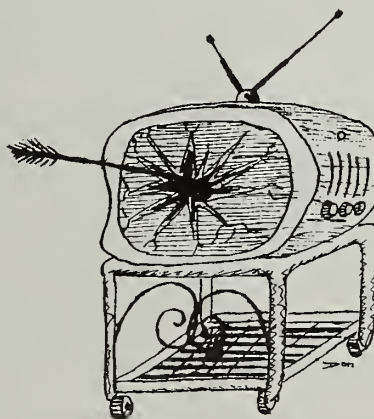
"Goodby," the girl's voice wavered.

"Please think of me," she thought. If we could see each other again, perhaps you might" . . . she felt like catching him and apologizing for being so dull and unsophisticated. That's why he hadn't asked for her address. Just one more minute would have made all the difference, just one more minute to show him how grown up she really was.

POPE ON TV

by DAVID M. SMITH

At night when sable darkness covers all
And wraps the country in its ghostly pall
In living rooms across the land is seen
The pallid glowing of the idiot screen.
With eager eyes the family gathers round
While Dad adjusts the picture and the sound.
A grisly clod appears in dirty vest,
Pistol at hip and star upon his chest;
The bumbling side-kick with uneven stride
Crosses the dusty street his chief beside.
An old piano clangs a tinny tune
Within the rickety Pot o' Gold Saloon;
But then a shot rings out—an angry dude
Has killed a cowhand whom he thought was rude.
The sheriff crashes through the swinging door
And sees the cowhand lying on the floor.
The side-kick takes the muttering dude to jail
And ends the first ten minutes of our tale.



Two statues, then, are foisted into view:
Greek objects d'art, but they have sweat glands too,
Or so some dapper fink with polished mein
Would have us think. Then coils and tubes are seen—
Science! in ages dark a gleam of light,
After a long-protracted, valiant fight,
Has produced BAN to end offensive smell.
Too bad it brought offensive ads as well.

Back to the show; a mob in angry mood
Moves on the jail to lynch the helpless dude.
With sawed-off shotgun underneath his arm,
The sheriff moves to save the dude from harm:
"To hang him now would be an evil crime—
The law will hang him in its own sweet time."
Seeing the gun, the mob begins to sway,
And threatened violence swiftly melts away.
Such is the show, so ends its meagre plot.
Once, only once, I'd like to see the sheriff shot.

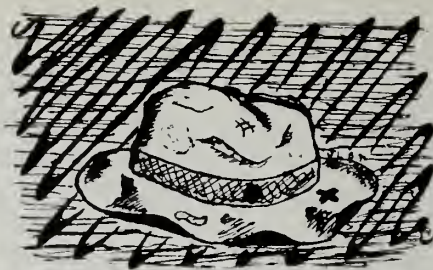
THE BEGGAR

by ROBERT McILROY

Peter Paul's obesity filled the huge arm-chair. He was intently chewing on a cigar butt and staring with a drawn face at a point straight in front of him on the wall above the mantelpiece. There, where some of the wallpaper had peeled off and some of the old pink paint was exposed, the room's former boarders had left names, dates, and their most profound thoughts inscribed in pencil. The results was a collection ranging from deep philosophy to bizarre poetry. Peter Paul thought of the inscriptions as epitaphs, the dying words of their various authors. Sometimes this thought made him laugh, sometimes it made him sad, but this it inspired him to move his bulk to the pink space and hurriedly write something with a pencil stub from somewhere deep in his pocket. He stepped back to look at his creation, his epitaphs. Then he returned to his chair. He slouched back until his shoulders were almost even with the arm rests. He took the cigar butt from his mouth and looked at it pensively. He let his arm droop over the side of the chair. The cigar butt slipped from his hand. It did not fall accidentally; he did not drop it casually: there was something very deliberate about the way he let it fall, and it evidently gave him great satisfaction. Then he slept as if he had not slept in days. His face became peaceful and rested.

In the pink space on the wall above the mantelpiece there was a penciled scrawl which was discernible as "Jesus Saves".

About twelve hours later Peter Paul awoke. With a great effort he hoisted himself out of his chair. The study lamp over the chair had been burning all night, but now the room was lit by sunlight shining through the single window. He went to the closet, opening its door carefully, as if there were a colony of bees inside. The closet contained a pair of shoes, one yellowed silk shirt, two pairs of frayed blue slacks, and a corn broom in the corner. He looked ruefully at the meagre wardrobe for a moment. Then he took out the shirt and the better pair of slacks, thought a moment more, hung the shirt and slacks up again, and took out the broom. In fifteen minutes the room was aswirl with dust. And by the door was a pile of candy wrappers, cigar butts, the remains of what had constituted his whole existence for the last three



days. He picked up a Baby Ruth wrapper and looked at it quizzically, as if it had hypnotized him and told him he was a puppy dog. Then he laughed wholeheartedly and threw it back into the pile of refuse. He went to the closet again and changed his clothes. Then he picked up his hat and left the room.

The little landlady passed him on her way up the stairs. "Goodness, Peter, it's about time you let me in to clean up!" Peter laughed and lumbered on down the stairs and out the door. She stared after him, agape. Then she hurried to his room, anxious to clean it up before he came back. She surveyed the room from the door. She couldn't believe what she saw: the pile of trash by the door and, above the mantelpiece, with the sun shining brightly upon it, the penciled scrawl, "Jesus Saves".

Peter Paul stood on the busy street corner. He was dressed in his blue slacks and silk shirt and his green felt hat. He held a large placard above his head on which was rudely printed "Sinners Repent or Be Damned". Passers-by skirted him warily. The traffic cop watched him out of the corner of his eye. A flaxen-haired little boy in a plaid jacket and shorts stopped to stare. His mother rushed up, grabbed his hand, and led him swiftly off, all the while carefully averting her eyes from Peter Paul. An old, grey-haired crone who had observed this scene walked over to him and mumbled something about "have faith, my boy," and disappeared into the corner drugstore. A cab pulled up to the curb. A dark, squat, curly-haired man got out. As he passed Peter Paul, he flipped him a quarter. Peter Paul missed it in his surprise. It fell at his feet with a clink.

Peter Paul was disgusted. Did people take him for a beggar? He wouldn't touch their filthy lucre.

Five minutes later he was still standing on the corner. But it was a different Peter Paul, for the quarter no longer lay at his feet, and he was smoking a cheap cigar. And, if you looked closely, you could see that his eyes were bleary from crying; for the placard was missing from his hand, and in its place he held his green felt hat.

THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE MENACE

(in America Today)

by DAVID M. SMITH

In view of all the current uproar over the superiority of Russian education to that in the United States, I feel that it is high time to expose a threat to corrupt the mind of the American student (meaning me; I have no idea if it threatens to corrupt any other students). It is the insidious crossword puzzle which threatens to destroy this fair land by slow putrefaction and open the way to Communist conquest.

Consider, if you will, good reader, the detrimental effects of the puzzle. (Henceforth, I shall refer to it simply as "the puzzle.") First but not foremost comes the matter of time-wasting. While I could well be spending my time on such worthy subjects as physics and trigonometry, I am all too often to be found laboring over the current *New York Times* puzzle. Fortunately, the matter has yet to reach the stage of absolute fanaticism with me, as it has with certain people whom I know. One female relative of mine is perfectly frantic on Sunday morning until her *Times* arrives, at which time (note the pun—they are hard to think of) she throws away every section of the paper except that in which the puzzle is found. I, on the other hand, am careful to remove the sports section for later perusal before hurling the remainder of the paper into the hall.

To my way of thinking, however, the temptation to waste time is the least of the three major threats inherent in the puzzle. Far more deadly is the clogging of the mind with vast quantities of incredibly useless information. What, for example, is a clock in the form of a ship? It is a nef. And what is the cry of the Bacchanals? No, it is not "Pass the wine." It is "Evoe!" of course. Can't you hear them shouting it as they danced up Mount Cithaeron waving their thyrsisessises? or tearing the heads off innocent bystanders? And what is a throne called in Buddhist countries? I would be grateful to hear from anyone who knows, because I still haven't figured it out myself.

The third and perhaps heaviest blow in the puzzle's scheme of attack strikes at a real weak spot—morals; oh, you say, but this is hitting below the belt. But the enemy in this war for the mind and soul will pull no punches, so beware. What avid puzzlist has ever completed a *Times* puzzle without sneakily resorting to some unfair source of outside help? An atlas is a good thing to have handy, for you are sure to be required to know what river Achta-pakitu is

two from the dictionary, if not by looking up the given definitions, at least by scanning down each column of words beginning in "pz" or "xq" or whatever it is until the necessary word is arrived at. I once scanned every "l" for an Aeolian deposit, finally reaching "loess." No one ever thinks of such stratagems as ways of cheating, but they are. Ideally you should face the puzzle naked and unafraid, but the evil people who make the puzzle up (I suspect them of Red affiliations) have fixed it so that you can't win—without lowering your moral standards. There is no escape. America plunges on into the era of payola and Charles Van Doren, driving inexorably at breakneck speed toward certain oblivion. And if anyone knows what Tuptim's land is, I would be much obliged if he would let me know before we get there—oblivion, I mean.

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THREE STORIES BY BOB LEVIN

BOYS AND BEETLES



Jerry decided not to go to school that day. To him, the prospect of facing his teachers and classmates for seven dull hours was intolerable. As he walked to the bus stop rebellious notions occurred to him: he would run away, or at least play hooky that day.

Breakfast this morning: Mom, I asked why do we always have the same cereal? Shut up growled behind the paper. Jerry, dear, she said, I think you should take a sweater with But Mom, I — Do what your mother tells you and I did but left it on the front porch as I went out.

It was early in autumn. The wind that usually scattered the parched and fallen leaves blustered at Jerry's back. He was thirteen years old and short for his age. His dirty khaki trousers were fastened by a belt that was much too long and hung down his side after going once around his waist. The boy was thin and energetic looking except for the thick, blond hair that drooped over his eyes. Jerry had not stopped at the bus stop, but had walked on down the road.

Last night I was chained to a ring in the middle of a street. A stooped, old man in a dark suit was riding up and down the street and his eyes were all rotted away and blind but he kept on riding up and down the street on his black motorcycle, coming closer though I screamed for him to leave me alone. A dance at school — crummy decorations and the floor was crowded when we got up enough courage to dance, dancing for the first time with a girl I had known all my life: small, not very pretty but weighed so much as she leaned on my shoulder and pulled at my hand, small and hard against my chest and me, in spite of myself, I didn't want to, getting excited, she looking at me strangely, neither Understanding.

A boy, too young to go to school, rode on his bicycle toward Jerry who wanted to stop and talk with him. Hi.

Hi, the younger answered, in a slightly higher voice.

What's your name? asked Jerry, beginning to feel a real attraction for the boy.

Mind your own bee's wax, came the reply and the boy rode off leaving behind him a great heap of shattered illusions.

The probing toe of Jerry's torn sneaker uncovered a large, black beetle in the dust. He crouched down for a closer look at the beetle, watched the patient legs moving at the side of

the road. Still with childish curiosity, Jerry placed one of his feet in front of the crawling thing, and, as it swerved, thwarted it with the other. To his chagrin, the beetle seemed unaffected by the impasse and began retracing his steps. Now, Jerry kicked the beetle over on its back and watched it clutch with agonizing despair the air above. The boy started to leave but could not with the uncertainty of the beetle's success in turning over and returned to right it. The ungrateful began to crawl away from Jerry and suddenly, he became very annoyed. Breaking off a branch from a tree next to the road, he pursued the beetle, pushing, flipping it over, beating at its helplessness until it died and Jerry could relax because he had won.

THE AMUSEMENT PARK

I stood facing a door in the chamber of horrors. The entrance was in the shape of a huge mouth and was lit in such a way that the jaws seemed to drip the blood of previous victims. I entered. The door shut with great finality behind me, and as I looked around, I was surprised to find myself in what seemed to be a tremendous mouth. I was standing on a bloody tongue and the teeth all around me were as large as rocks. In the back of the mouth was a huge cavern which no amount of bodies could hope to fill. As my fear began to deepen, the tongue curled back and hurled me against one side of the jaw from where I slipped and fell under the tongue. To my despair, the tongue began to press down on me with increasing force.

Unconsciously, I screamed for the monster to let me go. The tongue relaxed and I heard a voice saying, "I will free you forever if you can perform the superhuman feat of removing an infected molar from my mouth." I looked around and saw a blackened mass toward the back of the mouth. It was a wisdom tooth. I went to the tooth and, bracing myself, strained against its roots. To my surprise the roots were shallow and slowly the tooth began to give way. I had a strange feeling that in spite of the service I was offering, I would be devoured. Finally the tooth came loose.

I ran slipping across the tongue toward the front of the mouth. Before I got there, the tongue started to rise, and I started to slide backwards. Before I reached the cavern, the mouth was convulsed in a cough and I was blown toward the door. I jerked the door open and, just as I stepped outside, the tremendous jaws came crashing together and my nose was cut off by the front teeth.



THE RUNNERS

A chilling winter wind blew down the deserted street against my back. Light from an occasional streetlamp struggled to pierce the heavy night mist. The far off scuff-scraping of awkward running came closer to me, and soon a man was abreast of me. His movements were more like stumbling than running, like the running of people carrying packages to catch the subway. His face was almost featureless: his eyelids were thick and wrinkled, his nose was flat, and his ears were folded forward, almost doubled. I called to him, "Is there anything wrong?"

"No," he called back over his shoulder. "Both my legs were amputated during the last war. I want to be able to use them well, and if I run often this way, soon I won't be conscious that they are wooden." He ran on.

Not more than a minute later, I heard a terrific clatter in the street behind me. Looking back, I saw another man, who, in appearance, could have been the twin of the double-amputee. His head was twisted behind him staring in a box on rollers that was tied to his belt. He too was running. Confused, I asked him if he wanted me to untie the rope from his belt, but he yelled, "I can't stop. Years ago, "he added," I tied this heavy box to my belt so that I would not lose it. When I began to move, I found that I had to keep going since, if I stopped, the box could roll over me."

THE VERY EARLY AMERICAN FURNISHED ROOM

by PAUL KALKSTEIN

Ivan Ahngle and Clyde Sluggart were roommates at Hadnox University, in Chatahootchee, Michigan. Both were on the Dean's List; however, Clyde worked hard for his marks, while Ivan seemed to do no work at all. Ivan was extremely clever, and though he cut nearly half of his classes, he almost never failed to pull out honors on all his tests. It was Ivan who fixed all the fake identification at Hadnox; it was Ivan who convinced the Freshman class that St. Valentine's Day was a legal holiday, with no classes; it was Ivan who sold one of the large bronze swans on the library steps to a local antique dealer for twenty-two fifty; and it was Ivan who rented out scholarship boys to wealthy seniors for use as valets. Ivan was universally admired, if not really well-liked, at Hadnox; by his junior year he had become something of a legend. He didn't believe in sports, although he was always willing to quote odds on Saturday's football game.

His roommate Clyde, on the other hand, was on the varsity cross-country team, a position of which he was extremely proud. He had several good friends, and was fairly popular in the class, though he had none of Ivan's prestige. He received a limited amount of prominence by having so illustrious a roommate.

Finally Ivan and Clyde graduated from Hadnox, at the top of their class. They took the summer off and traveled around Europe. Much of their traveling expenses were paid for by the sale of some three hundred rock 'n' roll records bought wholesale in the United States, and sold at great profit in France and Italy.

Upon returning to the United States, both Ivan and Clyde went to work for the Mortuity Life Insurance Company. Clyde liked selling insurance, and did fairly well for himself; but Ivan thought the job a bore, even though he was extremely successful.

One day Ivan made an appointment to see the president of the company. He acted quite mysterious and would tell Clyde nothing about what he had in mind. Then suddenly, about a week after his conference, Ivan was made a junior vice-president, with his own office. He only came to the office for two or three hours each day, and did all his work behind a locked door.

Ivan's sudden promotion was a complete mystery to Clyde. He often questioned his

friend, but though Ivan was generous in sharing his newly-gained wealth, he would tell his former roommate nothing at all. In fact, no one at the Mortuity knew what was behind Ivan's elevation of position but the president, Bill Rohr. Except for Ivan's strange promotion, nothing much of note happened at the Mortuity for the next ten years; Ivan kept a steady stream of memoranda flowing from his inner sanctum, and Clyde continued selling insurance. Then gradually the Mortuity Life Insurance Company stock went up; the salesmen were better paid; and one day the company moved to a brand-new glass building on Fifth Avenue. Mortuity had never enjoyed such prosperity. Ivan was again promoted: he became a senior vice-president, with a fancy office right next to President Rohr. There were office parties every week, and everyone at Mortuity became rich.

Clyde was happy with this new prosperity, but his bewilderment increased as time went on. Try as he might, he could not figure out the connection between the recent success enjoyed

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WHERE THE ELITE EAT

by the Mortuity and his ex-roommate's promotion.

The death rate for those insured by the Mortuity was far less than that for the other insurance companies. An article was published in *Consumer's Report*, describing the amazing success the Mortuity was having. Soon after this article appeared, similar articles were printed in *Life* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. In a month the Mortuity controlled eighty per cent of the new policy business.

One day Ivan called Clyde into his office for an official conference. It was the first time Clyde had been in Ivan's office, and he was quite impressed by the elegance of his friend's sanctum. Ivan proffered him a chair, and said, "Now, Clyde, as you know, the Mortuity has been enjoying the greatest affluence in insurance history. Now it is your turn to help us keep up this prosperity."

Clyde, slightly offended by his friend's coldness of tone, replied, "Well, Ivan, that sounds pretty important. Just what is it you want me to do?"

Ivan walked across the room to a table and picked up a large, ornately wrapped package that was lying there. He handed it to Clyde and said, "Come on, we're going for a ride."

Ivan and Clyde got into a black limousine driven by a large, silent Negro. After about two hours of travel they arrived at a rambling old farmhouse. Upon entering the farmhouse, Clyde was amazed to find that it had only one room, an immense chamber bare of furniture, except one large armchair in the center of the room.

At Ivan's direction, Clyde took a seat in the chair, with the package in his lap. Ivan paced up and down, talking to Clyde in low tones. Clyde's eyes opened wide with disbelief. For about five minutes Ivan described what lay in store for his friend, and Clyde, awed and slightly afraid at first, soon began to chuckle softly in contemplation of his friend's genius. When Ivan had finished briefing Clyde, he walked around to the back of the chair and tied a large black blindfold over his eyes. Then he left the room. . .

Clyde sat alone while his clock ticked through an eternity. Then suddenly he was jolted, as by a departing train. It seemed that he *was* riding on a train: he swayed back and forth and imagined that he heard rails clicking beneath him. At last the ride was over, and as he had been instructed to do Clyde removed the blindfold.

He found himself in a Very Early American living room. There was a large pile of char-

coal briquets blazing on the hearth. In one corner of the room there was an old rocking chair; in another there stood a dilapidated spinning wheel. A door, hand-carved from Very Early American knotty pine, stood ajar, and from the adjoining room came a shriek of laughter, a cry of "Roll them bones," and the sound of dice being thrown the length of a table.

Clyde heard a female voice say, "Damn you, Apollo! That's the last time we're playing that game."

A deep-throated laugh echoed through the Very Early American house. "Double or nothing, ladies?"

There followed some muttered oaths, which Clyde could not make out, and then three old crones shuffled into the room. One of them said, "Take care of the messenger, Lachie. Atroe and I have a lot of work to do."

The one who had spoken walked over and seated herself at the old spinning wheel, while the third picked up an enormous pair of pinking shears and seated herself on a three-legged milking stool next to the fire.

"Well," said the one addressed as Lachie, taking the package, "here's the list. I'm sorry it's so long, but we're getting a lot of pressure from upstairs. . ."

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THE LIFE AND LOVES OF DOM MAVELDT

by THOMAS I. EVSLIN

Prologue: in which the hero leaves home

The September clouds piled up gold and black and unbelievably white as if aware of the importance of that evening. Dom and his father furlled the main with unaccustomed meticulousness and put it carefully in the sail bag. Still they avoided discussing the next day whose presence was practically palpable. Dom kept looking over his shoulder and painstakingly coiled the loose end of the sheet, trying to stall time off.

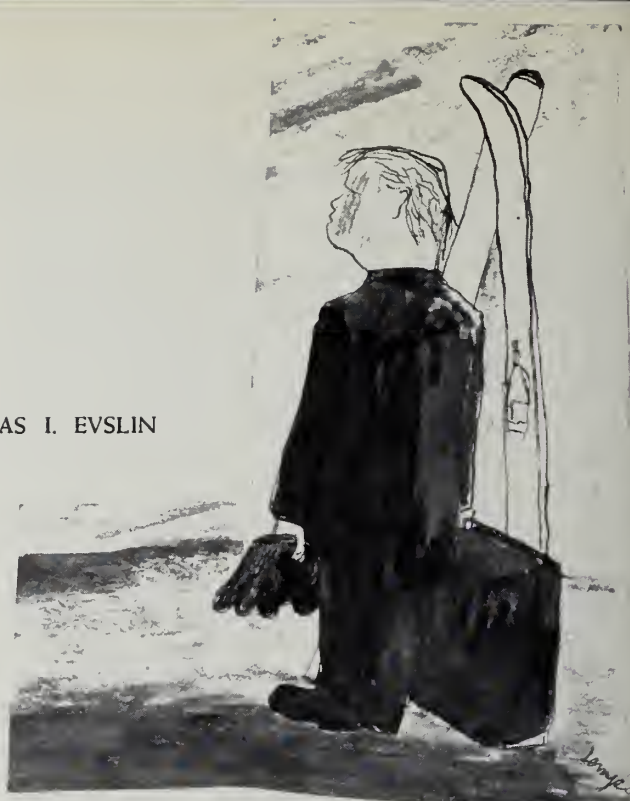
Finally the man couldn't stand it anymore. He broke the tacit agreement. "Are you looking forward to school, son?"

"Yes" This was partly true. It had been his idea to go away. He wanted to go and make his fortune in the only way open to modern-day Dick Whittingtons. But wanting to go in October and wanting to go just twenty-four hours before the actual departure are two different things. He knew it was too late to back out and the inevitability of leaving home began to stir his stomach. "I guess if English boys can go away to school at eight or nine, I can stand it at fourteen." He'd read *Stalky and Co.* and was trying to assure himself he'd end up as heroic a figure as Kipling's idol.

hold it back and good-bys can never be as emotional as it seems they should be. Dom had

Time goes quickly when you're trying to finally asked his parents to leave the campus " 'cause you have a long drive ahead of you tonight" rather than drag out the last minutes any longer. He walked quickly towards the building that had now become his dorm at Sussex Academy.

The years went by, as years have a habit of doing, and events faded into memory. Events that seemed so poignant and powerful that they'd live forever crawled into dark recesses of Dom's mind, never to see light again unless



called back ages later by some chance remark. Passing through time is like walking over a continent — when a man walks back he can only see the ground which is immediately behind him, back further are the foothills, and at a distance only the towering mountains.

Dom looked back and one football game merged into another, one course blended into another, hacks repeated themselves over and over without originality. The only thing he remembered clearly were the girls: girls from his freshman to his senior year, girls during vacations and at school, each one different and Dom different with each one. They stand like mile-stones measuring the youth of Dom Maveldt. And now, one by one, here are these relationships showing how a Sussex man, or any man, grows up.

* * *

Never had a more virginal and more obscene bus ground its gears through the Vermont night. The S.A. (Sussex Academy) freshmen were on their way to the first dance of the year at Martha's Hall. Their faces were well scrubbed, their shoes brightly shined, and each hair carefully greased into place. Several of them exuded after-shave lotion, and one of them had shaved before coming.

"I hope there's some way to get outside. I could use a good make." The speaker was wondering how boys and girls avoided each-other's

noses when they kissed. "I haven't had a make since I got up here."

"I hear these girls at Pearson Hall are supposed to be pretty hot."

"Yeah. But were going to Martha's Hall." Dom would have felt like Socrates exposing Greek politicians if he'd known anything about Socrates. As it was, he felt like a fraud exposing a fraud, which is a pretty good feeling.

The bus pulled up before a patch of light and forty avowed Casanovas felt a little jittery. Hands nervously raised to make last minute arrangements only succeeded in messing their hair. For some inexplicit reason, the doors remained shut for several minutes, and they gaped out the window at a stream of couples flowing from the floodgates of a Roman building. There was an unintentional moment of silence for their bold classmates who had arrived early and already been paired off with girls.

Now, in a fearful trance, they marched into the buildings themselves; and properly folded their coats over the desks. It didn't seem right that they should come to a dance and sit in the

familiar atmosphere of a classroom; but they sat down cautiously and peered out the open door at the occasional girl that passed by, not realizing that they were upperclassmen and wouldn't be at the dance. The teacher-in-charge had been joined by his female counterpart and, together, they were poring over a list of matched heights — the tall boys hadn't yet learned to cut off a couple of inches and were about to find out just how tall and awkward girls can be.

"Abbot."

"Yessir."

"Here's your date, Abbot."

"Yessir."

"Come up here and meet her, Abbot."

"Yessir." He sat stone still and his mouth fell open. The girl, standing up with the two pedagogues, tried to keep her composure. She was close to tears but she bit her lip and looked straight ahead in a manner that would have made the illustrious Martha proud.

Finally Dom's turn came, not that he was waiting anxiously. That is, he was anxious enough while he was waiting but he wouldn't have minded waiting a few more tense minutes

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before being thrown into his first action.

"Dom Maveldt" He wondered frantically if his hair was straight, if his jacket was right. He lost control of his face and went through a series of grimaces trying to force it into a pleasant smile. Then he forgot everything as he tried to figure out whether the girl was pretty or not. All his life he would ask questions about a girl he met to find out if she was considered pretty. It seemed to him that he could only see one feature of a face at a time and it is impossible to judge the quality of a particular nose without the context of the rest of the face it grows out of.

He peeked at her surreptitiously as they walked down the hall to the dance room. Home towns and courses were exchanged. This was the first time he'd ever been through the prep-school-boy-meets-prep-school-girl dialogues and he only managed to keep the conversation alive until they started dancing. This would have been far enough if he'd known he was supposed to talk about decorations and bands and things and go on to a list of impressive social functions attended; but, of course, he didn't and maybe he was lucky because he certainly wasn't prepared to construct a fictitious list since he hadn't even heard of Greenwich Country Club or Lester Lanin.

His friends at home were all older than he and consequently he'd never learned the facts of seduction. He could shovel up a bull story based on his friends' experiences at any opportunity and with plenty of sensual trimmings, but such stories always presume "my girl" and the drudgery and battle of the initial seduction are never mentioned. However, he did know that the closer he danced with a girl, the more he'd get; and he tightened up his arms a bit. She wasn't really seduced and didn't relish the idea of dancing in a bear hug, but she wasn't very strong and didn't have much choice. Dom never knew the difference.

At the end of the dance, the girl spitefully told him that she had a card and had to dance with someone else. He was looking for new worlds to seduce anyway so he cheerfully located her next partner and set out after a mature looking (well-built for fourteen) blond on the other side of the room. He got to dance with her two minutes before discovering the scourge of the doublecut and drifting off in the arms of a girl even he was quite sure wasn't attractive.

The middle section of the dance was a blur to Dom. He was buffeted to every quarter

in a largely anonymous shuffle of girls, saying the same thing over and over, trying to draw each attractive girl close and either giving up in disgust or being doublecut away from her before he had a chance to succeed or fail. This period of the evening was very important though because somewhere in the constant repetition of dry biographical data he came out with a story about being whipped at school for the slightest infraction of the rules and this intentionally shocking retort to a mundane question, this flash of chuckling imagination against the dark background of ultra-civilized society would later become his trademark, his line, and maybe his personality.

The girl was a little scared by his sense of humor and the wild laugh with which he saluted his own cleverness and couldn't decide what she should think of him. Her dance card and the forceful entrance of her next partner freed her from the responsibility of having to pass a formal opinion on the young, informal Dom.

Dom, glorifying the memory of his first girl, Bunny, and sure she was dying to fall back into the position she had never occupied in his arms, searched the floor for her.

He found her again; and, before she regained her balance, almost succeeded in gaining the proximity he desired. Now he was sure he was progressing as rapidly as any genuine snow man and she was sure that, if she could, she would kill him. He danced with his eyes closed to show his ecstasy and some of his classmates were so blinded with jealousy that they didn't notice Bunny's pained expression, and made sounds like alarm clocks to register their disapproval. Dom gathered impressions of their catiness in kaliedescopic stills and they confirmed his high opinion of himself. He bent over ludicrously to be able to dance cheek-to-cheek with the girl.

As the last number ended, he was sure he'd kissed her — but not quite sure. It was all fast and his eyes were closed so that he might quite easily have brushed her forehead or even shoulder. He rushed her through the receiving line and into the corridor before anyone else quite realized the band had stopped playing "Goodnight, Ladies".

While they walked quickly towards the room where the girls were to be deposited, Dom dug deep into his mind to find a way to maneuver her into one of the open doors and black classrooms that were passing by. He kept daring

himself to say something at the next door but never did. He wondered how boys ever asked girls to go into a secret place to make out. Finally, as they were about to say "good-by" he asked her if she'd like to step into the cafeteria — not daring to look her in the face as he said it. She refused and he was hardly disappointed; he didn't really have any plans for after they were hidden away; but he had felt that he owed it to himself to try. The days were to come when a refusal of any kind by girl would drive him to a self-destructive rage — but not yet.

She said "good-by" eagerly and he didn't notice since he was in a hurry to get back to the bus and gloat. He sat in the back with his friend Denny, who had ended up with the voluptuous blond, and they sang dirty songs and congratulated each other all the way back. The snide remarks of their classmates were just spice to their contentment and nowhere in the country that night were two boys returning from their Saturday night dates so sure they'd succeeded as these two.

Denny wrote to the blond and later took her to another dance. Dom started to write to Bunny; but he didn't know quite what to write; and, when he tried, his handwriting looked so bad he gave up and told everybody he'd dropped her. It wasn't until three months later that a trusted mutual enemy told Dom Bunny couldn't stand him; but by then he'd met Nancy and that didn't matter anymore. Look for that story of spring and young love in the next issue.

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by PETER E. SVASTICH

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Of wind that smell of oil
And brush past my window pane.
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Tenant on the corner
Is brimming with rubbish and empty beer cans.
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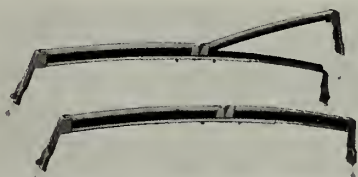
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Vol. II.

No. 2.

The Phillips Andover Mirror.



Literary Magazine Published by the Students of
Phillips Academy.

JUNE, 1892.

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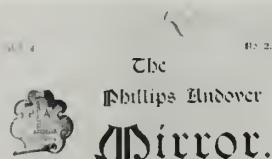
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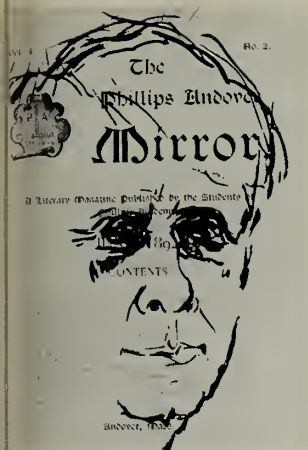


A Review Magazine published by the Students of
Phillips Andover

JUNE, 1892.

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Our cover is the cover of June, 1892, the issue in which Robert Frost's poem, "The Traitor," was published anonymously. The story behind the poem and the conversation with Robert Frost that resulted from its discovery are the subject of this issue's Editorial Reflections. The poem itself, printed as it was in 1892, appears on page seven. And the portrait of Robert Frost, drawn with bold strokes across the sixty-nine year old cover, was done by Mr. Gerald Shertzer, instructor of art at Phillips Academy.



THE MIRROR

VOLUME 107, NUMBER 3

ESTABLISHED 1854

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Editorial Reflections

A CONVERSATION WITH ROBERT FROST



Last spring we were so fortunate as to have Robert Frost visiting the school as lecturer on poetry. During the course of one of his talks, he recalled a boyhood episode that tied him in interestingly and intimately with Phillips Academy and *The Mirror*. One of his earliest poems, he said, and certainly one of his first to be published, had appeared anonymously in *The Mirror*. It was highly romantic in tone; it was called 'The Traitor'; it was printed without a signature (as were all of the contributions at that time); and certainly no one had thought of it, let alone attributing it to Robert Frost, since its first appearance sixty-eight years ago.

While there is no doubt of the authenticity of the poem, the circumstances of composition and publication are somewhat obscure. As reconstructed by Mr. Frost, the story involves Ernest Jewell, one of his classmates in Lawrence High School. Mr. Jewell had come to Phillips Academy to complete his preparation for college, and was now, in 1892, heeling for *The Mirror*. He wanted to dazzle the editorial board by contributing a poem; but he was a mathematician, not a poet. Fortunately he remembered his Lawrence schoolmate, who was already winning local fame as a writer of verses, and Mr. Frost was happy to help him out. "The Traitor" was the result—written by Mr. Frost, but submitted, presumably by Mr. Jewell, and printed anonymously in the June *Mirror* of '92. Mr. Frost forgot the matter, and it was not until many years later that a visit to P.A. brought it to his mind again. He remembers, with a certain amount of wry amusement, that he told the story to the late Dr. Alfred E. Stearns, who was then Headmaster, and that Dr. Stearns scolded him "like a schoolboy" for confessing complicity in so outrageous a prank. Indeed, Dr. Stearns' indignation was so vivid, couched in terms so violent, that it was decades before Mr. Frost remembered "The Traitor" again. A good Freudian would probably say that the whole episode buried itself in his unconscious.

In graciously giving us permission to reprint the poem, and for the first time to publish it under his name, Mr. Frost is performing a service to American letters as well as to the *Mirror* Board. This is not the occasion to argue the merits of "The Traitor". Mr. Frost himself has no flattering opinion of it. "It's all in the first line," he says; and, again, "It's pretty clear that I was reading Ossian at the time." But Ossian or no Ossian, the poem is a poem by Robert Frost, and it is one of his first. Clearly it is a waif, and it has no place in the Canon. Equally clearly, as an acknowledged example of the apprentice work of the greatest of contemp-

orary poets writing in the English language, it has a historical and critical value that justifies its reprinting here, and we are proud of the permission that Mr. Frost has given us to do so.

DF

★ ★ ★

A Conversation With Robert Frost

When I heard that Robert Frost wanted to see Dudley Fitts, and also that he wanted to read anything I wrote about "The Traitor," I phoned him at his Cambridge home to arrange a meeting. Two weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Fitts and I were walking up a snow-lined path toward his house where Mr. Frost stood coatless in the doorway, waiting to greet us.

Once we were seated, Mr. Frost showed us a leather-bound book with an elaborate design on the outside and small, practically unreadable print on the inside, each page bordered in red. "That's one of the oldest books I have," he said, "one of the five or six I brought with me from San Francisco. Have you ever read Ossian?" "No, I haven't," I answered, and looking at the small print, I couldn't muster up much regret for this lack in my education. He said, "Usually I can't tell my sources, you know . . . I can remember where I sat when I wrote a poem, and I can think of a number of books that might have influenced the way I wrote it, but it's rarely as clear-cut as in this poem — what's the name of it again?" " 'The Traitor,' " I said. " 'The Traitor,' " he said. " 'The Traitor' comes right out of Ossian."

Robert Frost spoke in a husky voice; his words flowed steadily, turning from subject to subject. The flow of his conversation recalled something that I had read the night before in Sidney Cox's book, *A Swinger of Birches*. It was Frost's description of us all as we travel the path of life.

"We are chasing something rather than being chased," he told one of his large audiences at Harvard in 1936. "Now and then we shy away from something, left or right. Guide right, guide left — like a snail with its feelers." He held up two twiddling fingers until people in the audience seemed the quivering, exploring feelers.

"We," people; "we," Americans; "we," mortals on this earth. Robert Frost's "we" is elastic. Whether you are included or not depends on you . . .

The "we" doesn't come apart be-

cause you go to the left when something on the right puts you off from your desire. Only, you mustn't cease to use your feelers. There will soon be something to guide away from on that side. And the thing you and we are all chasing is not there. Shying is continuing the pursuit. Turning squarely and marching left or right is treating what you shy from as pursuer. Doing so, you give up. For the only way not to be a victim is to keep pursuing.

In the hour or so that we were with him, Robert Frost touched on many subjects. Occasionally he'd start in one direction and then go off on an excursion into the woods; but he'd always come back. I had planned to take notes on his conversation until I read, in Elizabeth Sergeant's biography, that he does not like note-taking. "My dilemma," she writes, "was that he enjoyed the telling and reminiscing only if I took no notes. This was partly because he said a great deal more than I could set down about a living subject, partly because he preferred to make the occasion a little excursion, a sort of 'interval' where, in the fastness of New England, old friends strolled together in a cordial and 'treesy' setting through a poet's life." That is why I took no notes, and consequently all my quotations are inaccurate.

That afternoon Robert Frost frequently mentioned Ernest Jewell, the man who was responsible for the publication of "The Traitor" in *The Mirror*. "Jewell was the kind of friend you have only three or four times in a lifetime," he said. "He kept belittling poetry—where would it get me?—but I always thought he had a sneaking pride in my waywardness. It put a slight strain on our relationship; but then, the first place I visited when I returned from England was Jewell's home in Lawrence." I mentioned a letter Frost had written Jewell from London, a letter which mentioned his growing success as a poet. The discussion then turned to the biography where I found this letter (it was the Sergeant biography), but it came back to Jewell later that afternoon. Frost went on to tell us how Jewell had become a successful mathematics teacher at Lawrence High, and how Jewell had published his first poem, a poem called "Tenochtitlan" which he wrote in 1890, two years before "The Traitor." "It was the first prose or poetry I ever wrote," Frost said. I asked what led him to write that first poem. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "It was just something that was bothering

Continued On Page 32



THE TRAITOR

by ROBERT FROST

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THE PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR.

The Traitor.

Sea-bird of the battle surf,
 Lorna is dead.
Black on Colla's castled hill
 Ruin is spread.
Weep for Lorna who rode forth
With his king against the North.
Lorna came again at morn,
 Riding from war.
Messenger of battle won,
 Tidings he bore : —
"Quenchless was the charge he made,
Low the insurgent walls were laid."
And while revelry was rife
 Through Colla's halls,
Then the lonely warder saw,
 Pacing the walls,
Eastward in the morning's greys,
Serried spears in the sunrise blaze.
By an altar in a vault —
 Night dripping dew —
Lorna's muffled cry arose ;
 Bat-like it flew : —
"Sacrifice for victory !
Priest and victim find in me !"
Sea-bird of the battle surf,
 Lorna is dead.
Black on Colla's castled hill
 Ruin is spread.
Royal seal upon the tomb
Where he sleeps in endless gloom.

A GOOD DEAL

by MICHAEL BEARD

It was the Spring Term of my lower year of Andover, on a warm spring evening. The atmosphere was one of harmony with nature, of the coming of summer, of grass stains in the West Quad, of green hard-balls, and of the smell of lacrosse gloves. Arcturus was beginning to rise as I left the library on that fateful evening. I imagined Boötes, the friendly herdsman of the skies, leading me from the steps of the building.

As I walked down Salem Street to my dorm, Brown House, I saw a figure in the distance, standing across from Benner House. He was the epitome of Ivy League, with a Brooks Brothers madras jacket, a button-down collar, and a crew-cut of just the right length. Two cowlicks on the sides of his head disturbed his impeccable appearance. I reasoned that he could not be a student, for he was smoking and he did not look like any teacher I knew.

Then came the ritual of averting my eyes, in order to avoid the embarrassment of being caught staring at him. I became extremely conscious of every step I took, and my book bag felt heavier every second.

He accosted me. "Son, could you stop for a moment?"

I looked at him carefully. He had the chiseled features of a typical New Englander. There was a strange glow in his eyes. And I knew I had seen him before. But where? Wasn't he the man I had seen sitting at the counter in the drugstore that time I stole a candy bar? No, it had been too long ago to tell. Or was he the bartender that served me liquor on the train to Montana? No, it couldn't have been, but . . . And then I knew who it was.

"I have a proposition for you," he said.

I froze with clammy fear, dread, and anticipation.

"I know what your problem is, what you want more than anything else. I can get you on varsity football, make you a class officer, anything. Son, I can make you a cool guy."

I could feel the sweat on my hands soak into my purple corduroy sports-coat. For I, George Watt Oglethrope, the biggest fairy in the lower class, was talking to the devil. And I was going to be a cool guy!

When I got back to my room, the first thing I did was to look into the mirror to see if I had changed yet. I didn't look much dif-

coat and tie, I noticed the first steps in my transition. First, my coat seemed a lighter color, and the padding in the shoulders was almost gone. And my tie, the very favorite of all my ties, purple with an orange and green palm tree in the middle, was changing. It certainly was a little thinner, and it seemed to be of a more somber color. And that neat palm tree! It was sort of diffused, almost surrealistic now. I almost cried. That tie was a present from my grandmother, and I loved to wear it with my purple corduroy jacket. Was nothing sacred? I even thought of having *The Deal* abrogated somehow. But I knew this was impossible. I went to bed fretting about the possible bad effects of *The Deal*.

Oddly enough, no one laughed at me when I signed up for varsity football. The sign-up was crowded, and at any rate I was less conspicuous now. I wore tan chinos, and all my blue and white shirts had button-down collars. I wore loafers and sweat socks, and some of the neat crowd actually were known to talk to me on occasion. My tie was now more blue than purple, and the picture now resembled some vague pattern with no gaudiness whatsoever.

Over the summer I got my license and started making with all the cool girls in my home town, East Gridley, Montana. My next-door neighbor, whom I had previously considered a tough rock, became my best friend.

I didn't wear the special tie much, and it stayed about the same throughout the summer. Almost the only time I wore it was to my grandmother's funeral, which was long and dull. Still, her death was a relief to me, since now there was no reason to feel guilty about the change in her present.

In football practice the Fall Term of my upper year, I was amazing. I was the fastest end on the entire team, and I could catch passes anywhere near me. In short, I was a ringer. The tie was now a very dark blue with a grey pattern. It even had a Brooks Brothers label on it.

One day early in Winter Term, I was walking back from wrestling practice. I had just defeated the captain of the team in a challenge match, and I was a little tired. On top of that, I was annoyed by all the little finks who tried to show off by saying hello to me. I crossed Salem Street slowly, letting a car miss me by an inch or two.

I started to look straight through this fink I passed, until I noticed that he was my old benefactor.

"Well," he said, "how do you like your new life?"

"Pretty well," I replied.

"That's wonderful. You know, I get some clients who are so apprehensive of their obligation in the bargain, that they can't even enjoy what I give them. That's why I make it a habit to check up on my customers, just to see if they are satisfied. You have no regrets about our deal, do you?"

"No, none at all," I replied. "I think you're a great man to do business with." And he was.

After all, what was an eternity in Hell compared to an interwoven sweater?

When we finished talking, I returned to the dorm and sat down to do my French for the next period. I hung the old tie over the back of the chair, reflecting upon it as a symbol of my coolness. There it lay, just the right width and material. And, man, it was the suavest color, this damned neat dirty grey.

I sit on the playing field below
 Piled incendiary clouds
 That ignite and flare, spread to brightness
 As rips of darkening smoke flare
 Out; it sparks and flashes blue,
 Cold blaze consuming a whole
 Sky, cooling to a leaf-fire glow,
 Hardly enough for palms, and dies.
 I noticed, turning, that part its fire
 Was fixed prettily in the school windows,
 Except a dark square gapped,
 Someone standing to smell leaf-smoke
 As he thought, sandwiches in the shelves.

On near apartment steps the pumpkins
 Fattened orange on half light
 Grin, toothed and toothless, like faces.
 One lies shattered in the streets,
 Smiling his broken smile in the litter
 Of drying seeds and tangled strings.
 Low in one corner of the sky
 The moving silver point of a long
 Straight white stick has left
 A muddled and darkening scrawl, child's
 Writing in the sand. And night, wave
 After soft wave, washes in.

AUGUSTUS
 NAPIER

COLD EVENING AFTER CARNIVAL

All right. I unfold legs, get
 Up to go, and all falls
 Away, disappears in air
 Except one thin tenacious
 And blind something with claw fingers,
 Effluvium of pain. It is attached
 Deep; it tightens in the gut and pulls.
 It pulls the world back.

On the flat fulness of late they
 Light my cleared sight seizes
 Tree: pith of bareness and want,
 Burnt skeleton of cloud, tensed
 To a brittle supplication, it stretches
 Stiff limbs slightly in the sky.
 Even on a white page, the neuron
 Can move.

CARMEN HIEMALE

by DUDLEY FITTS



1. Cool, man, cool. Hiemps adest
clackantque nobis dentes;
gelatum stat Quadrangle West,
perdunt bambini mentes;
ahenei jam simiae
retractant se a glacie.
2. Hoc est fracasum saeculi,
hoc est collapsum aevi:
scholares ceu cuniculi
cerebro scurrunt levi;
moresque mittunt magistri,
inragiantur socii.
3. Jam reluctantem castigat
enormem Fappus carrum,
jam jam McCarthy damnum dat,
jam Lohnes rogat 'Warum?'
Decanus ille Benedictus
'Heu qualis' ait 'me tenet [sic] tus!'
4. Coci in refectorio
vano stampant labore,
et tumuli, mysterio
defuncti et sapore,
frigescent in platteribus:
quod est danno omnibus.
5. Laetus, qui gastrum dominat;
felix, cui sat est Eros;
beatus, qui non salivat:
est iste, homo, heros!
et grinnat sicut murifer,
feliciter, felisiter.
6. Sed me nec Musa, cujus sum,
justis ostendat joco,
nec me croakantem urat cum
tostaverim crus foco.
Precor, nam odi regimen,
sit breve; adsit ver; amen.

Conjj. virorum doctorum: 1) Coleman Cole Cole. vacantque vobis Kemper. quod angulum'st Maynard; quota gula est amicus Saksii. aheneae Chase, frustra, ut opinor: cf. simius apud Phaedrum, et quae scr. Peterson de hac re apud YalRev CIV:16:3-6. 2) frambesum Grew. ovi Farrington. cuticuli Royce, cuticura Grimes. scurrunt, codd. omnes: 'Tale verbum', inquit Regan vir humanissimus, 'non est': qui extemplo squattant conj. irradiantur Kemper. 3) Cattus cattum Peterson. nam nam Nims. omnis toga Lohnes. tus codd., mus McCarthy, rictus Anon 4) Coqui Colby, kakoi Gillingham. swampantur ore Drayton. frigillant Royce, pallescunt Most. flapperibus Smith. fromagio Leete, cabbagio Buehner, cum alio Baldwin, dimaggio Monroe-Miller. 5) Leetus Leete, luctus Grieff. castrum Colby. Eris Chase, Ernie Bulfinch. satigat Hulburd. hooroo Royce, quod obscurius videtur. mulciber Kehler. felisiter feliciter Brown, feliciter feliciter Allis, felix ter felix Gillingham, Biffe der biffer Hulburd. 6) Mouse Katz. koko Maus. crocatum juvat Chase. crustaceo Royce. crux loco Farrington. look, Rocco Ciardi.

THE EGG MAN

by WILLIAM DAMON

At times I kind of ask myself what it's all about; I mean, if there really is a reason and all, and what the hell it could be. This might seem pretty stupid to you, but when I think a little about what I just saw, I am positive that this is not one bit stupid, but definitely an O.K. question.

Yesterday about five o'clock, I am walking down Main Street, and I see this crowd gathered around something on the ground. Some in the crowd are laughing, and some, mostly women, are saying that oh, it's such a pity, and stuff like that, and trying their best not to laugh. Naturally, my curiosity is aroused, so I shove a few people away so I can see better. The conversation piece is Benny, a little, skinny, bent-up old guy around sixty or so, who is sitting on the ground crying his head off because his eggs are lying all around him, broken, and making a real mess on the sidewalk.

Now, although I personally do not see much humor in this situation, I can easily see why some people are laughing. Benny is just the kind of guy some people laugh at, all the time, although why, I cannot realize. I hear he lives on some sort of farm, just outside the city, with his old lady, who must be very old indeed, and he must have had polio, or leprosy, or some other hindering disease, because he walks really funny, and occasionally his whole head, from the neck up, goes into a series of very big twitches, which can get on your nerves if you happen to be talking to him, or even just looking at him when one of these moods strikes him. Benny comes in town Mondays to sell eggs, and someone once tells me that this is his main source of income, although he really doesn't sell too many eggs, because people don't consider him too clean.

Well, after seeing Benny in such a lousy situation, my curiosity is even further aroused as to how he got there, and when I notice a girl I know in the crowd, I ask her, very casually, what the story on Benny is.

"Benny," she says, "is just standing here, like always, trying to sell his eggs, when this kid, about our age, comes crashing into him at full speed. God, did those eggs fly! And the kid just turns around, laughs, and runs away."

"Average guy! Christ, that really stinks."

Then this Italian guy, with a black mustache that curls up at the ends, steps up, like out of nowhere, and hands Benny a ten dollar bill!

before he leaves the scene, because I don't want to forget what a real hero looks like.

And then this cop comes along.

"All right, who made this mess?"

Benny, who has now stopped crying because of the hero giving him the double-fin, so now maybe him and his old lady can eat for another week, steps up to the cop and says:

"They were my eggs officer, but. . ."

"No buts! If they're yours, clean 'em up, quick." The cop is one of these fat, red-faced, all-American type of policemen, like the kind you see in movies, diving in front of trucks to save little blind kids, even if their old man was the crook who shot up the cop's brother, or something like that. "All right, let's move along folks, move along. . ."

Naturally, I do not want to break the law, but my curiosity is by this time very aroused, I decide to stick around, pretending to look in store windows around the corner, but really listening very closely to Benny and the cop. I notice that the streets are now almost empty around this part of town, as people generally avoid being there after dark.

"O.K., let's hurry up now," says the cop to Benny, who is now on his hands and knees, wiping up the mess with his apron, and throwing the shells and other junk in his straw egg-basket. I picture his mother making the apron and basket for him, with her own hands and all, for his birthday, or something like that. "And after you finish this, we'll take a little trip down to the station."

"You mean, I'm going to be arrested?" says Benny, looking up.

"That's what usually happens to people who abuse public property, and disturb the peace."

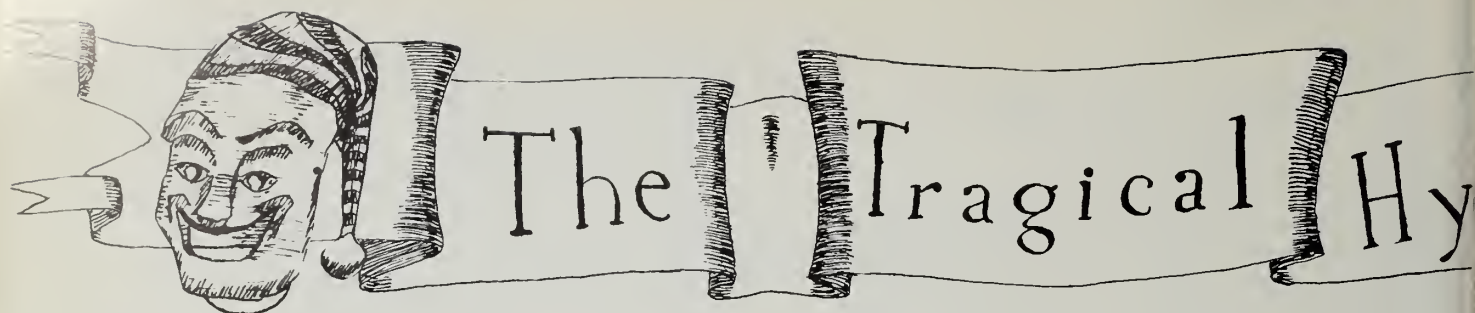
"What will happen to me?" says Benny, very worried.

"Can't say for sure, but I'd give you thirty days."

"But Mama, she'll. . ."

"You should have thought of her before you broke the law." The cop then looks all around for a few seconds, and I duck way out of sight around the corner. "Of course, I'm human too. And you look like the kind of guy who learns from experience. I can tell; I meet all kinds in this job. I'll tell you what: I could just forget all about this thing. Of course, in return, I'd expect a little something for my trouble. Like, well, I should think about ten bucks is appropriate."

Before this happened, I had everything all figured out; I guess I have things figured again, but, of course different. I just hope I don't see



The Tragical Hy

Prologue

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
 So overburdened with our petty toils,
 We needs must pause a moment here and laugh—
 Here on this little island in the sea
 Of all the troubled world, for soon we must
 Set sail beyond the breakers and brave storms
 More furious than man has ever seen.
 Come with me then (though pausing here the while)
 Thrice fifty years and more into the past
 And look upon the School when it was young.
 But think not, though the School is young in years,
 That those who populate the School today
 Are wholly absent there, for students change
 But imperceptably from age to age,
 And in the interests of simplicity
 The landmarks of the campus are the same.
 And if you see yourself reflected here
 In the blank verses sprawling o'er the page
 And like not what you see, remember this:
 Villains were necessary to the plot;
 My goal is not to scorn but to amuse.

Dramatis Personae

Members of the Faculty

ROTTY RICE
 MR. SNORE
 ELIPHALET PEARSON
 MR. WERBUS
 MR. ALSEK
 MR. FARCE
 MR. PEANUTS
 MR. PINCH

ZELDA a waitress at Benner House

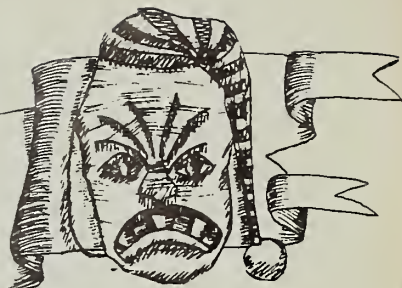


Students at Andover

JOHN SHOE
 MAL MOON
 WILL JOCK
 FLOYD HOFFWOMAN
 BUTCH HAOTHTONFI
 DENNIS DROSS
 RED SMYTHE
 MANNY RIGHT
 RICK RHODENT
 DAN BAGS
 REX COD
 MELVIN PELVIN
 STEVE LEAST
 JOHN JEWELL
 COOL NOOK
 STEVE SLOBSON
 CLOD ELMER SLEARSKO
 FRANK O'BANNION
 STEVE BUMKIN
 BILL GOINGS

And a number of other students and faculty members. The scene is Phillips Academy, the year 1781.

ie of Benner House



Act One

by David M. Smith

Rotty Rice's classroom at 8:05 a.m. Seated around the room are John Shoe, Mal Moon, Will Jock, Floyd Hoffwoman, Butch Haothtonfi, Dennis Dross and Red Smythe.

SMYTHE: My watch says seven past—where is the bell?

DROSS: Your wretched watch has yet to tell the time
With any accuracy. How are the totals
That you have so industriously kept
Of Rotty's favorite savings.

SMYTHE: Going well,
Quite well; indeed, he hit the hundred mark
In "if you will" the first day of the week. *(Bell within.)*
Ah, seven minutes now; *(Sets watch.)*
wake me, good Shoe,

If he comes in—or even if he doesn't,
Though I am sure the trampling of your feet
Will serve to wake me if he does not come
Before the bell. Sleep calls me now and I
Must go to it now if I'm to stay awake
To list his fool clichés. *(Settles down to sleep.)*

SHOE: I'll wake you up.

HOFFWOMAN: I've heard that Rotty's lying sick abed,
Doubled with pain and suffering the effects
That follow on a surfeit of bad oysters.

JOCK: Oysters indeed! if he is sick abed,
It is not shellfish that have sickened him,
But other condiments which served as sauce
Before the rich repast

MOON: That well may be;
Whate'er has felled him, this at least is sure:
He did not meet his class at five o'clock
Last afternoon.

HAOTHTONFI: A favorable sign indeed.

DROSS: The watch upon our snoring friend's left wrist
Displays another portent of delight:
Its glowing hand has near traversed the space
Of seven graduations of the dial
Since we did see him set it by the bell.

SHOE: Our freedom lacks but thirty tiny ticks!

JOCK: Move swiftly, hand! *(Bell within.)*

MOON: Away! away! away!

(They make for the door, Haothtonfi reaching it first and opening it. Rotty stands in the doorway, attaché case in hand.)

ROTTY: My heart is cracked, young gentlemen, to see
How strongly you desire to leave the place
Where, sitting in a classroom, we explore
The heights of human knowledge. To your seats!

(Snies still-sleeping Smythe.)

Awake your snoring friend; 'twould make me sad
 If he, while lying there with head on chest,
 Should fail to keep the little tally sheet
 Whereon are writ
 The silly phrases that do salt my speech.
 Today I'll give him 24 'all right's'
 And seven 'if you will's': indeed, I may,
 If moved by proper spirit, e'en throw in
 An 'ipso facto' or a 'quid pro quo.'

(*Shoe wakes Smythe.*)

SMYTHE: Good morning, Mr. Smythe; did you sleep well?
 (*Sleepily*) I heard the bell and thundering of feet;
 Away, foul janitor, and let me sleep.

ROTTY: This is no place in which to lay your head
 With class in session.

SMYTHE: (*Wide awake*) With class in session!
 I'm stricken, good teacher, by some malady—
 They call it sleeping sickness, I believe—
 That robs me of all strength.

ROTTY: I'll call Snark, then.
 That fine physician should know what to do:
 Methinks a leeching will awaken you.

SMYTHE: My lust for knowledge overcomes my ill;
 I'll never quit this classroom, come what will.

ROTTY: Such love of learning well befits you all.
 But now, where were we in the notes, my Moon?

MOON: Pages six score and seven had we done.

ROTTY: We'll start five pages on beyond that, then.
 I know full well the zeal with which you strive
 To set me back and thus avoid your work.

ALL: No! No!

ROTTY: Enough! Pope Leo hoodwinks Charles the Fifth
 Is the first topic for today's discussion.
 Poor Charles had ta'en indeed a bitter pill
 (Open that window, Dennis, if you will)
 When Leo hocked his holdings—in a sense—
 Of friendship then they quitted all pretense,
 i.e., they fought; and Leo won the day,
 Although no mighty army backed his play.
 His weapon (if you will) the interdict:
 Charles folded, ipso facto. Now—ahhright!
 (*Smythe furiously marks his tally sheet.*)

Act One, Scene Two

The Snore's classroom some fifty minutes later. Manny Right, Rick Rhodent, Dan Bags, Rex Cod, Melvin Pelvin and Steve Least are seated around the room; the Snore is at his desk. Enter Smythe; he sits next to Right.

SMYTHE: Rotty has far surpassed our fondest dreams—
 "All right" a score and four he rattled off,
 And forty more clichés to smash the mark
 He set last week; but what is more, he said,
 Quite clearly, "ipso facto"; ah, 'twas then
 I knew he'd have a day quite unsurpassed
 In all our records.

- RIGHT: Noble, noble, noble—
 How many will he babble when the day
 Claws at the very summit of its climb
 Through the ethereal heavens and my class
 Meets with him at eleven forty-five? *(Bell within.)*
- SNORE: Today I think we'll do a little writing;
 I would not be so mean as to assign
 A topic. Write on anything you will.
(Groans from the class, except Cod.)
- COD: On anything we wish! oh, thank you, sir.
(To class) What's wrong? lack you experience so much
 You cannot think of anything to write?
- PELVIN: Nuncle, forgive us. We have not that broad
 And deep experience which lifts you so high
 Above our humble heads.
- COD: Oh, yes, of course,
 I'd quite forgotten that.
- SNORE: *(Gently)* Aaall riight.
Cod begins writing furiously, fills seven sheets before anyone else starts.
- RHODENT: *(Aside, to Bags)* Rex writes well, does he not?
- BAGS: Indeed he does!
Right, Bags, Rhodent and Smythe scribble briefly on one sheet, hand their papers in, and leave. Cod looks up in consternation for a moment, then returns to his growing pile of paper as the curtain falls.

Act One, Scene Three

Salem Street in front of Benner House, the large, green door of which looms in the background. Enter Right, Rhodent, Bags and Smythe from right, talking together.

- BAGS: I cannot take another class with him.
 It is too much—the life of good Ben Franklin
 Would not supply material for the themes
 He daily asks of us, nor yet the years
 Of hoarist graybeard in the weary world.
- RIGHT: Calm down, my Dan; we could be doing worse.
- BAGS: How worse, how worse? I cannot see 't at all.
- RIGHT: Suppose a moment that we had the Boo.
- BAGS: I'd take the Boo before I'd take the Snore.
- RIGHT: Proof only that you do not know the Boo!
- BAGS: I know the Snore. What more is there to say?
- RIGHT: I've had the Boo—I know what both are like.
- BAGS: Plague take them both, and may it take you too.
- RIGHT: This clash of words boots naught. Perhaps a shake
 Thick creamed with Hood's ice milk may cool us off.
 I thirst already—but why is the door closed?
(They approach the door.)
- SMYTHE: What is the paper fastened to the port?
- BAGS: Who signed it? What's it say?
- RHODENT: *(Examining sign)* It says. . . it says—
 Ah, woe, the tide's run out, the sun is down,
 And every facet of abhorred nature
 Has turned against us like a separate spear.
 I shall not last the hour. *(Slumps, fainting, to pavement.)*
- BAGS: *(Frenzied)* What's it say?

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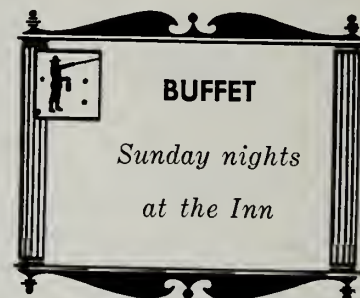


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- RIGHT: Attend to Rick; I'll try to make it out.
(Reading) "Due to the recent disturbances in Benner House, especially those in which the good Chief was pelted with gum balls, and the broken pistachio machine was surreptitiously relieved of its entire contents without a cent's being paid, and the counter railing was rudely torn from the floor and hurled out the door, the establishment is closed for the remainder of the year.
 Signed, ELIPHALET PEARSON, Hdmstr."
- SMYTHE: *(Clutching throat)* 'Tis gas, 'tis gas! it can't be done to us!
- BAGS: You said things could be worse, and now they are;
 It was an evil prophecy indeed. *(Butts head into brick wall.)*
 I'll lie down here and gasp out wretched life
 Before the building I have loved so well—
 The House of our salvation is no more. *(Drops to pavement.)*
- RIGHT: Is this the way that we must end it all,
 With trouble piled on trouble on our chests
 Until we breathe no more? It can't be so!
 Arise, good Dan, arise, arise, my Rick.
 Misfortune strikes us harder lying down
 Than when we stand and try to put it off.
- SMYTHE: You mean—
- BAGS: *(Rising on one elbow)* You mean—
- RIGHT: I mean revolt, if need be.
 We'll have talks first, but if they will not yield,
 Then they'll taste red rebellion. What say you?
- SMYTHE: Revolt, it is revolt! I'm with you, Manny.
- BAGS: *(Arising)* You have my pledge; if need be, I will throw
 My gage in Werbus' face.
- RIGHT: Hands on it, all.
(The three of them clasp hands and give a cheer.)
 Rhodent, get up, get up, we have a plan.
 Alas, he is insensate for a moment.
 Let's lift him up and bear him off from here;
 I know he'll be with us when he comes to.
(Bell in distance.)
 The time for class draws nigh; bear Rick away.
 The ends of this no mortal man can say.
 But this I know—the House shall opened be
 Or purple death shall put an end to me.
 We'll meet tonight at Commons.
(Exeunt, carrying Rhodent.)

Act One, Scene Four

The Senior dining hall. Right, Bags, Rhodent, Smythe, John Jewell, Cool Nook and Steve Slobson sit at one table.

- NOOK: You mean the House is closed?
- JEWELL: Bolted and locked?
- SLOBSON: With bars across its friendly, grass-green door?
- RIGHT: An edict sired by the hand of Elphy
 Has made it so.
- NOOK: How rash a step to take;
 They court rebellion in its very thought.

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BAGS:

Rebellion they shall have! tell them, good Right,
The plans we've made to bring them to their knees.
First we shall talk in words of smoothest silk;
The matador secrets his razor sword
Beneath a silken cloak, and so shall we.
Well put!

RIGHT:

RHODENT:
RIGHT:

Tomorrow Dan and I will

To meet with Elphy, Werbus and Alsek.
If these three gallant gentlemen remain
Fixed in their folly, then 'tis open war.

JEWELL:

I've heard there was good reason for the closure:
What of the pelting of the goodly Chief,
The stealing of a load of rosy nuts,
The ripping of the railing from the floor?
The deeds you speak of are the treacherous work
Of many a rowdy and detestable jock.
Their names are known unto the faculty—
Why should the many suffer for the few?
Ah, why indeed?

RIGHT:

SLOBSON:
NOOKE:
BAGS:

There is no justice there

RIGHT:

Go on, go on; if Elphy does not yield,
Where do we go from there? Good Manny, tell.
We'll know by noon if Elphy is impassive.
At lunch by word of mouth we'll spread our plans.
Full half the school should be won o'er to us—
The other half stay neutral and we'll win.
Our army first will move upon the quad
And seize it for our base. Then barricades
We will throw up of bedding and of desks
To make the place a veritable fort.
So swift we'll make our move that we shall take
Mickey and Bruno and the Black MacPhee
As hostages. I'm sure that they'll lend force
To parlies that we may have cause to make
With powers that move against us.

BAGS:
RIGHT:

Spoken with

But caution, friends, lest our plan go amiss,
Till noon tomorrow not a word of this.
I pray things may be settled without strife;
If not, I stand prepared to give my life.
And I!

BAGS:
RHODENT:
SMYTHE:
NOOKE:
SLOBSON:
JEWELL:

And I!

And I!

And I!

And I!

Me too!

Act One, Scene Five

Headmaster Pearson's office; Elphy sits behind his desk, with Werbus and
Alsek standing at his either hand. Enter Right and Bags.

ELPHY:

Good morning, gentlemen; will you sit down?

RIGHT:

Thank you, we'll stand; this should not take us long.

ELPHY:

I understand you wished to speak to me
About our order to close Benner House.

BAGS:

Aye, that is it.

ELPHY:

My lads, the order stands.

We cannot brook the breaches of good conduct
Which oft go on therein

RIGHT: Punish the few—
 Their names, I'm sure, are quite well known to you.

WERBUS: We felt a lesson to the entire school
 Was well in order—so the edict stands.

SMYTHE: I beg you gentlemen to reconsider;
 The student body's seething with unrest.

ALSEK: Is that a threat? We will have none of that!

RIGHT: No threat, Sire; take it as a warning, though.
 Today is Friday and the finny food
 Served up at Commons might well be enough
 To cause rash acts against your sovereignty.

WERBUS: We'll hear no more of this; I see a threat
 Masked in a warning.

ALSEK: Bah! with idle tongues
 'The varlets speaks; let us dismiss them.

RIGHT: Wait!
 I beg you, Sires, hear my final plea.
 For years the House has served as meeting-place,
 Has nurtured friendships, bred the highest thoughts.
 Did not Ben Jonson frequent such an inn
 With his great comrades? Take the House away
 And more is lost than you or I can say.

WERBUS: 'Tis rubbish that you speak.

ALSEK: Impertinence, too.

ELPHY: Your closing argument has moved me most,
 But I must cleave fast to my chosen course.
 The order stands, the House is closed. Good day.

BAGS: I see a bloody dagger in the sky—
 'Tis dripping on your hands. Sires, good bye.

RIGHT: Enough said, Dan; they will not hear us more;
 The closing of the House we must deplore,
 But I've a class this morning.

BAGS: Aye, let's go.
(Exeunt Right and Bags.)

ELPHY: Think you they implied rebellion in their words?

ALSEK: Rebellion? they? I snicker at the thought.

WERBUS: 'Sblood! a rebellion by those whimpering whelps?

ELPHY: At any rate, the Faculty is strong.
 Methinks our power here shall last for long.
 I sympathize with Right; he's not to blame
 For the gross acts that brought about this shame.

ALSEK: Forget them—let us work upon the Program.
(They fall to paperwork upon the desk.)

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Salem Street in front of Hardy House. Clod Elmer-Slearsko loiters there. A mob of students shouting "Liberté, Egalité, Benner House!" rushes over the stage from left to right and disappears into the wings, leaving Clod gaping in amazement. Right, Bags, Jewell and Smythe enter, also from left, and approach Clod.

CLOD: Wh-wh-wh-wh-what's the rush?
 BAGS: The House, the House!
 JEWELL: By Elphy's order Benner House is closed,
 Our source of choice delectables shut off.
 O for a triple or a pretzel stick
 To ward off harrowing hunger!
 CLOD: (*Shocked*) N-n-no!
 RIGHT: Yes, Clod, but we are putting up a fight;
 It was our loyal power passed you by
 Moments before. We go to seize the quad,
 To force reopening in an open fight
 Or die in the attempt. Pray come with us.
 CLOD: Or die in the attempt?
 SMYTHE: Come with us, Clod.
 Those who have least lose least when they lose all.
 Without the House, what have we left to lose?
 Think of a double english, toasted brown,
 Oozing with butter, or a tender steak,
 Or piece of pie, or piece of chocolate cake.
 Without them we are nought and cannot face
 The frightful pressure of the daily pace.
 Come with us, Clod.
 CLOD: I-I-I-I'm with you!
 RIGHT: Let's hurry, then, for there is much to do.
 (*Exeunt to right.*)

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.

COMPLIMENTS OF . . .

A GOOD SAMARITAN FROM TEXAS

MRS. G. W. RICHARDSON



by WILLIAM DUDAN

SLINGLESS IN PHILISTIA

by TOM EVSLIN

There are feet, running through the twilight, crunching up the gravel driveway, springing onto the crowded porch. These are my feet and I hope I'm arriving like an irresistible Mercury. Call me Dom. Dom Maveldt.

"Hey," I say in a theatrical tone "deck me with laurels, I'm the bearer of glad tidings." "What is it, Dom?" she asks, smiling. I hope I'm making a hit. "Party at my house. 9:15. Be there. My parents relented at the eleventh hour." "What was that, Dom? Oh, that's great! Do the other kids know about it yet?" she says and asks and cares not a whit for answers.

"She" is Maureen Stearns, the heroine-villainess of our little tragic comedy. Used to go with Ed Gallagher before he got tired of her or something. Lately she's seemed quite friendly and I'm making a play for her and doing my best to ignore her constant questions about Ed. She's medium-sized with a trim, boyish figure accented by the best bit of swinging departure to be seen for a long way around. A dark pageboy frames an impish face—nose a little turned up, eyes and mobile mouth in constant communication with all present. Of course you can't really believe that she's in touch with anyone else or even that anyone else can read those flashing sardonic comments. A comradely good humor masks a very cold or very warm heart—it's hard to tell which. Is it a warm heart that plays cruel tricks on other open, gaping hearts to capture one tight sealed bastion, pumping station for cold and carefully expressionless, if grantedly good to look at, terrain?

This brings us to Ed, the combination blackguard and Knight in Shining Armour of this particular affair. Definitely, he's the villain; and he, cunning in his ignorance, juggles forces far beyond his comprehension or control to successfully attain a goal so meagre for him that the rightful—not real or original but rightful—owner of the loot could almost kill him for the sparse appetite that causes him to eat a small part of his unjust deserts and heedlessly pocket unused the rest. And there, in a pocket, entangled by trivia, coated by bits of fuzz and occasionally toyed with by calloused hands, not knowing with what they fiddle and capable of being quite as happy with a cigarette or paintbrush, lie the true fruits of all current endeavours. Oh, for a hole in that meticulously sewn pocket. And that's Ed, from his beautiful



girlish face, topped with irresistible golden hair—a trap for lingering drops of dew and girl's fingers—to his well muscled legs—coated with pure white hairs and the scars of the summer's first burn. Is this a weakness? No. Rather his strength. The bloodlessness of his skin and soul constitute the only weapon ever forged against the hot-blooded, darker-skinned emotions. He is the true literate Philistine and is, so far, unconquered.

O.K. The party starts. People begin to show up. Enter the pawn. Poor tool of the fates, there is nought but love in your souless entity which must crash through the tender wall of its revered king and one true friend—bosom companion in many a wild journey and bored listener during many on idiot's tale of fantastic riches and subsequent increases in drawing power for the opposite sex. Poor fool, you would never have hurt me had you any choice, but you were the only weapon the fates had at hand, and like the unwitting blind Hadur among the Norse gods, pierced the heart of your joyful brother and condemned him to eternal schitophrenia. This is John O'Brien carrot-topped and Irish as a loud voice and boisterous friendship has ever made a man. He, too, loves the treacherous queen and will seek her image as long as he must live.

Nine days I've given Maureen Stearns to bow her haughty crown to my Bacchian pipes. Nine days to prove Pan's superiority to the little Goliath. And three days I've spent blow-

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ing my soul through all the many-pitched reeds at my disposal and for three days I've lit her mentholated weeds hoping that the next match might kindle a flame in her around-the-corner heart. But now I think I've won. The party's sort of slow but we dance and my feet are clumsy, shuffling out an omen I will not, cannot heed. I move my arm a little and she snuggles close, then presses. I'm sure that pressure means victory. Was Ed watching? I'll never know. I start to count the spoils, my host's grin is transformed with sheer delight. She stays in pretty close after the turntable gets ready to drop the next platter; and, perhaps, Oh Christ yes, for sure, I should never have let her go. My conquering hands fall to my sides and I turn to make some useless remark, radiant with joy.

The window pains rattle with the animal strains of a fast tune. John asks Maureen to dance. Still confident in my power, I smile as they swing out. I talk to Denny. John dances the next fast one with her and then a slow one. I see he is pitting his forces, joviality and tragedy, against the fortress. "Johnny's making a play for Maureen," I tell Denny. "But he won't get far. I think I've got it made." "Yeah," he says. He was once knocked off a more secure position on this same peak.

John disappears with her for what I hope is an innocent break. Later he is to say, "I got mine from her in the kitchen, brother. Wow, she almost knocked me off my Goddamn feet." This may or may not be true. Poor pawn, to imagine himself knocked higher than the king only to fall in the same rut as his sovereign majesty. The Philistines have swift, two-wheeled chariots.

While they're fooling around, Ed wanders in, bored and inscrutable as usual.

He mooches one of my cigarettes and sits down and I don't even notice him. John and Maureen come back and sit down on opposite sides of the room. I'm talking and suddenly sense the ominous tread of Ed's feet as he crosses the floor to ask Maureen to dance. They go in the other room; and, as the music stops, they kiss and whisper in each other's ears. The pawn leers in futile hatred and longing, and the last shreds of my carefully constructed shield are blown to equally impotent fury. Goliath has carried off his prize; and, as the party comes to the end I suddenly pray for, Ed shakes my

hand and says pregnantly, "Thanks a lot." Maureen, at least, can't look me in the eye, and John says, "There are plenty of other fish in the sea, believe me brother. I've learned, hundreds of times."

Ah, David, you were a poet. Teach me the secret of that sling. Show me the chink in the Philistine armour. And you, my lady, prize of battle, please unbelievably step through the chink which I beg you to find. Step through and have my pipes forever croon thy praises.

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THE POETRY OF E. E. CUMMINGS

by PAUL WARSHOW

In a note about E. E. Cummings in the beginning of *The Enormous Room*, the publisher calls him "the terror of type-setters, an enigma to book reviewers and a special target of all the world's literary philistines." Well, at the risk of being identified as a philistine, I am about to make him my special target.

To take Cummings in a large dose for the first time by going through his *Poems, 1923-1954* is a disappointing experience. Assuming we have read some Cummings here and there in the anthologies, we have a sense of a unique and genuine talent whom it would be profitable to pursue in a thick collection like this. But here we have his whole career laid out for us, and what do we find? Well, there is no doubt that Cummings is "fun"; and his tricks, though often superficial, provide a fascination which comes with not knowing what he will do next, and keep us reading. But an equally good reason that we keep reading is that we are looking for something which we never find: as we get further into the book, into later Cummings, we keep waiting for him to stop his clowning—which has never been particularly subtle and is by now becoming a bit wearing—and for him to mature and get a grasp on life, on the "real" questions that will do justice to his talent. But from beginning to end we find the same limitations: an indulgence in technical affectations; a lack of objective self-criticism, leading to ineffectiveness in the presentation of his material; and invariably a complete satisfaction with everything he produces, which has prevented him from maturing.

This does not mean that everything Cummings has written has been a failure; while these defects have severely limited his natural gift, they have not completely stifled it. He has written many successful and moving lyrics: "my girl's tall, with hard long eyes," "anyone lived in a pretty how town," the famous poem about Buffalo Bill, and several others. Cummings is most successful in lyrics like these and in his poems in which he skillfully creates an image or mood. He is less successful, in fact he usually fails, in his attempts at satire and irony. I have always felt that, to be effective, humorous verse requires a tight construction of which Cummings is incapable. Also, his satires often show the more unpleasant side of his

personality: his conceit and his disdain for the average man. But Cummings' limitations mar even his most successful poems. What are these limitations, and how do they result from Cummings's whole philosophy?

First of all there are Cummings's technical affectations. These techniques could not have a more ardent defender, nor Cummings himself a more devoted admirer, than the late Theodore Spencer, who, in an article "Technique as Joy" (Perspectives USA, Winter 1953), describes Cummings's every aspect in superlatives, until he emerges as "the finest, the most delightful lyric poet in this country." Spencer looks on each one of Cummings's technical innovations as a major achievement; to me they seem merely superficial contrivances, part of Cummings's defiance of tradition for defiance's sake: according to his philosophy of complete individualism, Cummings feels compelled to reject the language patterns that tradition has offered him. (Similarly, when giving the Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard, Cummings affectedly entitled them "nonlectures.") As far as I can see, Cummings's techniques achieve few of the effects by which Spencer justifies them.

To demonstrate the success of Cummings's unusual methods, Spencer quotes these lines from Poem 81 in *Collected Poems*:

l oo k —

pigeons fly ingand
whee(:are, SpRIN,k,LiNG an in-stant
with sunLight
then) 1—
ing all go BlacK wh-eel-ing
Here is how Spencer explains it:

Put into normal prose this would read more or less as follows: "Look! pigeons, flying and wheeling, are sprinkling an instant with sunlight; then all go black, wheeling." But to write the sentence like this obviously flattens it out, makes it less immediate. What Cummings is trying to do when he writes the passage as he does is to overcome a serious unfaithfulness to experience which is inherent in the use of language. When we use words we are in the element of Time: it takes several seconds to speak that sentence about the pigeons; one word has to come after another in chronological sequence. But the experience of *seeing* those pigeons was not involved with Time. The several things making up the experience all happened at once:

the wheeling of the pigeons and their sprinkling with sunlight were simultaneous events, simultaneously perceived. Normal writing destroys that simultaneity by describing first the wheeling, and *then* the sprinkling. Unlike painting, it imposes its own falsifying temporal order on the fact.

It is this falsification of experience which Cummings, himself a painter, wants to overcome. So he splits the word "wheeling" in half, and between the halves he puts the description of the sprinkling, and by so doing he catches the effect of "at-onceness" which he is after. . . . Cummings' typographical irregularities are not merely a bag of tricks; they are a necessary consequence of his extreme honesty.

Here Spencer is completely taken in by Cummings's "bag of tricks". These paragraphs have a defensive air, as if Spencer fears being taken up on what he is saying.

Cummings's attempt sounds nice in theory, but it simply doesn't work, for he is trying to force on writing a trait that doesn't belong to it. It is impossible to get around the fact that words must be read in some order: Cummings is merely switching the order and certainly not achieving the "simultaneity" which Mr. Spencer covets*. And while Spencer does not quite make it clear whether Cummings is attempting to give writing the characteristics of painting or of life itself, either theory is equally faulty. In the first case, Cummings (as interpreted by Spencer) might as well attempt to give his paintings a "lingual" effect belonging to writing by placing a caption below each one. In

* In fact, the chances are that the reader will be forced to put the parts together like a puzzle (as Spencer has), and that what he will really be reading is his own "translation," and all of Cummings's arranging will be completely for naught. For example, let us look at this poem (Poem 19) from Cummings's most recent book, *95 Poems*:

un(bee)mo
vi
n(in)g
are(th
e)you(o
nly)
asl(rose)eep

This obviously consists of two phrases: "unmoving are you asleep," and "bee in the only rose"; and the reader, having unscrambled the poem, will think of it as two phrases. Therefore, the scrambling of the two phrases together has no emotional significance, but merely announces the "simultaneity": it tells us that the two "incidents" are simultaneous, but doesn't make them so. Since conventional rhetoric could accomplish the same purpose, there is no reason for the unusual syntax, unless to obscure the fact that the poet has very little to say.



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the second case, Cummings is making the mistake of equating art with experience. Any art has its limitations: art is implicitly "a limitation," for it consists of selecting arranging experience. If Cummings ever succeeded in reaching the ultimate of what he is trying to do—that is, if he ever discover a technique by which his poetry could "be" the experience itself—what he would have would no longer be art.

One of Cummings's later developments is the "misuse" of parts of speech: the use of adjectives, adverbs, and verbs as nouns. Spencers quotes these lines: "my father moved through dooms of love/ through sames of am through haves of give . . ." "For the word 'am'," says Spencer, "substitute the normal 'being,' and something vitally active (apart from the rhythm) has disappeared." Spencer does not say what the "something" is; and (apart from the rhythm) I prefer "being": it gives a much clearer idea. Isn't it possible that techniques such as these simply make it easier to write poetry, but poetry which, by defying clarity, is less effective?

And all of Cummings's technical idiosyncrasies strike the same false note, as if they would never survive without a good defense attorney like Mr. Spencer to point out the theory behind each one. And if they fail in what they pretend to achieve, they merely detract by presenting obstacles to the reader.

I have spent so much time on Cummings's technique because it is the most striking thing about his poetry; when someone only vaguely familiar with Cummings's work hears his name, the first thing he is likely to think of is a mess of technical obstacles, or at least (if he is even less familiar with his work) that this is "e. e. cummings," the no-capital man. But since his technical tricks are, to me, superficial, what about the genuine Cummings? What about the philosophy which runs consistently through his poetry?

Let us look at this poem (Poem XVIII in *is 5*):

mr youse needn't be so spry
concernin questions arty

each has his tastes but as for i
i likes a certain party

gimme the he-man's solid bliss
for youse ideas i'll match youse

a pretty girl who naked is
is worth a million statues

Here we have both Cummings's philosophy and attitude. His philosophy is laudable: don't

bother yourself with being "arty," for in doing so you're missing all the fun; real beauty exists in nature: in trees and flowers and spring, and in a woman's body. But the attitude is snobbish and without compassion. Cummings is terribly proud of having found the answer to life, of sustaining a youthful spirit, of being sensitive to beauty in all its forms, of being able to spend half his time in bed without feeling guilty about it; in short, he is proud of being Cummings. The satire in this poem—with its patronizing use of slang—is, as in most of his poems, nasty rather than helpful. Cummings has no use for the type of person to whom he is speaking, who is mistaken as to what life is all about, nor does he have any use for the reader: he has no use for anyone but himself.

Cummings lacks the ability to look at his work objectively, a quality essential to any artist. Perhaps this is not a lack but a refusal, as Cummings disdains the intellect and worships "pure feeling." We get the impression that he never attempts to revise, or to step outside his own mind and look at his poems as the reader rather than as the poet. Evidently he reveres all words that flow from his pen, partly because they are "pure" (untouched by the critical faculty) and partly because they are Cummings; and therefore he assumes that revision would destroy the merit derived from the spontaneity of the poem. Although Cummings does have an unusual talent, this is still a snobbish attitude, implying that while most writers have to revise and discard, anything that Cummings pours forth is a gem; he merely has to let himself go.

As a result of this lack of self-criticism, Cummings's poems are often full of inconsistencies: clumsy changes in idiom and tone. Sometimes, in the midst of writing in a lyrical, poetic style, he will suddenly lapse into slang. This change is obviously for irony, but, as far as I can see, usually fails.

Although we do not expect to find consistency or unity in life or in ordinary speech, we do expect to find them in art: these are what makes it art. Cummings is giving us a new definition of art, similar to one we have seen recently among the Beat writers: a reluctance to be articulate or to organize, for fear of losing the "reality" or—as Spencer calls it—the "living moment." We need only look at the failure to communicate of writers like Jack Kerouac to see how this theory falls short. As I have shown in discussing Cummings's technique, it is a mistake to equate "art" with "experience." And as I will show, Cummings, far from presenting reality, is the most unrealistic of artists.

Another one of Cummings's admirers is Lionel Trilling, who—as editor—put some of Cummings's poems, along with Spencer's article, into the second issue of *Perspectives USA*. It is surprising that such a critical mind as Trilling's should admire Cummings, in whom the critical faculty is almost entirely lacking; and Cummings looks out of place in an issue which includes people like Jacques Barzun and Mary McCarthy. It is in such a context that we realize how terribly old-fashioned his attitudes are.

For while these writers, like all of our great modern thinkers, have kept a secure grasp on the problems and issues of modern life, Cummings simply hasn't faced up to reality. D. H. Lawrence resembled Cummings in his plea for uninhibited feeling in an emotionally impoverished era. But Lawrence was aware of man's plight, of the struggle that was needed to break the inhibiting shackles of society; and in his books he concerned himself with this conflict, contrasting the freedom of nature with the pressures of the machine age. In Cummings's poems, on the other hand, the pressures as such don't exist. His poems give us a simple, happy world, in which the only character is E. E. Cummings, who, by remaining a child, has neatly avoided facing up to the issues of maturity.

Thus the initial and obvious delight which we find in Cummings's verse eventually gives

way to disappointment, when we realize how little he understands us. Cummings's joy often seems unnatural to us; it is as if he has learned somewhere that one must be joyous at all costs, and is trying to live up to an image of joy without thoroughly understanding it; he often seems to force his joy into unnatural places. (Take Poem XIX in *is 5*, in which he describes warming up a virgin in terms of warming up a new car.) Cummings's poetry distills all life into a pinpoint of pure feeling; it is life crystal clear, as it appears to a child, without its complications or misunderstandings or uncertain feelings. While these, to be sure, obscure the "pure feeling," it is the complications, not the mythical purity of feeling, which constitute life as we know it. It is only in the context of reality that we know birds, trees, and love, and that they can function for us; Cummings's birds, trees, and love have little meaning for us, because they have been transplanted out of reality into a world of their own.

But while Cummings is limited in scope, he does not limit himself where it counts: within the limits of this "pureness," there are no further limits, not even the discipline of sensible artistic form. It is this lack of discipline, and the unrealistic vision of life of which it is a direct result, that have confined Cummings's success as an artist.

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QUEST

by PETER MOTT

Somewhere
In my world
Is a deep, thick forest —
Wherein a single flower collects amber dew
From the night air.
Every day I wander in
To stand and search out that lily white,
Hidden from sight
By the great wall.
Someday that barrier shall crumble,
And I shall discover the lily anew,
Suspended and caressed by sweet waters,
Sheltered by the Tree of Life.
No one else may find my thing of wonder
Or glance upon my very soul,
Because it's my forest
Where no one else goes.

MESSENGER UNHEARD

by PETER MOTT

The misty moon crept quietly over the sleeping city,
Casting shadows among the strivers below
Like a sower of seeds,
And called the shadows sleep.
The unheeding river
Twisted itself among muddy willow roots,
And like an aged silver thread
Flowed downward into darkness —
Its value spent.
A lonely bittern cried desperate warning to the night air
As his prey escaped;
But the city slept.

CYCLE

by PETER MOTT

Thoughts
Run through the minds
Of all people;
Gathering,
Growing there,
Joining there;
Thoughts that some day
Will make the world —
A better place
In which to improve
Our thinking.



DESERT ASLEEP*by PETER MOTT*

Up from its deep, dark burrow,
 A newly-born pocket mouse
 Pokes its clean pink nose
 Through the powdery sand of the wide desert
 And sniffs the sharp pungency
 Of a wilting cactus lily.
 The pale moon,
 Casting its gloomy pall of silence
 Down into deep rock fissures,
 Dissolves the rancor
 Of hunter and hunted
 In pallid
 And inviolable
 Whiteness.
 A stone-faced owl
 Perches ominously near a small gopher,
 While a swift-footed Gila
 Slides past a sleeping lizard.
 The last warm breeze slips quietly away,
 And the purple desert
 Lies tranquil
 In the gaze of the moon.

TIRED, TIRED FEET*by PETER MOTT*

Miraculous men
 Who have withstood the brunt of war,
 March victoriously home
 On tired, tired feet.
 Deep in their wretched souls
 Is a surge of pity
 And a cry for help.
 For the dead and vanquished foe,
 Seeped in the blood of ages,
 Is deaf to sinful earthly cries.
 All that is heard
 Is the sound of a bitter tear —
 And the eternal footfalls
 Of tired, tired feet.

FLIGHT*by AUGUSTUS NAPIER*

Pull, cock, and plunge:
 This red neon eagle
 Strides in three separate
 Moments, a shuddering flight,
 Never making its burst
 From the cage of black steel
 That broods out of night.

The slow cycling switch
 Whines and creaks like a tired,
 Wind-up rooster.

Above its bored pain
 I hear, moving in a rush,
 The wind-mixed whirling
 Cries of a cloud of birds
 Going on, shaping
 From fragments of pitched cries
 To a single living voice.

Continued From Page 5

me, something that I had to express." He looked at Mr. Fitts. "Isn't it that way with you?" he asked. Mr. Fitts nodded.

Mr. Fitts mentioned that he had heard Frost talk about the tension in poetry between cadence and meter. Mr. Frost nodded. "The meter has got to be there underneath," he said. "Sometimes when I'm reading poetry I swing my hand in time with the meter, just to remind myself."

From there the conversation turned to Frost's public appearances. "They want to hear me read my poetry, but it gets boring, reading my poetry all the time. I have a question period after each talk, but they keep asking me to read 'Birches' or 'The Road Not Taken.' Once I told a group of college students that I'd answer any question they asked, no matter what subject, just so long as they didn't ask me to read any poetry. So somebody in the audience raised his hand and asked 'What do you think of the Negro question, Mr. Frost?' Mr. Frost looked at us laughing, then went on. 'I like to give a lecture with my poetry reading: I'm a teacher more than anything else, I guess. When I'm speaking to a ladies' group, I give my little talk after I've finished reading my poetry — to bring them down from their rapture, you know.'"

"To bring them down from their rapture." I had the feeling that I'd heard it somewhere before, and I had, in *A Swinger of Birches*.

He won't give up common sense.

He must have the practical, limited, everyday truth while he seeks the whole truth. Otherwise he would have only a magnificent illusion. He "cares so much for facts that he seems sometimes to care only for them."

Rapture cannot snatch him clear away from the real; he keeps kicking down to earth. The ultimate real, which is what he has always wanted, must be attainable, if at all, in increasingly close relation with the particular real, this reality here at last fitted with all those other realities.

It was time to go, as Mrs. Fitts had announced twenty minutes before. We stood up; ten minutes later we had our coats on and were saying good-bye. As we shook hands, I mentioned to Mr. Frost that *The Mirror* might make some money by publishing "The Traitor." Might he be interested in royalties? Mr. Frost was amused. "What are you going to do with all this money?" he asked. "Are you going to keep it for yourself, or are you going to put it

in the magazine," I said. "Well, then, why don't you establish some sort of a fund or prize?" I mentioned the Mirror Prizes, the twenty-five dollars given for the best student writing and art work in each issue. "We could use your money for the Mirror Prizes," I said. He thought that was a good idea; so from now on the Mirror Prizes will be known as the Robert Frost Prizes. We shook hands again at the doorway; then I followed Mr. and Mrs. Fitts to their car at the end of the path.

* * *

The Editors are grateful for those who made it possible for us to find and publish "The Traitor." These include Mr. Frederick Allis, Mr. Newton McKeon, and the staff of the Oliver Wendell Holmes Library, who found the poem; Mr. Dudley Fitts, Mr. Frederick O'Brien, and Mr. Frost himself, for their assistance in the publication of the poem.

Since last May, when we published "An Introduction to Chinese Art" by Mrs. Raymond LaMontagne, we have encouraged faculty members to contribute *The Mirror*. In this issue we are honored to present contributions from two poets in our English Department: Mr. Dudley Fitts and Mr. Augustus Napier.

Mr. Fitts needs no introduction. His reputation as translator, poet, and teacher could not be much enhanced by our superlatives. Suffice it to say that "Carmen Hiemale" on page ten is the best thing that's happened to Latin since the Gallic Wars.

Mr. Augustus Napier, a teaching fellow, has kindly provided us with an introduction; we will leave the superlatives to the reader.

Mr. Napier writes: "I hail, originally, from Lumber City, Georgia, which is paradoxically, not a city but an outpost of the Okefenokee (Pogo) Swamp; I went to Jeff Davis High School near there, and made, at eighteen, a rather abrupt and accidental jump, via a scholarship, to Wesleyan University, Conn., where I discovered the existence of the English language, poems, novels, and the science requirement. I survived biology, imbibed psychology, and settled joyously into the English major. At Wesleyan I took the senior English prize, graduated with High Distinction in English, Honors in General Scholarship (I believe those are the generic names I am now entitled to), was president of my fraternity and the senior class and the interfraternity council, editor of the liter-

spent the summer after my graduation resting.

"Since coming to Andover I've lost weight, gained a lot of valuable knowledge and friends, have had three poems published in *Voices* and two more accepted but not yet published in the *Transatlantic Review*.

"This item goes in the first paragraph: my tutor in my honors project was Richard Wilbur, my project the composition of a volume of verse.

I can't imagine you would want this much of this sort of thing, but it's fun writing tout de meme."

THE ACHILLES HEEL

by STEVE MOST

a song from *The Bygones*



I learned a dance from a gal with amateur standing
Which I'll pass on to you today.
She was a gal without license
Who had plenty of horse sense
And what's more, she never said "neigh."
When I dated this gallup
My desire she would stirrup:
I was steamy as a Turkish bath.
Though it never behoofed her
To resist a suitor,
She wouldn't walk on the bridle path.
A shoemaker who shod her
Wanted to be fodder
So he gave her plenty of reign.
When she saw him smoulder,
She gave him the colt shoulder,
And then she said, "Curses! I've been foaled again!"
I learned a dance from this gal with the foxy trot
And I'll teach it to you
To improve the harlot's lot:

When you swing in a ring and can do anything,
You're doin' the Achilles Heel.
Though it's easy to move once you're in the right groove,
You've gotta have some sex appeal.
When you wiggle and twist and you cannot resist
To act just the way you feel,
Then you're swingin', then you're wingin',
Then you're doin' the Achilles Heel.

It's the cake walk that takes the cake:
You're doin' the Achilles Heel.

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MIRROR







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SCAREDY-CAT

by PAUL WARSHOW

Something came between the sun and Andrew's closed eyes, and he opened them. He saw a young boy about fourteen stepping over his legs. As soon as the boy stepped from Andrew's towel onto the sand, he began to hop along with quick, light steps, because the hot sand burned his feet. The last time Andrew had gone barefoot to a beach he had been about fifteen. Ever since then he had brought slippers—until he had stopped going to the beach at all. As he watched the boy, he thought of a jumping bean, which jumps in someone's hand because of the heat. It seemed to Andrew like some tragic paradox that the boy could never remove himself from the sand except for a second, just long enough for his feet to cool off to a bearable degree. Andrew knew how it felt, and he began to grimace empathically, until he looked up at the boy's face and saw that it was serene. Andrew felt embarrassed. Didn't the boy realize how he was being played upon, what a dirty trick it was of the earth to bring him down each time?

At this point, the boy stopped, put his towel down on the ground, and stood on it. A group of two men and two girls, who had been walking right behind him, separated and brushed past on either side, jostling him a little. The boy just stood there, as people walked past. In about thirty seconds, when his feet had cooled off, he stepped off the towel, picked it up, and continued toward the water in the same manner, until he passed the line between the light and dark sand which showed the farthest reach of the waves onto the shore. A long, man-made rock wall jutted out into the water. The boy dropped his towel and ran out on this with what seemed great agility to Andrew, considering the likelihood that he would catch his feet between the large rocks. When he reached the end, he plunged head first into the water. Andrew felt a shudder run through him. He sat up very straight, with his hands dug tightly into the sand on either side of his blanket, and stared in horror for what seemed an infinitely long time, until he saw the boy's blond head break through the agitated surface of the water. Then he suddenly relaxed, falling backwards, so that his head bumped cruelly against the sand. He put his arm over his eyes, the bend in the elbow over his nose, and tried to forget what

he had just seen.

What am I doing on this beach, anyway? he asked himself. It was a rhetorical question, he knew pretty well what he was doing at the beach. What he didn't know—or what he thought he didn't know—was why people don't leave you alone.

It was Eleanor who had asked him to come to the beach:

"Now that you're cured, there's no reason why we shouldn't all go to the beach, is there, Andrew?"

"No, there isn't," he had said unconvin-
gently, and Eleanor had kissed him on the cheek.

So here they were. He had promised Eleanor he would go for a "dip" (the deliberate casualness of this word she used had frightened him) when he finished sunning himself. He knew Eleanor and Jo-Jo were somewhere around the edge of the water, Eleanor leading Jo-Jo in just far enough to get wet ("We will get Jo-Jo used to the water gradually," she had said intelligently), and he wondered mildly where they were, but not enough to look. He was now making a conscious effort to relax. ("Even when you think you are relaxed," he had read somewhere—Dr. Someone—"many of your muscles are not. It takes a conscious effort on your part.") He tested mentally every muscle, beginning with his feet, until he reached his head.

All at once, the aura of the waiting room came back to him: the big, formidable chairs; the traditional copies of *Life*, *Time*, and *The Saturday Evening Post*, to make it look like any doctor's office; he remembered even the smell, although there were no words for it. There, too, sitting with his arms recumbent on the soft, wide arms of the chair, he had made a conscious effort to relax.

It was Eleanor, too, who had made him go to the psychiatrist. She had even gone down to the office with him. Then she had left him to sit in the big chair himself. He had tried to read a magazine; but now he simply sat. The chair was holding him everywhere: he didn't need to use a single muscle. Yet he could feel his heart beat faster than usual, and he knew that if he tried to cross his hand over to get something out of his pocket, it would tremble a little. Mind and body, mind and body, he thought. At that moment he heard someone call, "Andrew Fine." He stood up from his chair with as little motion as possible, but awkwardly. The nurse smiled impersonally and said,

"Right this way."

The psychiatrist stood up from his chair as Andrew entered, and Andrew reached across the desk to shake his hand, trying to smile calmly to prove that he was not victimized by his particular problem—as yet unknown to the doctor—and yet knowing too that his smile was unnatural. The psychiatrist was in his middle thirties, perhaps even a year or so younger than Andrew. His almost inhuman warmth, so obviously designed to make the patient feel at home, made Andrew want to protest, saying, "You needn't bother with me. I'm really not like your other patients. There can easily be an understanding between us. I am a very rational man."

"Would you like to lie down, sit, or stand up?" asked the psychiatrist.

"I'll sit down," Andrew said. Lying down was the traditional position for the patient, and by lying down he felt he would be surrendering himself, which was something he didn't want to do. So he sat; but later on he would discover that he couldn't find a place for his hands.

As he told the psychiatrist his problem a few minutes later, he felt as if he were discussing someone else. He made a point of showing how ridiculous it seemed to him—Andrew—

in order that he would not be forced to go through having the doctor show him how ridiculous it was. He told about waking up, the morning after the dream. In the dream, swimming back up to the surface after his plunge, he had found that he could not reach the surface. Faintly in the distance he could see light; but as he moved toward it, it moved away. He felt his lungs aching for air. More than anything else, he wanted to inhale. He opened his mouth wide. As he sucked in, he could feel the water rushing into his lungs and himself sinking painfully into oblivion. Waking up trembling, and seeing Eleanor, confused and frightened, leaning over the bed, he knew that he must have made a lot of noise and that the sounds he had made had probably been awful. He could hear the baby crying in the next room. He shuddered and, still not fully awake, hoped to undo it all by burying his face in the pillow.

He did not tell Eleanor then about the dream until two years later, when she had begun to wonder why he avoided going swimming. He could tell by the way she reacted that it was a mistake. How big a mistake it had been, however, he did not suspect. There was no way of his knowing how seriously she would take it.

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All this he told the doctor. The doctor smiled and said that he thought there was nothing to worry about, that his problem would easily be solved. He spent a lot of time proving to Andrew that if he went under water, it would be physically impossible for what he had dreamt to occur. Andrew grew restless, and his mind began to wander. He moved his leg up and down and tapped his fingers on the bottom of his wooden chair. Why did he have to pay money to be told what he already knew? But he nodded as the doctor talked: he understood what the doctor was saying and agreed with him. Then the doctor said that the dream had caused Andrew to be afraid of going under water and asked him if he understood that it had only been a dream. Andrew nodded again. Then the doctor pushed his chair back a few inches, and Andrew knew he was about to get up. The doctor smiled and said that now that Andrew understood what had caused his fear and knew that it was irrational, he would no longer be afraid.

"Isn't that true?" he asked, smiling.

Andrew wanted to tell him that everything he had been told in that hour he had known before, that he didn't think he felt any better about his problem. But the doctor looked so pleased and certain that he did not want to make things difficult, and he thought: perhaps he is right, it *will* be all right.

"Yes," he said and tried to smile.

The doctor got up, and Andrew got up, and they shook hands.

A sharp prod in the belly interrupted Andrew's train of thought. He opened his eyes and saw Jo-Jo standing on his stomach.

"Don't do that, honey," he said.

He reached forward and removed her by placing his hands under her arms and putting her off the blanket beside him.

"Mommy's coming," said Jo-Jo.

Andrew looked up and saw Eleanor about a hundred feet away, walking toward them. She waved, and in a minute she was standing above him. Because she was standing in the sun, he could not make out her figure exactly.

"Darling, are you going for a dip now?" she said.

Andrew sat up. He could feel himself turning pale, and he thought that Jo-Jo could tell from looking at him that he was frightened. He wanted to yell at Eleanor, "Leave me alone!" Ever since she had known about Andrew's problem, she had been troubled. It was unimpor-

tant; yet she would not be happy until it had been smoothed out, made somehow to disappear. Like a teacher calling on the pupils she knows does not have the answer, she would always throw him into a situation where he would fail, hoping that some time he would not, but never admitting the possibility of perpetual failure, and therefore never allowing herself to forget the failure.

"Daddy is a scaredy-cat," said Jo-Jo.

Andrew stood up and looked down toward the rock wall, and for a moment his diving into the water seemed purely a physical action. Like someone trying to predict whether he can make a certain jump, he pictured his flight down the beach, along the wall, and in. And then, feeling the hot sand against his feet, he realized that he was actually running. He did not hear Eleanor call out to remind him that he had forgotten his slippers. He ran diagonal to the shore, until he found himself in line with the rock wall; then he turned and, in his mind, aimed not for the wall itself but for the very end point of the wall, at which he would leave for the water.

First the sand burning against the soles of his feet. Then the unevenness of the rocks on the wall, and a twisted ankle, from getting his feet caught between two rocks. Then the reckless, precipitate plunge. And finally the horrible pressure and the water rushing madly about his ears.

Swimming back up to the surface after his plunge, he found that he could not reach the surface. Faintly in the distance he could see light; but as he moved toward it, it moved away. He felt his lungs aching for air. More than anything else, he wanted to inhale. He opened his mouth wide. As he sucked in, he could feel the water rushing into his lungs and himself sinking painfully into oblivion.



DANDELIONS

by W. V. B. Damon

Dad had another heart attack this morning, and the doctor told us it doesn't look too good. Actually, I've known it's been coming for some time now, but it did take me a little by surprise, it being still winter; and there's still snow on the ground, stopping the flowers from coming out. But what gets me mad about this thing, my damn sister's not talking to me, and giving me dirty looks every time she sees me, in front of Mother even, who's been crying all day anyway, because of Dad I guess.

I must have smoked a carton of cigarettes since yesterday; I don't think I'll ever be able to give it up. I came close right after Dad let me quit boarding school, but I didn't know then that as soon as you're down to three or four cigarettes a day, you have to stop completely, and I've never gotten around to trying it again.

I got in a lot of trouble at boarding school for smoking, and I suppose Dad was right in getting so mad about it. I really didn't have to smoke then, but I made some very good friends that way, sort of "smoking buddies." While I was at that school, I did almost anything to make friends, but I never did have very many. For one thing, at a place like that, if you have certain friends, a lot of other guys seem to hate you, so it ends up, you've got to choose friends like your brand of cigarettes. The main thing, though, was that there were no girls, except for private school ones, which there seems to be definitely something wrong with. I don't know why, but not being around girls bothers me more than other guys I know.

It was pretty obvious that I didn't like boarding school, but I had to go to an awful lot of trouble to convince Dad that. I don't know why he sent me there in the first place, as he doesn't have any money and he had to work very hard to pay the tuition; it really doesn't seem worth the "status." I should have thought Dad would have been glad when I quit. When I said this to my damn sister, though, she said it was "how" I quit, but I am sure she is wrong about that; I really am.

You see, the way I figure it, nobody, even your dad, has a right to ruin the only time in your life that's even worth anything, the only time when you can have a good time. I mean, it's all the same when you're dead anyway, so you might as well do what you like doing while alive. I was sure I had the right to leave prep

school any way I could, without getting kicked out; because that would have meant I wasn't good enough for the school.

In the spring term as a sophomore, I really started to put pressure on Dad. I don't think I talked to him once until the middle of the summer, except to say that I wanted to go to high school next year. He was pretty unreasonable about it though, and kept saying, over and over, "This will pay off for you when you decide you want to go to a good college, and it takes only prep school boys." I seriously doubt if I've ever heard anything that makes less sense.

I was actually pretty unhappy for the first half of that summer just thinking that after two more months I'd have nine months until the next two months, and so on. That was the summer I started chain smoking, and I got drunk almost every night, and sometimes in the day, until I got so broke I couldn't buy my own beer, and I hate to sponge off friends.

One afternoon after I got drunk at the beach with some friends, Dad came home early from work because his back was bothering him. I had a date that night, so I planned to take a shower and relax for an hour around the house. But Dad said he wanted me to pick the dandelions on the lawn, and when I said I would do it tomorrow, he started yelling some-

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thing about teaching me not to "procrastinate." As he was really not in a good mood, I suppose I should have done what he wanted, but I didn't have much control of myself then, and at that time I didn't think very much of him anyway, so I told him to go to hell. Then he went outside and started picking the dandelions himself, with his bad back, obviously expecting me to run and say I'd pick them right away. When I just sat watching him, he got very mad, and came inside and started yelling at me again. I took quite a bit of this, but soon it was more than I could stand, so I lost my head, and yelled back at him some pretty stupid things. For instance, I told Dad how I liked those dandelions he wanted me to cut, better than I liked him, because they just stood there, not bothering anybody, and yet lived like they wanted to, being bravely bright yellow against green,

until someone like him comes along and picks them, because they don't fit in with his lawn. Dad's eyes opened real wide, and he started to beat my head against the wall, until my mother came in to stop him. Then she had a fight with him, saying how she wouldn't sleep in the same bed with a man who beats his son. Dad had his first heart attack the next day, but after he got well, he told me I could go to high school next year.

My damn sister said that I was probably glad this happened, and after I calmed down, I figured she is right, or at least partly. But it's funny how things get out of control; after Dad decided to let me quit prep school, I really tried to act nice to him, and talk to him, because he always seemed lonely. But, somehow, things just never changed.

CANDLES

by ROBERT LEVIN

The girl entered the restaurant followed by a young man who was holding her arm tightly. On each of the little tables in the restaurant, there was a candle enclosed in a glass cylinder. It was late and the candles had burned down, each wick drowning in its melted wax. The young man was trying to appear casual but betrayed his inexperience by standing nervously near the door, wondering whether they should sit down or wait to be seated. Finally, to their relief, a waiter appeared and led them to a table in the back of the restaurant. As they passed, a boy looked up and watched them sit down, squirm out of their coats, and scrutinize the menu.

"Would you like a drink first?" asked the waiter.

"No," answered the boy, "just two hamburgers and Cokes."

Somewhat later he opened the conversation. "You were telling me about this girl, at school, the one..."

"Oh yes," the girl interrupted. "This girl, Susan is her name, came into my room one afternoon. She's not too well liked at school, probably because she is sort of ugly and her clothes are terrible and she always looks as if she just got out of bed. Anyway, I guess her grandmother died and she came to talk with me, even though I only knew her casually. Her eyes were all red and swollen when she came in and just after she started to tell me about it she started to

cry again, big gasping sobs, you know. Just then another girl came in, and, ignoring Susan, began telling me about a date she had the night before. Well, it was a embarrassing situation for me, and since I didn't think there was anything I could say to make Susan feel better, I started to talk with the other girl. Pretty soon Susan stopped crying, got up, and went out. A few days later, I heard that she had left school."

The young man didn't know what to say. The girl had been leaning over the table, self-consciously pushing breadcrumbs into the tablecloth with her long fingernails. Her lipstick was smudged ludicrously. The young man moved his chair closer until his knees touched hers under the table.

The other boy had been staring at the girl ever since she had entered. A frown crossed his face as he rose slowly, then walked quickly toward her and stopped in front of their table, saying, "Nancy White, I haven't seen you for years... Don't you remember me?... Isn't your name Nancy?... I'm awfully sorry, you looked... I thought... you looked like someone I used to know, I'm terribly sorry." He returned to his table, jerkily paid his check, and left.

The young man spoke first. "Nancy, how could you do that?"

"Before I went away," she answered, "I used to know that boy. Don't you think I'd make a good actress? He was so sure he recognized me, and didn't he look embarrassed when he walked away! God, thought I'd break out laughing!"



BY WILLIAM TORBERT

ROBERT AND THE MYSTERY MOUND

by PAUL KALKSTEIN

Robert was almost eight years old and he loved to play in his big grassy back yard. Over by the Smith's hedge there was a little battlefield where Robert's soldiers fought on sunny spring afternoons. The ivy-bordered fishpond between the rosebeds was the Spanish Main, where pirateships flying the Jolly Roger fought and plundered. The rhododendron grove was the scene of many of Robert's adventures: here there were lots of places where Robert could hide, safe from imaginary pursuers.

One day, when Robert was exploring in the tall grass between his mother's peonies and the Templeton's fence, he came upon a mound of earth almost hidden by the grass around it. Robert noticed that there was not much grass growing on the egg-shaped mound, and he examined it curiously until his mother called him in for dinner.

Robert thought about the mound again before he went to sleep, and all night he dreamed about it. Robert saw Captain Kidd bury his biggest treasure there, and mark the spot with a bloody X on his map. Some of Kidd's men plotted to kill the captain and dig up the treasure, but Kidd found out and killed them with his long cutlass. Captain Kidd was standing there in Robert's back yard, looking at the mound where he had buried his treasure and chuckling to himself. Then two men with knives in their hands sneaked up behind the captain. Partially hidden by the rhododendron, he saw that these men were going to kill the captain and take away the treasure. He pulled his Wham-O sling shot out of his hip pocket and put a marble into the pouch. He lay prone, partially hidden by the rhododendrons, pulled back the sling, aimed carefully, and let the

marble fly, hitting one of the pirates in the temple.

Seeing his companion slain, the other man ran away. Robert walked over to the captain.

"Nice shot, kiddo," said Kidd. "You saved my life."

"It was nothing," said Robert.

"When I die, the treasure is yours," said Captain Kidd. And he ripped up the map.

Robert woke up. He dressed quickly and ran outside to the mound. He grabbed a shovel the gardner had left in the peony beds, and just when he was about to plunge the shovel into the mound, he stopped short.

"No!" he said. "This is my mystery mound. It shall be mine and no one else's, and I shan't dig it up for a long time."

And so several weeks passed. Robert would go out afternoons and lie in the tall grass with his head on the mound, dreaming of what was in it. It contained fabulous and exotic treasures of all kinds: gold, emeralds, silks and spices, doubloons, diamonds, and happiness — and Robert lay in peaceful bliss, thinking how wonderful it would be when the treasure was his. Yet he dared not dig it up. . .

Then, about three weeks later, at the dinner table Robert's father said: "Tomorrow I'm having that back section beyond the peonies plowed under. We will plant grass there; I'm tired of those weeds."

Robert could find nothing to persuade his father not to have the field plowed, since he could not tell him about the mystery mound. All night Robert tossed and turned in bed, worrying about his mound. He finally fell asleep at about four, and woke up with the sun at six. There was a determined look on his face as he dressed and went out the back door. He got a spade from the garage and went over to the mystery mound. He sat down for a last minute of contemplation; then he plunged the spade into the earth and turned over a shovelful; and another—nothing. The treasure must have been buried deeper. He turned over a few more shovelfuls, and still finding nothing, began to dig feverishly. A sweat broke out on Robert's forehead. He continued to dig. Finally he felt his shovel hit a hard object. He dropped the spade, fell on his knees, and scooped the dirt with his hands, his heart pounding with eager anticipation. He could feel a sort of box—it was rounded, and not very large. He uncovered it at last and pulled it up. . .

Tears streamed from his eyes and he vomited as he extracted his treasure from a large tomato juice can—a large, gray, decaying rat, covered

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THE RAVEN AND THE CRANE

by JOHN SMOLENS

There once was a raven whose raven wife cravin'
 for love of a Westchester crane
 was so misbehavin' she gave 'im the raven
 (she must have had cranes on the brain.)
 She said, "I've been slavin' so much it's depravin'
 this raven is really a pain,"
 and without even wavin' goodbye to the raven
 she left him—flew off in the rain.
 He's so craven enclavin' himself in his haven
 he'll never come out in the rain,"
 thought the raveness, savin' her love for clean-shaven
 and flat-topped old Charlie the crane.
 But the raven, misgaven about her behavin'
 a smart bird and using his brain,
 had decided for stavin' off harm from his raven
 he'd go talk to Charlie the crane.
 Said to Charlie the raven, "My wife's misbehavin'
 in bed, she's as stiff as a cane;
 her tail needs a shavin', her breast is concaven,
 I know I've no right to complain,
 but she might be forgiven if some other raven
 would steal off my feathery bane."
 Now that raven so knavin' still has his wife slavin'
 his bidding, and as for the crane,
 he has found his own haven, and not with a raven,
 and love conquers all, it is plain.

RECOLLECTION

by JOHN SMOLENS

o you know what it's like in the summer
 in the evening
 when the air glows orange
 ast below Washington Square on MacDougal Street
 mong espresso places with shimmering faces
 and clinking glass
 and youthful voices
 on the air cools
 and subdues restlessness

leaving only a vague anticipation
 of somebody else's evening

o you know what it's like in the summer
 in the evening
 when the air glows
 orange?

MONKEY RUMBLE

by JOHN SMOLENS

Nineteen whimsical apemen running in a line
 filling thirty-eight footprints one step at a time
 stopped at the sudden sight of a big black mamba
 fishing feelings unthinking so thirty-eight prints
 deepened thirty-nine shadow pocks, since for that,
 a mamba (carramba!) swings like a whack in the head,
 like nineteen whimsical apemen running in a line all dead.

CONFLICT FOR TWO PEOPLE ALONE

by TOM EVSLIN

Once upon a time in the twilight of time a thousand million years from now and many more, Cupid was an old man. And like all old men he loved to tell stories to his children, and his children were many.

"Daddy, Daddy, tell us a story," they would say. "Tell us a story from your war with Anteros," they begged. And Cupid's eyes twinkled as he stroked his beard, which needed much stroking; for, although it was long and white, the beard of Cupid had a dancing mischievous twist at the end.

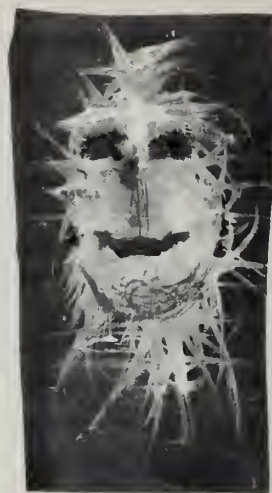
"Well," said the old archer, shifting his quiver and propping himself on one elbow the better to chew a particularly sweet blade of grass, "after the dark centuries, just as people were learning again that love exists not only in couplets but in clinches, and 'bosoms' and 'limbs' were being forgotten, there were a boy and a girl. The girl was afraid of love, afraid of both its pains and pleasures; and I dared not shoot her lest she creep into some dark cave of self-deception and false-motivated self-denial where I could not reach her."

But, his children wondered, how can Daddy's arrows bring pain? Love is, by definition, sweet.

"Love, by definition, 's not," the old man said with a reminiscent laugh, thinking of the definitions men had desperately tried to hang on to love, as if to name it were to stay it. "Emotions are not one-sided coins," he said. "Love can be the height of pleasure only because it is capable of being the depths of despair. Do you think that it's a kind of soft-drink that can be sucked sweetly and is sticky on your fingers when it dries? No! Love is . . . but I digress.

"The boy's heart on his sleeve, or, rather, in his face, was an easy mark. He could no more hide his feelings than duck my arrows, and he wished to do neither.

"It was spring and the ground was tender and the leaves their prettiest green. May freshened musty piles of old leaves, sloppily tossed in corners the Autumn before. And from behind a full moon I winged my arrow at the boy as he and the girl and a small boat sailed on a big ocean under a big sky. He thought it was the air and the sea and the smell of girl's hair, he thought it was the strength of his arm on the tiller and half remembered lines of poetry, and



he was right. She saw him smile and felt lonely and vacant; imaginary fingers ran up and down her spine and, ashamed, she repressed them; but she moved closer to him. The keel chuckled the secret to the wavelets and they ran tripping out into the dark to kiss the beaches.

And now I could help the boy no longer, but he was a lover and needed no help. He glowed with the force of the love within him and the girl could not help warming her hands before the fire . . . 'just a little' she thought; but one cannot leave an enchanted place easily after eating pomegranate seeds. She struggled to escape, lashed out at the boy in her frenzy. She beat at nought but flames; and at last, overwhelmed, entered into the fire and was consumed by it. Together they burned so bright that the straw men placed before other couples, the absolute transient mores of society, quickly were reduced to flaking ashes in their presence; and words were just bubbles of laughter to pass the time.

"Ahh, my children, you may blame Anteros for what happened next; but he could no more close a warm heart than I open a cold one. He was strong and he had strong allies and he knew how to use them. First of these was shame, born in the lusts of celibacy and nursed by flat-breasted women. *Shame* Anteros whispered in the girl's ear, and she could no longer hear *I love you* whispered in the other ear. *I love you*, the only absolution; yet she could not hear it. And *shame* gossiped her friends as they carried their own books and as they carefully dabbed the hollow behind each ear with perfume that would evaporate unsmelled. *Shame* they hissed between their clenched teeth, their bodies taut and sweating as they dreamed dreams they would carefully erase before waking. But she couldn't see their dreams; and *shame* was the sound of her sobs as Anteros threatened brim-

stone and sneaked into a corner of her, disguised as shame.

"The boy's love was strong, and he fought Anteros. There was no shame in him, and another's shame almost become laughable in his presence, almost . . . Anteros fumed within her when the boy was near, but he hung on and tore at the girl whom love had made terler. Then he used his second weapon. Doubt crawled from a shadow in the girl and rushed back and forth along the bridge between the two hearts, multiplying as it shuttled and destroying the bridge with its acid excretion.

"Now they could talk only with their mouths and they fought. Now they could not and would not read each other's faces. The boy lost the right to absolve her; and their painful kisses were loveless, lustless sins. They grew apart as Anteros grew more and more unhappy . . ."

"Unhappy, Dad?" they asked.

"Yes," said the god of happiness, "yes, unhappy. Anteros is bound by his own misery to make others miserable, yet this can bring him only greater pain. "However," said the old man, "this does not impair his efficiency. He made the rift permanent with his third weapon, pride. Bitter words were said and never could the boy and girl come together again."

The children looked glum, but the old man skipped nimbly to his feet. "That is not the end of the story, though. The boy had learned the pleasures of love, and Anteros could never enter into him, having destroyed the bridge himself. He had much the same problem in polluting the boy as I had in sweetening the girl. The boy became a rhapsodic missionary of my cause, seducing the muse, and using her gifts to hammer at the wall he'd once run into, the wall of impotency reared between love and desire by those who couldn't go on yet needed an excuse to stop. Yet this was but one battle in my long war with that demon, called Satan by some and Anteros by others, and created in the minds of man.



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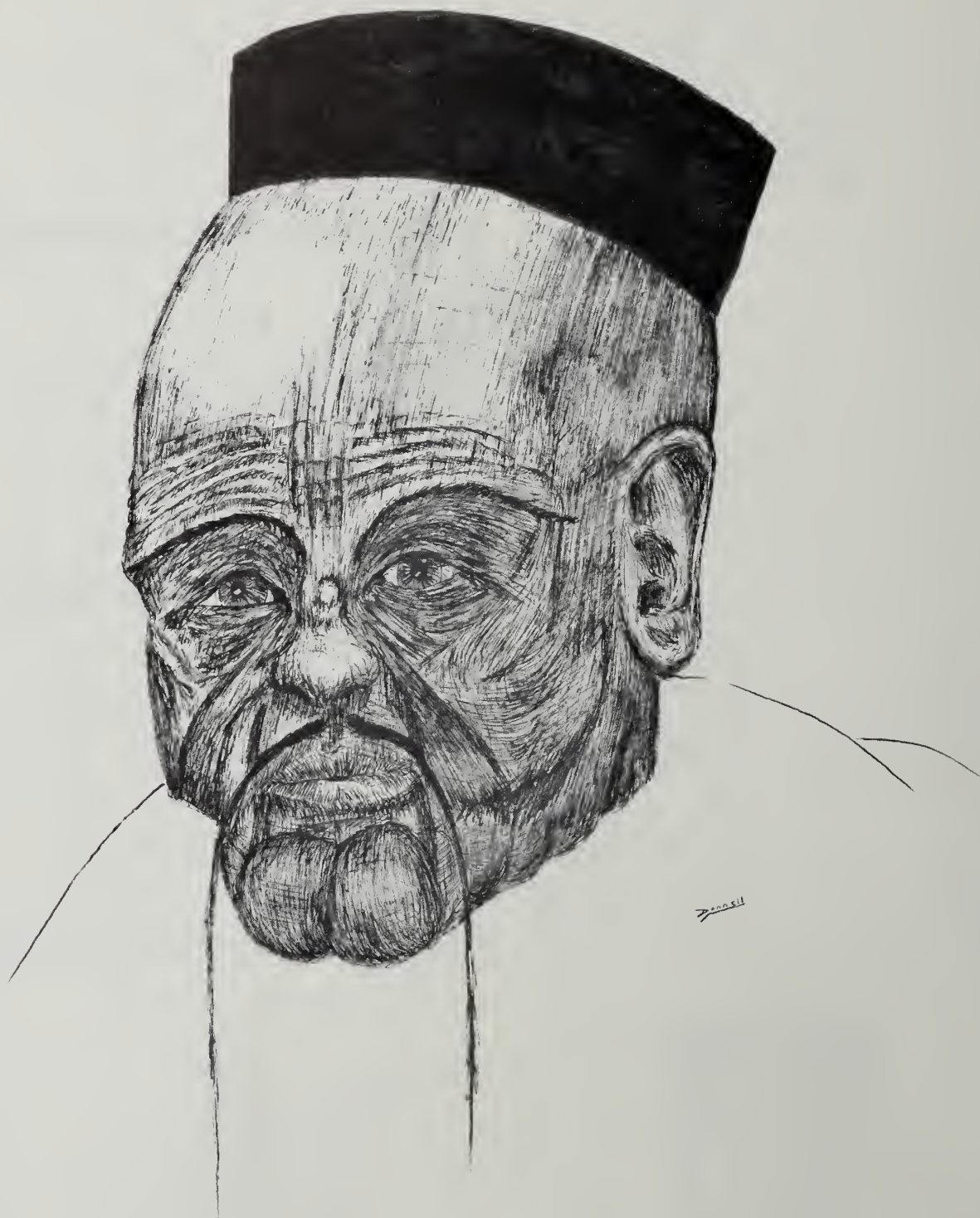
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L'EMPLOI DE NEANT

by JOHN SMOLENS

"vanité, vanité,
c'est une vie de vanité"
juene Maité me disait,
"qu'est-ce que c'est que vanité?"
je ne pouvais commencer,
mais à dire, renversé,
"Dieu est mort et Mort est née."
"mon petit," elle disait,
"comme tu aimes ton vanité."
et j'étais embrassé
cent fois (vive la volupté!)
qu'est-ce que c'est que vanité?
qui peut dire, excepté,
lorsqu'un homme desire aimer,
la reponse est vanité,
eh?

LAST FRIDAY

by JOHN SMOLENS

Slow
the lightly falling droplets of the gray
mist
lift and fall, suspend above the grass
below
and yet the stillness of the quiet air
above the droplets resting on the grass
below
lives

NO APOLOGY

by JOHN SMOLENS

In August of the ending summer
she spoke softly
as if the breezes of the early spring
were just now dying.
I couldn't hear the words she had to say
but found a sentimental souvenir:
some blond hair, collected.
I could have tossed it off
I will some day.

RIGHT: How goes it at this post, good captain Frank?
Hast seen the enemy power?

BAGS: We've set upon a password: cheeseburger.
E'en now our scouts and spies do infiltrate
The misty darkness, seeking out our friends
Cut off from us, as far as the new dorms
And Williams Hall and crumbling Cheever House.
They'll bring them back, and when they say the word,
Allow them to come in and swell our ranks.
(*Alarums. Enter Steve Bumkin, running.*)
What news, what news?

RIGHT: Tis well we have them—they are talking points.
But O the sorrow clutching at my heart
To hear that Weavs is dead, the Rhodent hurt.

BUMKIN: He lies in the infirmary set up
In Johnson Hall.

RIGHT: Let's hurry to his side;
'Twould be my pain to hear that he had died
Ere our arrival. O what fiendish fate
Has set his claws into a soul so great?
(*Exeunt Right, Bags, Symthe.*)

ACT TWO, SCENE TWO

The main camp of the Faculty, near the Armillary Sphere. Elphy sits in a camp chair, flanked by Werbus and Alsek.

ELPHY: Rebellion? they? I snicker at the thought!
Alsek, we're fools, and you do head the list.
What's more, the impulses of half my mind
Tell me that Right was right.

WERBUS: Ridiculous!
We shall have quelled the rogues' revolt by dawn,
Hanged the ringleaders, posted aides-de-camp
And handed out demerits to the rest.
(*Enter Farce, as messenger.*)

FARCE: The rush upon the northwest barricade
Is driven hard aback. Many are slain
And Dr. Race is captured, among others.

ELPHY: Well, Werbus, well? the dawn comes on apace.

WERBUS: A little time will mend this brief reverse.

ELPHY: O that a little time would mend all ills;
No matter how this ends, the school is hurt,
And many and many a gallant soul is lost,
Student as well as teacher.

WERBUS: Think you, then,
That there are gallant souls among those dogs?

ELPHY: Perhaps more brave than those that flank me now.

ALSEK: Your words have galled me—I throw down my gage.
(*Does so.*)

WERBUS: I throw down mine; my honor is at stake. (*Follows suit.*)

ELPHY: I can but meet you; Alsek, you threw first—
At dawn tomorrow you may do your worst.
(*Enter Peanuts and the Pinch, as guards, hustling Dross before them.*)

PEANUTS: We found this varlet sneaking round the camp.

PINCH: He swears he knows nothing of the revolt.

ALSEK: Lies, filthy lies—but we can make him talk.
Dross breaks away, grabs a paper from his shirt pocket and swallows it. The guards seize him again.
What's that you swallowed, Dross? come roundly, roundly!

- DROSS: My name is Dennis Dross, rank brevet-major
And serial number one-five-six-nine-oh.
I'll tell no more.
- WERBUS: You'll speak to save your life. (*Draws sword.*)
Methinks the password to the student camp
Was what you lunched upon.
- DROSS: My name is Dross,
Rank major, number one-five-six-nine-oh.
- WERBUS: I'll cut the truth from you—taste my sharp blade!
(*Runs him through.*)
- DROSS: I'm dead! my lips are sealed forever now.
Liberté! Egalité! Benner House! (*Dieth.*)
- ALSEK: (*To guards*) Away with him and slice his gullet open.
Bring me the paper that you find within.
(*They drag Dross away.*)
- ELPHY: There goes a gallant soul, Werbus, indeed.
- WERBUS: There goes a fool: a word had saved his life.
- ELPHY: The thread twixt foolishness and bravery
Is often fine. Werbus, you are the fool
And have committed a most grievous breach
Of laws of man and war by killing him.
- WERBUS: You quaver in the belly and are weak.
- ALSEK: Had I another gage I'd throw it down.
- ELPHY: One will suffice—we meet at dawn tomorrow.
(*Re-enter Pinch, with paper dripping red.*)
- ALSEK: What says the paper, Pinch? read it to us.
- PINCH: Alas, good sires, excess stomach acid
Has made the message quite unreadable.
- ELPHY: (*Enraged*) So Dross is slain, all for a bit of paper,
A little, tiny, worthless bit of paper,
Dripping his red, red blood. Werbus, your name
Is ever linked with villainy for this.
I could have saved it all, ta'en down the sign
That closed the double doors of Benner House.
But in your monstrous game I've been a pawn;
I'll slay my players—Alsek, till the dawn. (*Exit.*)
- WERBUS: Perhaps we best had lead another charge
Against the rogues tonight, unknown to him.
Then to the trustees will the truth be plain;
We'll be in power, Elphy will be slain.
- ALSEK: Well thought on; let's away.
(*Exeunt.*)

ACT TWO, SCENE THREE

The student infirmary in Johnson Hall. A number of beds have been moved into the housemaster's quarters. Several students are ministering to the wounded. The Rhodent lies in one bed, attended by Bill Goings. Enter Right, Bags, Jewell, Smythe.

RIGHT: How fares our friend?

GOINGS: I fear he's failing fast;
I know not, good my Right, how long he'll last.

RIGHT: (*Bending over Rhodent*) Bear up your chin, my Rick;
they're thrown aback.
Break we another charge and they are done,
The House is opened and our cause is won.

RHODENT: (*Croaking*) The House is closed! the House is closed!
Good lord, tis Manny—is it open yet?

RIGHT: Not yet, but soon. They're cracked and soon must break.

RHODENT: They're cracked, they're cracked. Rally around, my men!

GOINGS: Delirium—he knows not what he says.

SMYTHE: It is not true—I cannot think it so;
This noble man is nobler than you know;
The frightful furies cannot cut his thread,
Steal off the soul and leave the body dead.

BAGS: To taste a chocolate triple once again,
Or mocha cone, he'll live—he cannot die.

RHODENT: To taste a chocolate triple once again;
To taste a chocolate triple once again—
No! No! away from me, cleft-footed beasts!
Back, back I say! do not come closer—no! (*Dieth.*)

GOINGS: Dead, despite all that we could do, dead, dead!

JEWELL: Now he belongs to the ages.

RIGHT: Surely this is the gravest blow of all,
More bitter than the wormwood and the gall. (*Alarums.*)
The trumpet calls us to renew the fight—
We rush to day or never-ending night.
(*Exeunt Right, Bags, Jewell, Smythe.*)

ACT TWO, SCENE FOUR

The foot of the bell tower. Rex Cod lurks in the shadows there. Enter a large body of the faculty, led by Alsek and Werbus.

WERBUS: Who goes there in the shadows?

COD: Rex Cod, and I have news of worth to you.

- ALSEK: Out with it, then, or we may slice you up
As we did Dross. What have you got to tell?
- COD: I've seen the folly in this false revolt
From the beginning, and I am prepared
To let you have the password to the camp
If you will, in return, make me a gift
Of 95's in all my subjects.
- WERBUS: The only gift you'll get, my treacherous friend,
Is your gross life, and you may e'en lose that
Unless you're careful—tell us, what's the word?
- COD: The word is cheeseburger, my noble lords.
Its utterance gets you safely into camp.
I was sent out, supposedly to spy
And bring back stragglers to fill the ranks.
- ALSEK: Lead the way, then; our caps will hide our heads;
They'll think that we are students til too late.
Then 'tis an easy thing to cut them down
And take the camp.
- COD: I could not lead the way!
- WERBUS: You'll lead it or you'll never see again
The green grass growing in the shady glen,
The glorious golden of the morning beam
Or evening spangles flecked across a stream.
Get you moving!
- (*Exeunt, led by Cod.*)

ACT TWO, SCENE FIVE
(*Captain O'Bannion's barricade.*)

- O'BANNION: Who's moving in the darkness? give the word!
- COD: (*Offstage left*) Cheeseburger, cheeseburger.
I lead a company of gallant men
From Williams Hall to aid in the defense.
- O'BANNION: Come forward, then, and we will let you enter.
(*They come on stage and begin to pass through a gap in the barricade.*)
- COD: I cannot do 't.
On guard, on guard! there's treachery afoot—
Look, they are Faculty that enter in!
- WERBUS: Silence, you fool! (*Stabs Cod, who falls dead.*)
- O'BANNION: 'Zgizzard, a plot!
Repel the villains, ho! to arms! to arms!
And you, good Slobson, swiftly spread th' alarums!
(*Exit Slobson, shouting "Murther and treason!"*)
- ALSEK: For your crimes, Frank O'Bannion, you must pay
With death, dark, dank, dread, deadly, deathly death.
(*Stabs O'Bannion.*)

O'BANNION: O! I am slain! Your end must fellow mine.

(Runs Alsek through; both fall dead.)

Enter Right, Bags, Jewell, Smythe and a number of other students.

After considerable swordplay, the attacking force is subdued.)

RIGHT: The thrust is parried! nobly fought, my men.
The Faculty is crushed; it cannot mount
Another such attack—the day is ours.
Remove the prisoners—we'll wait til dawn,
Then send a party to negotiate
For their surrender; now we shall draw up
A treaty that can heal the monstrous breach
That this rebellion, needed though it was,
Has caused within the school. Alas, the waves
Of desperate sorrow that break over me
In looking on the bodies of the slain.
Joy in our triumph is half-hearted joy
Since victory such slaughter did employ.
We'll keep a token guard.

(Exeunt all but a few students.)

ACT TWO, SCENE SIX

The interior of Benner House. The tables and counter are crowded with students, who gorge themselves with food while setting up a loud buzz conversation. Suddenly they fall silent as Right enters, accompanied by Bags and Jewell.

SLOBSON: A cheer, a cheer! our noble leader comes! *(They cheer.)*

NOOKE: Make way, make way! a path for Manny Right!
(The mob at the counter divides to let Right in.)

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ZELDA: What's youah's?

RIGHT: I'll have a chocolate triple shake,
A double english and a—cheeseburger!
(*To crowd*) I have the news you've all been waiting for:
Elphy has signed the treaty as it stood;
All our demands are granted—amnesty
For all who took up arms against the teachers—

ZELDA: A chocolate cheeseburger and a triple english?

RIGHT: A *double* english and a cheeseburger;
No chocolate on the latter. As I said,
The Faculty has granted all we asked.
The jocks who started all the trouble off
By hurling gum balls at the goody Chief
Will suffer punishment as well as Werbus—

ZELDA: We do not have a triple cheeseburger.

RIGHT: Strike my first order wholly from your mind;
I'll have a glass of water. To go on,
That bane of sleeping seniors, daily chapel,
Is gone for good, and we have limited
The Sunday sermons to ten minutes time.
The number of cuts that we may take per term
Has been increased to ten, and Benner House
Will ne'er be closed again.

ZELDA: Heah's youah grape juice.

RIGHT: (*Drinking*) The greatest news, though, I have yet to tell—

ZELDA: The stuff youah drinking costs you twenty cents.
(*Holds out hand.*)

RIGHT: It costs me nothing: madame, read this writ
Signed by the hand of Elphy.

(*Zelda puzzles over order, goes into conference with Bill and Chief.*)

NOOKE: (*To Right*) What's it say?

RIGHT: It says, and herein lies the greatest news,
That on this day and for a week hereafter,
The fare at Benner House is free of charge.
(*Hearty cheers; the counter is mobbed by students placing orders.*)
There's more, there's more; it does not stop at that.
In memory of those who lost their lives,
Student and teacher in the dreadful fray,
Each year food shall be free upon this day
And for an entire week, which shall be known
As "Heroes Week" in memory of our own;
We've given Elph our word of honor, then,
That we will never rise in arms again.
It is a compromise full fairly made—
The stones of peace have solidly been laid,
To stand for aye. But now I do entreat:
Keep in a line—there's plenty here to eat.
(*They eat, drink and make merry as the curtain falls.*)

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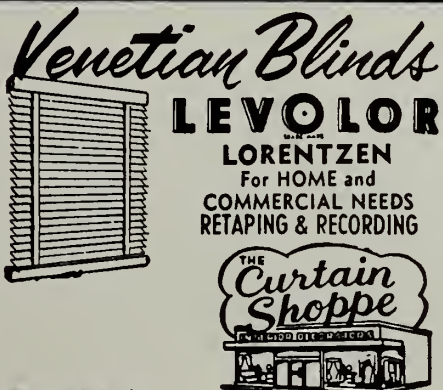
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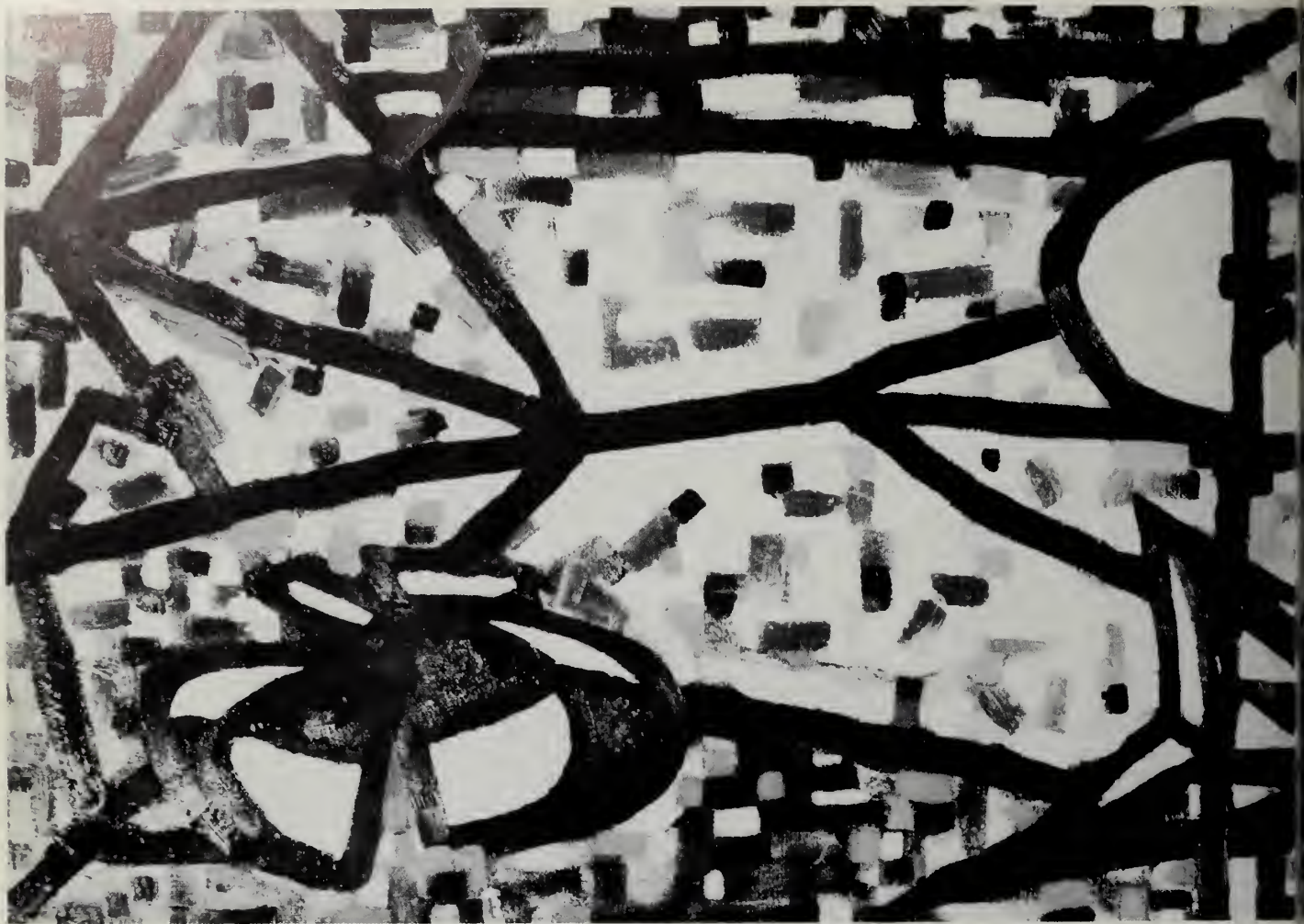
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debunked

who used to
write a watersmooth-silver
allusion

and break onetwothreefourfive type-settersjustlikethat

Jesus

he was a frivolous man

and what i want to know is

how do you like your blueeyed boy

Mister Warshow

— m c beard—62

THE MIRROR

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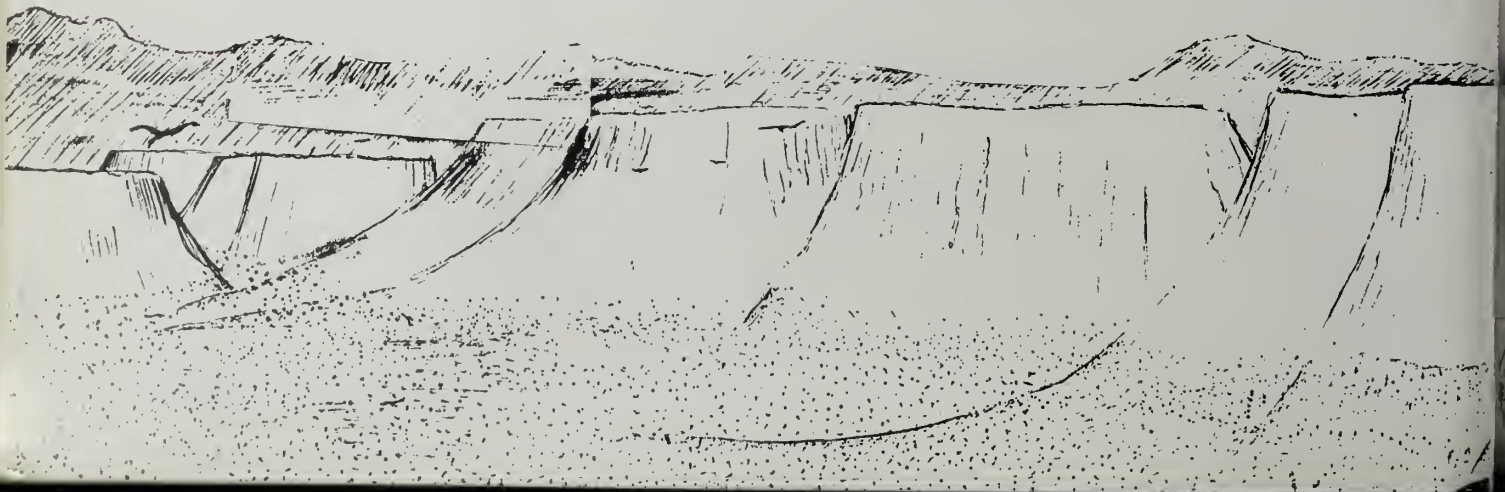
THE JAIL

The winding, twisting black ribbon that unfurls through the mountains from the north toward Santa Fe is called the Taos highway. It wanders from Colorado down the high country of the Rio Grande valley, from Taos through the little northern villages like Velarde, into the bigger towns of Espanola and Riverside, past the Los Alamos junction at Pojoaque and the Tesuque Pueblo cut-off, until it becomes a four lane thoroughfare and climbs the last steep hills north of Santa Fe. There is much traffic on it in summer, heavily laden trucks bearing supplies for Los Alamos, countless shiny, new tourist cars from faraway places, the ancient jalopies of the paisanos from Rio Arriba, and, occasionally, Indian pickup trucks with children and old women in the back. Sometimes beside the road a paisano farmer or an Indian with blanket and headband walks toward town. He walks slowly along and turns with arm outstretched, thumb pointing, at the approach of every vehicle.

This valley and mountain plateau land of the north is a peasant country of adobe houses, of cool nights and little rain in summer, of mountains alive with the riotous red of turning scrub oak and shimmering with the delicate gold of the aspens in autumn, of winters which are a series of alternate days; one blazing bright, aching with vast glaring snow dazzle, and the next choked by the raging fury of some gargantuan, elemental storm. Beans and chile, goats and a few sheep, these with luck and social welfare are the substances of existence. The backroads, and most roads are backroads, are impassable for six months of the year, virtually so for another three. Even spring is personified by an icy March wind. The people are truly people of the earth, tilling endlessly some primitive field, and equally people of the church, taking from one to satisfy the other, for both are harsh masters.

One afternoon in late August when the

sun of noon burns as hotly as in June but when the air of night is edged with the icy needles of autumn, an old man and a dog climbed the last part of the long last hill, the Tesuque hill, behind Santa Fe. The dog was a small mongrel. Its fur was dirty yellow, mangy and matted with mud and dust. It trudged diligently beside its master, and only its sharp eyes showed any signs of alertness. The old man wore a ridiculous ten gallon hat that was twenty years out of style. It was scarred and stained by sweat and weather, and its battered crown was conical without any crease or fold. His face was brown and weather-worn also, leathery by the merciless sun and the rasping, relentless wind of the plains—the wind that chills by winter and blows the rich top soil by summer. If it blows cold in April, as it is very likely to do, it kills the lambs as they drop. It grinds sand and grime into the face and clothes and sears unmistakably any flesh exposed to it. The old man's eyes were shaded by shaggy, bristled brows and their lids were pulled half-way down. They were dispassionate eyes, old with years, acquiescent with wisdom and the fatalism of his race. His jacket was of blue denim, worn thin and white at the elbows, and his shirt was a red and black wool check with one button missing at the top. His pants were blue denim also and their cuffs were caked with mud. His shoes were unshined, hightop clodhoppers, muddy and cracked from walking. He was as gnarled as a mountain boulder, equally durable, and as surely of the earth as pinon or loam.



Y SOUTHERN

BY TOM MAYER '61

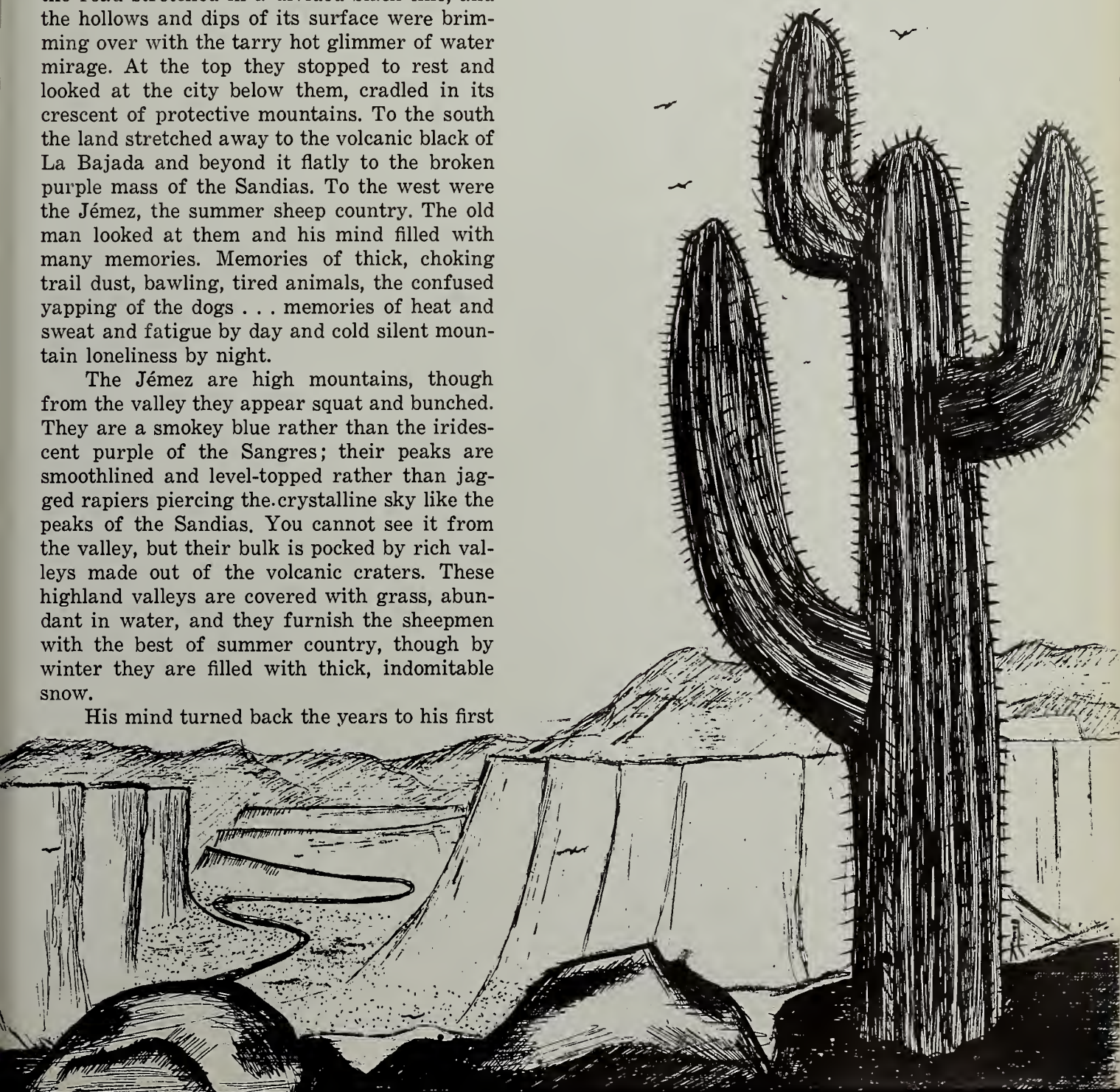
The old man and the dog walked on up the hill beside the new four-lane road and the cars sped past them with a sucking whoosh. Ahead the road stretched in a divided black line, and the hollows and dips of its surface were brimming over with the tarry hot glimmer of water mirage. At the top they stopped to rest and looked at the city below them, cradled in its crescent of protective mountains. To the south the land stretched away to the volcanic black of La Bajada and beyond it flatly to the broken purple mass of the Sandias. To the west were the Jémez, the summer sheep country. The old man looked at them and his mind filled with many memories. Memories of thick, choking trail dust, bawling, tired animals, the confused yapping of the dogs . . . memories of heat and sweat and fatigue by day and cold silent mountain loneliness by night.

The Jémez are high mountains, though from the valley they appear squat and bunched. They are a smokey blue rather than the iridescent purple of the Sangres; their peaks are smoothlined and level-topped rather than jagged rapiers piercing the crystalline sky like the peaks of the Sandias. You cannot see it from the valley, but their bulk is pocked by rich valleys made out of the volcanic craters. These highland valleys are covered with grass, abundant in water, and they furnish the sheepmen with the best of summer country, though by winter they are filled with thick, indomitable snow.

His mind turned back the years to his first

summer in that high country when he was inexperienced in the ways of mountain herding. He was a man of the plains, and the mountains, even after he had mastered their treacheries as well as he had mastered those of the lowlands, were always mere facts on the fringe of his mind, a location on the edge of the horizon. He was not of them as he was of the plains.

That first summer had been a drouth summer. The daily afternoon rains had failed and the forest was powder dry . . . The berries shriveled up, and the herb plants died so that



the brown bears who fed on them went hungry and had to search out new food supplies. They came among the sheep at night, first to kill only one or two for food, but later many for the love of slaughter. If the dogs found them in the dark the bears turned on them in a blood fury and crushed them with single slaps. To the herders they were seldom seen shadows, unwarning destroyers, and footprints in the dawn.

The patron had forest service men in uniform come to hunt them and also bear hunters with mixed packs of Airedales and hounds. The hunters tracked the bears and the hounds held them at bay while the Airedales attacked them. The Airedales were always torn and mangled but with a wild courage they kept the bears from breaking through the ring of hounds until the hunter could arrive. Five bears they killed in this manner, and the forest service men trapped another alive which they took away to town in a truck. If there were others, they all left except for one.

He was old and wily, the hunters said, for a toe of his left hind paw was missing, and he walked with a limp. He came irregularly, but he killed many animals. They could not track him, for in spite of his limp he could outdistance and outsmart the best of men and dogs. They baited traps for him with honey, but he would not go near them. One night he killed ten ewes and made good his escape into the dark even before the dogs had aroused the camp with their frantic barking. The herders talked of him in guarded tones, and the patron promised fifty dollars to the man who killed him.

Dark falls in the high country—the sun paints the clouds with streaks of bloody crimson and delicate vermilion shades the thunderheads as they reached for the utmost limits of the sky—but the display fades swiftly and takes with it the lingering warmth of afternoon. And night in a mountain camp can be an uncomfortable experience if you are alone. The giant pines cast ghostly shadows around the fire and compound the trickery and gloom of darkness. There are the sounds of the wild things, and you look about expecting to see the evil glint of light refracting off a greenyellow eye. The air is chill with foreboding and always the wind whispers old wives tales to the pine needles.

On one evening such as this, as the old one tended his small fire and his flock alone many miles from the main camp, an eerie form loomed between the darkness and the flaring light. In a flash the old one's dog, who was a yellow mongrel of the same line as the present

Compliments of . . .

Washerama

one, threw himself at it. There was not time for sound. A blur leapt from the form, and the dog flew through the air, his flesh torn by jagged claws, his bones snapped like matchsticks. But the old man had had time to reach the rifle and he shot well. The form screamed and turned back toward the night. The old man uttered a sudden furious oath and fired twice more as the giant tumbled to the ground and lay inert. Still holding his rifle, the old man ran to the body of his dog. He looked at the mangled lifeless form, twisted and smashed out of shape by one lightning blow. It seemed awkward and uncomfortable in death. Then he went to the bear—huge and still giving off mist to the night from its hot body and the wetness of its wounds. Its small eyes were open yet with cruel, red rage when suddenly the old man lifted his rifle and smashed the butt of it down at them until he beat them out of their sockets. Then he turned back toward his campfire, shoulders slumped, spent, and he did not remember the reward until much later.

* * * * *

To the southeast of Santa Fe are low foothills, and beyond them, beyond sight, is the Estancia valley. It is a valley 100 miles long and fifty wide opening into Texas on the southeast, bordered on its sides by irregular mountains that are more like hills, and closed in the north by the foothills of the Sangre de Cristos and the Ortiz. Its earth is good in some places,

poor in others—but where the topsoil is deep, and sometimes it is a foot or more, the range is covered with wheat-like grama-grass. These spots are some of the best grazing country in the West.

It has been a land of much turbulence, of countless range wars between sheepmen and homesteaders, sheepmen and sheepmen, and water is a commodity more precious than gold. It is said about the valley, not untruthfully, that more men are killed there over water than women. Since World War II they have dug deep wells, and modern irrigated farms have replaced much of the old grazing land. Even so, it is a country of never-ceasing wind, long cold spells, stifling heat, and marginal existence, of gaunt, tired women, aged beyond their years, taciturn men, often violent. The few big ranches are giant family enterprises, handed from father to son and worked by succeeding generations of natives. They were once self-sufficient, feudal economies with perhaps more securities than debits—but now, as in the high-country of the north, the best of the young leave and never return, while the old remain to tend the sheep and live in what strength of the old ways yet lingers. The old man had been born on one of these ranches, there he had worked away the years of his youth, and it was there he would return now.

He rested for a long time on top of the hill with his dog, and he thought of many things. Finally, the two started down the hill. The

rocky juniper slopes changed into the outskirts of town. The thick dust of the open road turned into a hard, gravel shoulder and the cars no longer were only blurry sounds but solid and clearly visible as they passed by. The Sangre de Cristos still hovered over the town with Gothic splendor, but they were not quite so alive as they had been a moment ago, an inexplicable iota less vital than when viewed from the hill. They passed a baseball field and the green lawns of the Federal building. There were carefully planted and pruned trees in the yard of the Federal building, and the pavement in the street was of cement slab so that the cars made little clicks as their wheels went over the joints. They walked on a cement sidewalk past City hall and the bank until they reached the plaza.

Suddenly the old man felt very weary. His feet hurt him more after twenty minutes of walking on sidewalks than they ever did after the hardest of days on the range. He looked on the plaza with tired bewilderment. There was, at one corner of it, a filling station with ugly squat pumps, and there were many garish neon signs looming ludicrously over the sidewalk that seemed wilted by day, but only waiting for darkness in order to spring alive with their alien interplay of harsh color. There were, beneath the signs, stores and shops with plate glass windows and crowded counters where people milled about chaotically. The plaza itself and the walks around it were peopled by expressionless faces, hot, proper, wool suits, clicking impersonal secretarial heels, ceaseless movement, sourceless noises, bleating horns, the rush of traffic. There were also tourists clothed in shorts, cameras in hand, stalking the choked streets with bored determination.

The old man picked his way with difficulty through the throng and sat down on a bench facing the graceful portal of the Palace of the Governors, which is the oldest public building in the United States. He knew nothing of the history of the old adobe on which his glance fell, but inevitably and unconsciously he was allied with it against the crass cacophony of the crowds.

He forgot about the dog, which curled up beneath the bench, and allowed his eyes to close, but the clatter and confusion of the street even then attacked his ears with the clamor of a thousands discordant symbols. At last he forced his eyes open and looked again at his surroundings. The din did not seem quite so oppressive, and he began to study the faces that walked past, looking for a sympathetic one to which he could address his questions. After addressing

(continued on page 29)

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THE LAST PLACE

John Smolens '61

Beyond the sweeping highway, little travelled,
though near enough to walk, too far to see,
beyond the trees, and in a peaceful place,
a gate of stone is set.

The face is sculptured in a strange design,
as by an architect of Mayan temples.

Beneath the simple granite blocks, an arch ;
beyond, a sculptured house of similar stone,
but windowless, and with a single door.

Between, a formal pool, long but not deep,
and statues of the past, the size of men ;

Praxiteles and Michaelangelo
made men of rock, and left their spirits here.

The house of stone, an oblong monument,
confronts an open terrace, grass and slate,
that lies between the house and its stone twin
engraved with similar design,
and windowless, but with a single door.

Behind, a second terrace, grass and stone,
and then a wall, just low enough to scale,
and there, a garden.

Dim twilight floods the grass with shades of red,
a woman in the shadows, very old,
but beautiful and gentle in her age,
reveals the secret of the holy place ;

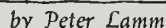
one house is hers, the other is a tomb.
We watch the sun grow faint above the hills
before the quiet evening breezes rest.

Moses, by Michelangelo



Pie Ta by
Michelangelo

CLAUS EMMER-SZERBESKO
DAVID, BY MICHELANGELO
MOSES, BY MICHELANGELO
PIE TA, BY MICHELANGELO



Wally and First Charter Financial @ 32 had been purchased on the same day. It had been practically a case of love at first sight. Ferd had been assured of success from the first day. The exact antithesis of Wally, she was a straight call option and sold for \$650. Despite these differences, they had reason to believe that they came from the same portfolio. Although not actually a straddle, she was accepted in the Order because of her association

with Wally. Born with a silver spoon in her mouth, she had the bearing and good manners of a lady, but was not disagreeably proud of her social stature. She was not, thank heaven, a glamour puss like the electronic, chemical and uranium girls. Her purchaser had held her till the last day before exercising her in order to squeeze the last dollar out of her, and apparently his patience and foresight were to be amply rewarded.

Glancing up at the big clock over the board, Wally saw that it was 12:45. Two and a half hours left. Ferd saw the movement and interpreted it correctly. She frowned slightly and tried to distract his attention.

"Did you hear about Rhodesian Trust @ 1½?" she asked at random. "There was the most fearful stink about him. Seems his signature was forged."

"I know," said South Puerto Rico Sugar, not to be outdone. "But what about me? Three quarters of my tangible assets are in the Dominican Republic, and if Trujillo gets his hands on them, I'm sunk."

"Tough shit," said Mack Truck briefly.

American Telephone @ 120, an imposing and influential dowager, directed a piercing stare at Mack, who had the grace to blush under the onslaught. "Hold your tongue, young man," she said. "But," (addressing SPR) "however crude his metaphors, there is an element of veracity in his observation. You have no-one to blame but yourself, sir, and will doubtless come by your just deserts. You have ever been a libertine and a rake."

"Now, Amy," hastily interposed a General Motors, "don't be too severe on the poor boy. We're not *all* 'widows and orphans', you know!"

"You're always picking on me, but see if I care," said SPR rebelliously.

"Well, Sugar," cooed Loral Electronics flirtatiously, "if Trujillo throws you out of his bed, you can always come to mine."

"Little bitch," said Mack, without rancour. Then, still smouldering, to Telephone, "and you're a vixen!" He relapsed into silence, evidently satisfied with the analogy.

"I hope Mack runs into one of his own bulldozers," murmured an outsider, *sotto voce*.

A venerable Beecham Group, Ltd. American Depository Receipt laughed aloud. He was regarded as something of a curiosity. "Jolly good show! Remember in England when I was at Almack's once, chap brought his light o' love in with him—dreadful to-do there was. Quite a scandal. Duchess of Wormwood gave him a dressing-down right on the ball-room f—"

tional Bank incredulously. He was a rather unusual spread at 45-49. "How old are you, anyhow?"

"Close to 170 years," said the ADR reflectively. "Remember when they called your pants 'unmentionables' and you couldn't wear them to dinner? Couldn't call on a lady without a powdered wig and a patch on your cheek. Frightfully bad *ton*. Wonderfully stiff-necked, they were."

At this point Wally, who had been dozing, awoke with a start. It was three o'clock. He had fifteen minutes to live. He cleared his throat loudly. Then he said, "Friends!" There was a sudden silence. "I am fully aware and deeply appreciative of the honours done me since I came here. I can only hope that I have adequately fulfilled my obligations to you all. Now, I'm not much of a speaker and I haven't much time, so I'll just go ahead and nominate my successor." (Cries of "Hear! Hear! We want Wally! Well said! etc.") Then a pregnant silence broken only by the clicking of the changing figures on the board and in the teletype and ticker machines, the restless shifting of customers watching the board, and occasional exclamations of intense joy or sorrow, and the drone of business in the front office.) "I nominate . . . NATIONAL DISTILLERS @ 26!" (General rejoicing.) "Now, friends, if you would just leave me for the last few minutes with my wife . . ." They all scattered.

Wally stood alone his wife, watching the board. "Well, Ferby, only five more minutes." "There's still a chance, Wally."

"No dear. I can see my epitaph now: 'Born at 19, died at 19.' Thrilling, isn't it?"

"Wally, look! It just went up an eighth!"

"I know and you know it's hopeless, honey. Let's look at yours, instead. You're up a point and three quarters today. Correction . . . two and a quarter. You'll probably be exercised at 48 $\frac{3}{4}$. Don't say anything, dear. Let me finish. You have a bright future before you, but I hope your heady successes won't make you forget old Wally. I knew from the start I was finished, so it's not really much of a disappointment. Only remember one thing: I didn't love you for your success; I loved you for *you*!"

"Oh, Wally," she sobbed.

He held her against him and kissed her hard for the last time. Suddenly he felt himself being lifted and steeled himself for the shock. There was a moment of agony as the hundred needles of the expunger pierced his side, their pattern forming the irrevocable word: "CANCELED". Then a peaceful darkness fell as he returned to his Maker.

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— :: —

The wind has combed
The trees bare,
And raked the stars
Clear; it's polished
The moon and found
My heart ajar.

DRIFT

My radiator sounds like sleep.
Curled, it hisses, stays all day,
Says wait, relax, be calm, endure
The words to get the drift of book.
I totter, go to bed, and wake
To hear the rattle in its throat:
It chokes on air and coughs a random
Desperation deep inside
The hardened coils of its design.
It thumps this house in all its rooms,
Locked in night and silence, tough
With years of making shelter, trap
For one enclosed and wakened hearer
Who chokes on air and rattles in its rooms.

Distance looks deprived.

In all directions—

Except back;

Crowds of apparent joy seem to push
you

Out of parties.

Clinched in the tweezer of a far-
Shrunk street, the light
Precise as a period winks,
Mocks, and shrinks in an hour
All those grand and tragic
Evenings.

14 POEMS

By Augustus Napier

GALLERY

Your roof defines the line of sky;
The brick of wall so separates
And deepens light it makes a texture.
Rounded columns spool the light;
It graduates in shadows up
The granite steps, accepts its plane
In crystal at the windowed door.
Inside, the wide, the smooth of stone,
And quiet: dripping fountains state
It, talking time out casually.
The possibilities are here,
As in my home; my home, the silent
Word of what the world permits.
But here the paintings hang like smeared
And clouded memories, the statues
Cringe in dreams; a case of polished
Glass reflects in shining planes
And mocks my wrinkled, shambling shape.

These smalleyes, closed
Under the jounce of yellow
Cotton dress, through mornings
Of chase and yell, closed,
Dreaming years ahead.

His last winter snowball
Orbits slowly, splashes
On the grass. The image hangs,
Then points deep, far
As any other season.

Picture-cutting
In an album, I forgot
The other side.
My father's eyes
Had lost a smile.

Friend's sculpture—
A child broke
The hand. It lay
On the table, clenched,
But bodiless.

The tile she gave,
A dark-haired girl,
And sad; I broke
One eye away.
It looked at me
To ask reasons.

AN AFRICAN CHILD SEEN IN LIFE

Screamer in pox, your head
 Bursts with want, knees
 And elbows peak in pain,
 Cratered, dry as the moon.
 Your eyes clinch out light.
 The mouth, open like a sore,
 Swallows my mind, includes
 Whole continents of darkness.
 Knot of nerve, small
 Lord of pain, your summary
 Cry finds ear.
 I answer from the slap of light
 In open eyes and days,
 See sympathy, flick of pages,
 Eyes clinched in yawn.

Hands on the desk
 Curl Together
 Like sleeping. My heart,
 A whole truce
 Of arms, is twain.

FOLDS

The cloud's own horizon
 Folds the sun in early.
 Houses hunch their shoulders
 As the wind finds voice
 And the trees stand up black
 To spread fine, quaver
 A gull's wings, beating
 Toward the kernel of a hard
 Star, times nail.

WINTER TREES

Take root
 In the sky.

The wind
 Grows them.

DISCOVERY

At night, returning with wood
 From the stir and snarl of brush,
 The sudden fire solves
 My stumbles, assembles a hope.
 Its wavering island allows
 A small daughter, dazed
 In the palm of light, her face
 Open to the flame tongues
 In fountain, its supple and linear
 Music. Her eyes save
 The braiding clash and curl.
 Earth for me, child
 Of light; seed that nails
 The sea. and, From a colder world
 I swing wide and savage.

The night in coming fills the spaces
 In the window lattice, colors
 In with crayon, wax and smooth.
 I saw the hollow, shadow side
 Of bars this day, those courtyard walkers
 Free to hear the lazy, clashing
 Taunt the bright flag gave the eagle's
 Straining, fixed appeal to flight.
 And now they move inside to eat
 And talk across the grand plateau
 Of tables. Cage is now out there,
 For wind and wild, for those unfit,
 Afraid of day. The strings of reason
 Pull the day around the earth
 By wire, and here a room provides
 Control, a light, our freedom. Size
 Is warped—that world's too big to be
 A cage, this hutch too small to give
 A way. The world is where the world
 Is; it moves, confused by light
 And twisted round incessant seasons;
 Earth's a form that cradles water
 That surrounds it. Plovers wing
 And sleep and hope across the time,
 The sea and country, place a cause
 In memory, fragile, locked within
 The shape of chromosome. Held,
 This best of past: with what a savage
 Claw the egg and sperm cohere;
 And by a flaw of difference mold
 Again the old, yet break, with luck,
 Just once the form and teach with wit
 The bird, the bumblebee to fly.

THE VALUE OF AN ILLUSION

by STEVE MOST '61

In *The Future of an Illusion* Freud states that "the information which should solve for us the riddles of the universe"¹ should be both universally true and empirically proven. Since scientific knowledge meets these two conditions while religious beliefs do not, he concludes that science should replace religion.

Freud is making some valid criticisms against religion. Its lack of universality, its inability to meet rational tests may be looked upon as important limitations. Furthermore, as Freud points out, when ethics depend upon the decree of God, they lose their value in themselves, and are only strong as long as the idea of God is strong. His main concern is the dangerous instability of a situation in which the masses are controlled by irrationality.

But Freud is looking at only one side of the coin. Reason is not enough; history shows that our highest ethical principles have come to us through intuition: the insight of a Buddha or a Jesus. Those ethical laws which Freud wants reason to preserve came to us through irrational religious revelation.

Freud, the founder of the science of the mind, has forgotten that there is more than physical reality; the mind has a reality of its own. He has fallen into the trap of saying that because ideas and visions are neither universal nor empirically provable, they are not worth keeping.

Spiritual realities must be judged on their own terms, and not by empirical criteria. An illusion, no matter how nonsensical to outsiders, no matter how irrational, can have great value to those who believe in it. To illustrate I will describe the Ghost dance religion of the 1890's, which was current among most of the Indian tribes in the western United States.

II. THE GHOST DANCE AND ITS SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE²

The Ghost dance, like many other religions, originated with a prophet. His name was Wovoka, a Paiute who lived in Mason Valley, Nevada. In the winter Wovoka hunted and fished; in the summer he worked for a white man who paid him a fair wage. He gained a reputation as an industrious and reliable worker, but there was nothing exceptional about him.

In 1889 when Wovoka was in his early thirties, there occurred a total eclipse of the

sun. The eclipse was a frightening event for the Paiute because they thought of the sun as a living creature who was now being attacked by a monster which threatened to plunge the world into darkness. "On this occasion the Paiute were frantic with excitement and the air was filled with the noise of shouts and wailings and the firing of guns, for the purpose of frightening off the monster that threatened the life of their god."

At this time Wovoka was stricken with fever. During the sun's distress, Wovoka slept and imagined himself taken into the other world. God was there, and all the dead were there, too, all of them happy and young, playing games. God gave Wovoka a message for his people. He told them to be good and love one



Wovoka

another, to stop quarreling and live in peace with the whites, to work hard and not lie or steal, and finally, to stop warlike practices. If they did so, they would join their friends among the dead where there is no sickness or old age. Then God taught Wovoka a dance. If His people danced for five days in a row it would bring them happiness.

Wovoka gave his people God's message and taught them the dance. Within a year the news of Wovoka's revelation had spread east

of the Rockies, and the Ghost dance had been adopted by the Sioux, the Arapaho, and many other tribes. Among the various tribes, there were many different interpretations of the Ghost dance doctrine. For example, the Sioux regarded Wovoka as the second messiah whose presence among the Indians indicated that God had given up on the white man. And there were many variations in the dance itself, as we shall see. But the basic doctrine remained the same:

1. The time will come when all Indians, living and dead, will be reunited on a regenerated earth to live a life free of death, disease, and misery. At this time the white man will cease to exist, perhaps by an earthquake or flood.

2. All this will be brought about through an overwhelming spiritual power which does not need man's help.

3. The Indians must live by the following rules: they must not fight; they must do right always; they must not refuse to work for the whites and they must make no trouble with them. When their friends die, they must not cry.

4. To speed the reunion with the dead, the Indians must dance the ghost dance.

First of all let us look at the moral value of Wovoka's doctrine. Mooney has translated from broken English a message which Wovoka gave to delegates from the Arapaho and the Cheyenne. It read:

When you get home, you must make a dance to continue five days. Dance four successive nights, and the last night keep up the dance until the morning of the fifth day, when all must bathe in the river, then disperse to their homes. You must all do in the same way.

Grandfather (a universal title of reverence among the Indians, and here meaning the messiah) says, when your friends die, you must not cry. You must not hurt anybody or do harm to anyone. You must not fight. Do good always. It will give you satisfaction in life . . .

Do not refuse to work for the whites and do not make any trouble for them until you leave them. When the earth shakes (at the coming of the new world) do not be afraid. It will not hurt you . . .

There is no need to evaluate Wovoka's moral teachings: they speak for themselves. "You must not hurt anybody or do harm to anyone. . . Do good always." As Mooney writes: "The moral code inculcated is as pure and comprehensive in its simplicity as anything found

in religious systems from the days of Gautama Buddha to the time of Jesus Christ."

It is more difficult to determine the social value of Wovoka's teachings. Before I begin, it must be clear just why Wovoka's message became so popular among so many tribes.

The tribes which adopted the Ghost dance had all suffered greatly from the conquest of the white man. Much of the suffering was psychological: they had lost their independence and with it, their pride and self-confidence. But they had also lost a great deal of grazing land; moreover, the whites had killed all of the buffalo, which were their primary food source. The buffalo was also essential as a ceremonial animal, and as buffalo became more and more scarce, a number of rituals were discontinued and forgotten.

It was quite natural that the Indian should wish to return to the days before the white man's arrival. It is easy to see the appeal of a prophecy which says that God will make the white man disappear, that all Indians, dead and living, will be together again, living by the traditional customs and playing the traditional games. Moreover the Ghost dance itself gave the Indians a means of communicating directly with God.

Because Wovoka's message corresponded to this deep-rooted desire among the Indians of the West, it had the strength to change social institutions drastically, and for the better. Mooney gives two examples of this social change:

(The Ghost dance doctrine) forbids the extravagant mourning customs formerly common among the tribes — "When your friends die, you must not cry," which is interpreted by the prairie tribes as forbidding the killing of horses, the burning of tipis and destruction of property, the cutting off of the hair and the gashing of the body with knives, all of which were formerly the sickening rule at every death until forbidden by the new doctrine. As an Arapaho said to me when his little boy died, "I shall not shoot any ponies, and my wife will not gash her arms. We used to do this when our friends died, because we thought we would never see them again, and it made us feel bad. But now we know that we shall all be united again."

The second law which Mooney cites as having great social significance is "You must not fight," the law which forbids war.

It is hardly possible for us to realize the tremendous and radical

change which this doctrine works in the whole spirit of savage life. The career of every Indian has been the warpath. His proudest title has been that of warrior. His conversation by day and his dreams by night have been of bloody deeds upon the enemies of his tribe. His highest boast was in the number of his scalp trophies, and his chief delight at home was in the war dance and the scalp dance. The thirst for blood and massacre seemed inborn in every man, woman, and child of every tribe. Now comes a prophet as a messenger from God to forbid not only war, but all that savors of war — the war dance, the scalp dance, and even the bloody torture of the sun dance — and his teaching is accepted and his words obeyed by four-fifths of all the warlike, predatory tribes of the mountains and the great plains. Only those who know the deadly hatred which once animated Ute, Cheyenne, and Pawnee, one toward another, and are able to contrast it with the present spirit of mutual brotherly love, can know what the Ghost dance has accomplished in bringing the savage into civilization. It is such a revolution as comes but once in the life of a race.

A third example of the social change brought about by the Ghost dance is the revival of old customs which Lesser observed among the Pawnee. The Ghost dance had come at a time of advanced cultural destruction partially due to the appropriation of land by the white man, but primarily due to the annihilation of the buffalo. Buffalo meat was sacred to the Pawnee and essential to many ceremonies. Furthermore, ceremonies were held to insure luck in either hunting or tribal warfare — since there were no buffalo to hunt and since the white had outlawed warfare³ the Pawnee stopped having ceremonies.

The medicine men had taught their apprentices thoroughly by demonstration. Without frequent ceremonies, the apprentices had neither opportunity nor stimulus to learn. This situation led to an accelerated rate of cultural forgetting, and many customs were lost beyond recovery. Thus "in the course of only a few years, relatively, most of the old traditional ways were buried in the grave."⁴

The Ghost dance remedied this cultural decay. Through the hypnotic trances of the dance, the Pawnee imagined themselves in the

land of the dead, watching their ancestors doing the old ceremonies. Thus they were able to recover many of their old customs. The Ghost dance cause a renaissance of Pawnee culture.

Before discussing the psychological significance of the Ghost dance, let us apply to it Freud's criticism of religion. Freud would probably have agreed that Wovoka's doctrine has moral value. And he could not have denied, on pragmatic grounds at least, the social value of the Ghost dance, however irrational and superstitious. So what, then, is Freud's real criticism against religious beliefs? He could just as well have condemned metaphysical systems: they do not meet empirical proofs either. Freud's real objection to religious beliefs is that people live by them. It is true that overdependence on religion can lead to the exclusion of reason and ethics. But Freud's cure is every bit as limited: reason to the exclusion of the spiritual. It is ironic that the founder of psychoanalysis remained rooted to the materialism of the nineteenth century. He could not see that spiritual phenomena have a reality and value of their own.

III. THE GHOST DANCE AND ITS PSYCHOLOGICAL SIGNIFICANCE

Since in this section I am leaving both the realm of reason and the realm of historical fact, I can do no more than present an inconclusive and inauthoritative discussion of the Ghost dance as a spiritual reality. I have chosen two examples — Wovoka's vision and the symbolism of the ceremony — not with the aim of proving anything but because they are interesting in themselves; and generally I am trying to show that psychological events are meaningful even though they cannot be tested empirically.

In discussing Wovoka's vision the central question is: What is the cause of it? The origins of the Ghost dance doctrine must first be considered in light of Wovoka's life and personality as well as the social system and beliefs of his tribe.

Mooney tells us that Wovoka was the son of Tavibo, also a prophet. "The prophetic claims and teachings of the father, the reverence with which he was regarded by the people, and the mysterious ceremonies which were doubtless of frequent performance in the little tule wikipup at home must have made early and deep impression on the mind of the boy, who seems to have been by nature of a solitary and contemplative disposition, one of those born to see visions and hear still voices."

Mooney describes Mason Valley as a land

which "seems set apart from the great world to be the home of a dreamer." He describes it as "walled in by the giant sierras, their sides torn and gashed by volcanic convulsions and dark with gloomy forests of pine, their towering summits white with everlasting snows, and roofed over by a cloudless sky whose blue infinitude the mind instinctively seeks to penetrate to far-off worlds beyond."

Apart from his being a dreamer, all that we

the Paiute, for the only important conflict had taken place in 1860 because of a rape: an outrage, but not a deep-rooted social grievance. This social harmony is reflected in Wovoka's emphasis upon peace and co-operation with the whites.

The desire to return to the days before the white man's influence which is central in Wovoka's doctrine also has its counterpart in the Paiute way of life. The Paiute used no pots,



The Ghost Dance: Rigid

know about Wovoka's personality is his reliability and diligence as a worker. These qualities as well as his physical appearance — heavy-set and almost six feet tall — must have helped him command respect as a prophet. Mooney writes that "his countenance was open and expressive of firmness and decision, but with no marked intellectuality."

One origin of the Ghost dance doctrine can be seen in the relationship between the Paiute and the whites. The Paiute were farm laborers for the white ranchers in summer; the rest of the year they hunted and fished. There seems to have been little friction between the whites and

pans or other manufactured goods which even the most primitive tribes had acquired from the whites; in fact, they seemed to covet nothing of the white man's. Mooney calls it "a curious instance of a people accepting the inevitable while yet resisting innovation."

But we will have to go deeper than Wovoka's personality and the attitudes of his tribe to discover the cause of his revelations. Mooney suggests that Wovoka might be a cataleptic, because of his frequent trances. Let us examine this possibility.

Porcupine, a Cheyenne who visited the messiah, described one of his attacks as follows:

That evening we all assembled to see him depart. When we were assembled, he began to sing, and he commenced to tremble all over, violently for awhile, and then sat down. We danced all that night, the Christ lying down beside us apparently dead.

Mooney seems to have been at least partially right in diagnosing Wovoka's condition as catalepsy. Catalepsy is a neurosis characterized by complete dissociation which interferes with motion and speech.

While unconscious dissociation underlies every symptom of hysteria, there are occasions when this splitting is so profound as to alter the whole personality and behavior of the patient. Under those conditions he enters a spontaneous hypnoidal hysterical state . . . Hysterical catalepsy is a variety of fits in which the patient suddenly becomes motionless, speechless, and rigid in all limbs. He is not unconscious, but only in a dreamy state. The limbs are in the state known as *flexibilitas cerea* and remain indefinitely fixed in any position in which they are passively placed. All sensation, excepting corneal, is lost, and the reflexes are abolished.⁵

This description does not account for Wovoka's trembling, a symptom which also accompanied the trances of the Ghost dancers. And if we are going to diagnose as catalepsy the trances of dancers who had no previous hysteria, we must make a distinction between their trances which were hypnotically induced and cataleptic trances insofar as they are defined as spontaneous hysterical states.

Even if we conclude that both Wovoka's trances and the hypnotic trances of the dancers are a form of cataleptic fit, we are still left with an important problem: what caused the cataleptic fit? Is there a physical cause which can be observed empirically? The answer is not known. Some neurologists would say that the origins of the condition are ideopathic. In other words, empirical proof must give way to psychological speculation.

Instead of attempting to explain the ideopathic origins of Wovoka's vision, I would like to present briefly and incompletely two psychoanalytic theories of revelation, both of which may be partially true in respect to Wovoka's vision.

Some psychoanalysts would emphasize that Wovoka's mysticism is a regression to his childhood. Wovoka's dependence upon God is

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really a psychic re-enactment of his dependence upon his mother.

Eating, sleeping, and sinking into the very substance of the loving mother are called by the psychoanalyst the "oral triad." The "recollections" of absolute security and contentment, of inexpressible ecstasy, of union of a tiny self with a greater being which gave it life and could be depended upon for protection and for the provision of its every want, are in fact "recollections" of the infant's feeding situation, and it is these "recollections" that charge the emotions of mystical experiences in later life. As for the intimations of immortality and glimpses into eternity of which the mystic speaks, they may also be a "recollection," namely, of the child's awakening from contented sleep into the world of the ever present and loving mother.⁶

This theory relates to the Ghost dance in two ways: first, regression to the past is an important aspect of the Ghost dance doctrine. Whether this regression is comparable to the wish to return to the mother's arms is an open question, although it is conceivable that the two wishes might be psychically related. The second reason that the regression theory is relevant is that it is while in the mother's arms that the Indian child learns the songs of his people; in the Ghost dance many Indians relearn songs from their childhood while in a hypnotic trance.

A second and less conventional psychoanalytic approach involves C. G. Jung's theory of the collective unconscious. The contents of the collective unconscious are common to all mankind, including both instincts and archetypes. These archetypes are common symbols found in the myths and rituals of different ethnic groups at different periods in history. These archetypes express the deepest wishes and fears of mankind, as well as the deepest wisdom.

If it were permissible to personify the unconscious, we might call it a collective human being combining the characteristics of both sexes, transcending youth and age, birth and death, and from having at his command a human experience of one or two million years, almost immortal . . . The collective unconscious, moreover, seems not to be a person, but something like an unceasing stream or

perhaps an ocean of images and figures which drift into consciousness in our dreams or in abnormal states of mind.⁷

Jung would interpret Wovoka's vision as coming from the collective unconscious whose contents had been reactivated by libido⁸ turned inward. If we accept this hypothesis, we must ask what caused the libido to turn inward.

Jung's theory in general is that libido regression takes place when a conscious attitude no longer works for the individual. If a man has built up a conscious attitude which excludes the spiritual side of his nature, for example, his unconscious may retaliate by sending him hallucinations. His only cure is the integration of the repressed unconscious contents into his conscious attitude.

But it is difficult to apply this theory to Wovoka. Although we know little about him, it is probable that his personality did not fit this pattern of repression and retaliation by the unconscious. But Wovoka's mental illness can still be explained by Jung's theory if we look at it in a wider context.

Wovoka's conscious attitude was blocked, as was the attitude of his tribe. The Paiute were living a contradiction: they had given in to the white, working for them and seemingly accepting them, while at the same time they wanted nothing to do with the white man, as evidenced by their refusal to use the white man's goods. Their conscious attitude of acceptance

belied their deeper desire to return to their way of life before the arrival of the white man. It was this tension between conscious and subconscious attitudes that awakened the archetypes of the collective unconscious and produced Wovoka's vision, and illusion which replaced psychic contradiction with eschatology, and which brought about a cultural renaissance.⁹

Turning now from Wovoka's vision, I will attempt to describe an archetype in action: the mandala as it manifests itself in the Ghost dance ceremony. First of all, the mandala and related symbols must be defined, so the reader will know what to look for.

"The Mandala is a figure or design found in the art of virtually all peoples. It is based on a perfectly balanced square or circle, in which the midpoint is given a particularly great importance."¹⁰ The number four, another recurring symbol, is related to the mandala, since "in the history of symbols, quaternity is the unfolding of unity." The number five is also a mandala symbol when it is broken up into a quincunx with "the four forming . . . a frame for the one. accentuated as the centre."¹¹

Let us see how the mandala applies to the Ghost dance ceremony. If you'll recall, Wovoka stated that the dance should continue *five* days. He told the delegates to dance *four* successive nights and on the morning of the *fifth* day to bathe themselves in the river. Now I will describe a Ghost dance.¹²

The dancers gather around the seven¹³

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leaders who speak to them for a quarter of an hour about which chants they should sing and other matters. If it is a Cheyenne dance, there are four bonfires built about twenty yards outside the dance circle toward each of the cardinal points. In some Sioux ceremonies there is a prayer during which the dancers stand in line facing the sun, toward which they pray. During the prayer a woman may hold out a sacred pipe to the sun while another holds out several (four?) arrows from which the points have been removed. Four arrows are then shot from the center of the circle to the four cardinal points, the arrows being then gathered and hung up on the tree in the center of the circle.

The dancers are painted with symbols from their Ghost trances or from someone else's trances. "Suns, crescents, stars, crosses, and birds (crows)"¹⁴ are the designs in most common use." The dancers wear Ghost shirts which are supposed to be immune to the white man's



Rapa Ghost Shirt

bullets. These shirts are painted with symbols like those mentioned above.

The preliminaries over, the dancers form a circle about the tree and walk about it a few times, chanting "Father, I come." Then they stop marching and "set up the most fearful, heart-piercing wails I ever heard — crying, moaning, and shrieking out their grief, and naming over their departed friends and relatives, at the same time taking up handfuls of dust at their feet, washing their hands in it, and throwing it over their heads. Finally, they raised their eyes to heaven, their hands clasped high above their heads, and stood straight and perfectly still, invoking the power of the Great Spirit to allow them to see and talk with the people who had died." Then they sit down and listen to another address from the seven leaders to the effect that the reunion with the dead is coming soon.

Upon arising, they face toward the center, joining hands and shuffling to the left (a direc-

tion described by one Indian as "sunwise"). As they shuffle they chant a monotonous ghost song. During the dance, the leaders in the center make hypnotic passes with a crow feather at anyone they think will be susceptible. When hypnotized the subject will drop out of the dance, perhaps staggering about for a while, perhaps falling rigid on the ground. In this trance, they are taken to the spirit world where their ancestors teach them songs and games. Before some dances are over as many as one hundred people are lying unconscious.

It is evident that the key to an understanding of the psychological significance of the Ghost dance is the mandala symbol. We see the mandala in the emphasis on the sun, the dance circle, the tree in the center (which places importance on the midpoint of the circle and which can be regarded as the center of a quincunx when surrounded by the four bonfires in the Cheyenne ceremony and the four cardinal points in the Sioux), the emphasis on the numbers four and five (and seven?), the decorations on the ghost shirts as well as on the skins of the worshippers, and even the direction of the Ghost dance movement — sunwise.

Before discussing the meaning of the mandala, I would like to mention one more example which doesn't properly fit in with the description of the ceremony as such. Mooney describes two leaders of the Ghost dance among the Caddo Indians. One of them wore

a curious amulet consisting of the polished end of a buffalo horn, surrounded by a circlet of downy red feathers, within another circle of badger and owl claws. He explained that this was the source of his prophetic and clairvoyant inspiration. The buffalo horn was "God's heart," the red feathers contained his own heart, and the circle of claws represented the world. When he prayed for help, his heart communed with "God's heart," and he learned what he wished to know. He had much to say also of the moon. Sometimes in his trances he went to the moon and the moon taught him secrets . . . Another man who accompanied him had a yellow sun with green rays painted on his forehead, with an elaborate rayed crescent in green, red, and yellow on his chin, and wore a necklace from which depended a crucifix and a brass clock-wheel, the latter, as he stated, representing the sun.

Now we are left with a momentous ques-

tion: what does the mandala mean? Unfortunately, the ultimately meaning of an archetype transcends any generalization. Do archetypes like instincts have meaning only to those who experience them, or do they correspond to the outside world? According to Proffoff, Jung thinks that the archetypes "give man a point of contact with the world as cosmos."¹⁵ God is within us, as the Caddo amulet indicates: that spiritual realities influence men and nations is a fact which cannot be denied. But whether the archetype of God is more than a symbol in the mind of man — this is a question which has not been answered.

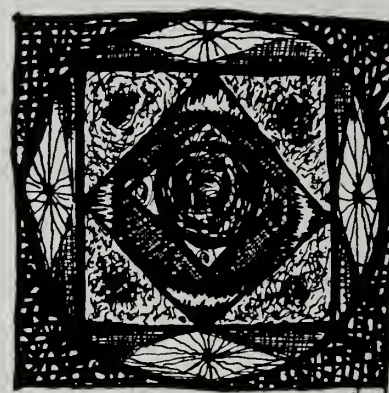
Despite the limitations of our knowledge, it is possible to show some aspects of the mandala's psychological significance. To do so I quote the following passages from Jung:

Mandalas, as we know, usually appear in situations of psychic confusion and perplexity. The archetype thereby constellated represents a pattern of order which, like a psychological "view-finder" marked with a cross or circle divided into four, is superimposed on the psychic chaos so that each content falls into place and the weltering confusion is held together by the protective circle.¹⁶

The cross signifies a union of opposites (vertical and horizontal), a "crossing"; as a plus sign, it is also a joining together, an addition.¹⁷

The mandala symbol is not only a

means of expression, but works an effect. It reacts upon its maker. Very ancient magical effects lie hidden in this symbol for it derives originally from the "enclosing circle," the "charmed circle," the magic of which



Mandala

has been preserved in countless folk customs . . . The magical practices are nothing but the projection of psychic events, which are here applied in reverse to the psyche, like a kind of spell on one's own personality.¹⁸

Freud wrote: "Science is no illusion. But it would be an illusion to suppose that we could get anywhere else what it cannot give us." I think it is clear that Freud was wrong. Religion, although illusion, can have meaning and value as a spiritual reality — that is, as a reality other than what science can give us.

NOTES

1. Sigmund Freud, *The Future of an Illusion*, p. 45 (Doubleday Anchor edition; first published 1927)
2. Unless otherwise noted, this information comes from *The Ghost Dance Religion* by James Mooney, published in the 14th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1896.
3. Probably one reason why the Pawnee gave up warfare under the Ghost dance was that the whites had already made them do so. But this doesn't explain the "brotherly love."
4. Alexander Lesser, "The Cultural Significance of the Ghost Dance," *American Anthropologist*, Vol. 35.
5. Israel S. Wechsler, *A Textbook of Clinical Neurology* (W. B. Saunders & Co. 1947), p. 718
6. Linn and Schwartz, *Psychiatry and Religious Experience*, (Random House, 1958), p. 201
7. C. G. Jung, *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, (Harcourt, Brace, & Co., 1933), p. 186
8. Jung defines "libido" as all psychic energy, and not merely the sex drive as Freud defined it, or the power drive as Adler defined it.
9. In light of this interpretation, it may well be significant that Wovoka's initial vision occurred during the solar eclipse. It was at this time that the Paiute's distress was most poignantly felt. The fear that the sun would be devoured was a manifestation of the fear of cultural destruction at the hands of the white man. Thus Wovoka's vision occurred at the time of this tribe's greatest distress, when an answer from the unconscious was most sorely needed.
10. Ira Proffoff, *Jung's Psychology and It's Social Meaning*, (Grove Press, 1955), p. 154
11. C. G. Jung, *Flying Saucers*, (Harcourt, Brace, & Co., 1959), p. 138
12. The following is a compilation of features of different ceremonies rather than a description of one.
13. Although Jung doesn't mention it, seven seems to be another mandala symbol. Proffoff describes a mandala dream in *Jung's Psychology* in which the number 7 is significant, and in *Psychology and Religion*, Jung tells us that paradise was 49 spheres to one medieval thinker. Also Mooney tells us that the number 7 is "sacred with most tribes and more particularly in the Ghost dance."
14. The crow is sacred to the Ghost dance because it is regarded as a messenger from the spirit world.
15. Proffoff, *op. cit.*, p. 291
16. Jung, *Flying Saucers*, p. 162
17. C. G. Jung, *Psychology and Religion*, (Yale, 1938), p. 105
18. C. G. Jung, *Psyche and Symbol*, (Doubleday Anchor, 1958), p. 321

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THE PEACE CORPSE

by Stuart Wrede '61

In those crucial years of the cold war, back in 1961, the United States of America came up with the final solution to the problem of Infiltrating Russians in the underdeveloped countries. This was The Peace Corpse, an organization that would send American youth and Russian Corpses to distressed countries in Asia and Africa. The youth would live and work among the natives, convert them to good Capitalists, and thus combat Communism successfully.

A major part of The Peace Corpse, undertaking (i.e. The Russian Corpses) was for the Cannibals; because, as the planners in Washington well knew, every underdeveloped country had Cannibals. The strategy was to give the Cannibals a flair for Russians. Once they got a taste for them, they would hunt down the last Russian infiltrator in the country and eat him. For the Cannibals themselves so proudly boasted, "A Cannibal always eats his man." This was in the best tradition of Capitalism; for, as everybody knows, Capitalism is where the strong eat the weak.

The training was rigorous, especially for those Peace Corpsters being sent to live with the Cannibals. They were given the somewhat gruesome task of learning how to prepare a Russian in different delicious ways. Their menu, when they finally were ready, consisted of Ivan au Jus, Nikita à la King, Molotov Cocktails (a mixture of blood and vodka), Stalin out of mode, and many other well named tidbits.

When the Peace Corpsters, sent to live and work among the Cannibals, arrived at their destination, they encountered a problem in trying to convince the Cannibals that Russians actually tasted better than Americans. The Cannibals, it turned out, had had a Kansas missionary for Sunday dinner a few years back and Americans were still in fashion. They had been overjoyed on hearing about the Peace Corpse, thinking the United States, in a moment of good will, was sending over some Americans, so that they, the Cannibals, might enjoy a few more good meals.

It was finally agreed upon that the Cannibals try a Russian first; and the Peace Corpsters promised that they would get many more if they liked him. However, if the Cannibals didn't like the Russian . . . Well, that would just be too bad for the Peace Corpsters. That evening they prepared a delicious roast Ivan au Jus; and fortunately for them the Cannibals liked it. The next morning a big truck drove up

filled with Russian Corpses and with a big sign on it saying, "U.S. Food for Peace Program."

The strategy worked out perfectly. The Cannibals developed such a taste for Russians that they just had to have one at least three times a week. When the plenteous supply of dead Russians (nobody knew where the U.S. had gotten them from. One can but guess.) ended, the Cannibals turned to the infiltrating Russians in their respective country. It was not long before they were reduced to mere discarded bones and guts. The Peace Corpse had been a tremendous success.

The big brass in Washington congratulated themselves on a job well done. But it turned out to be pretty rare; for one day as they were sitting, drinking beer in the White House, the news came that all the Peace Corpsters had been devoured. The Cannibals had come to the conclusion that all Whites, whether Russian or American, tasted pretty much the same despite the menu which called for only Russians. Ivan au Jus was no different from Ike au Jus.

And so ended the intrigues of the big Powers in the small underdeveloped countries. They had gotten their just dessert.

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(continued from page 7)



three people in his painful, broken English, he finally received the information he wanted and then made his way out of the plaza down a side street.

He walked with the dog at his heels down the street to the end of it, across the river on a small footbridge, and up a steep path on the other side, until he reached a narrow residential street. The river was a dry bed of sand at the time, but there were irrigated lawns and large cool trees on either side of it. There were fewer people there, too; but always in the background rumbled the traffic and the sound of crowds—permanent and inescapable.

The old man and the dog were out of place among the green gardens and manicured lawns of the residential street; they seemed anachronistic in comparison with the pavement and street lights.

They walked along until they came to a large house hidden by a lilac hedge and cooled by a long portal.

The old man stopped before the gate as if unsure of his purpose and looked at the dog as if to say, "Well, here we are—the last stop—nothing left to do but go in and try." He looked as if he might have stood before many such houses with the same look on his face. The dog understood the old man's expression and whimpered.

They climbed several steps to the gate, and it creaked on its hinges as the old man opened it. They walked carefully down the porch until they stood before a door, with a large brass knocker. The old man rapped lightly against the wood with his gnarled hand and ignored the instrument. He stepped back and took his hat off.

The door was opened by a maid who looked at him suspiciously. "*Qué quiere hombre?* What do you want?"

"*Esta aqui el patron, el sr. MacDougald,*" he asked, "is Mr. MacDougald, the man of the house, here?"

"*Como se llama?*" she said, ignoring his question. "What is your name?"

"I am Jesus Ortega of Estancia, and I would see the patron about a job. I am *borreguero*."

"Wait here," she said in Spanish, "and I will see if he will give you audience."

She left him standing in the doorway with his hat held humbly in his hand. His hair was

long and thick and pure white. A white stubble grew on the toughened skin of his jaw. He waited patiently and she returned. "This way," she said, "the patron will see you."

She beckoned him into a living room, and when the dog followed she raised no protest. The room had Navajo rugs on the floor, and there were several deep chairs and couches pulled around the fireplace. The house was cool with thick walled adobe darkness, and it smelled of many years and good care and cleanly occupation. A clean safe smell. He walked through the living room down a corridor behind the maid to an office. The maid stood in the doorway while he entered and then left. A man with thick shoulders and silver hair that was beginning to thin sat behind the desk. He rose to greet the old man.

"*Buénos días,*" and though his voice was polite his accent was atrocious. "May I help you?"

"Yes, thank you," replied the old man, "I am Jesus Ortega of Estancia, and I seek work as a *borreguero*. They told me in Colorado that you run sheep yet and perhaps you might have a job."

"Sit down," said the man and motioned him to a chair. "Where did you work in Colorado?"

"In the beet fields," the old man answered and his eyes fell to the floor.

"And why did you quit?"

The old man drew himself up noticeably. "I am a *borreguero*, and I know nothing of beets. I belong with the sheep."

"Why then, old man, did you leave the sheep in the first place?"

"Because where I worked the patron died. For many years I had worked there and the patron and I grew old together. But the son of the patron had no interest in the sheep, and he hired a man to run the ranch. The new man was strong willed but he knew nothing of sheep nor of *borregueros*. He was a fool, and it is not good to work for fools. He did many strange things with the operation of the sheep, and he had no liking for me or for my ways so that I thought it best to go."

While the old man has been talking, Mr. MacDougald swiveled his chair partly away so that he could look at a picture on the wall. It was of sheep, and in the foreground a dog nipped at the heel of a ewe. Further away was a herder dressed much as this one waving his arms at a stray lamb.

When the old man had finished speaking, Mr. MacDougald turned slowly back to him. His eyes wandered from the dog to the old man

and then to a spot on the top of his desk where they stayed fixed while he talked.

"You worked on that ranch always?" he asked.

"Yes. I was born there," the old man replied.

"Old man," said Mr. MacDougald with sudden finality, "I cannot give you a job. I wish that I could, but I cannot. I need no new men now, least of all *borregueros*. It hurts me to say this, but the day of the *borreguero* passes. Now there is less and less range, smaller ranches, more fences, more feeding, and irrigation. The work is the work of farmers and young men with schooling. It is not knowledge of wind and weather and cold nor the possession of good dogs but of balanced diets and technical training. No longer is it the trailing of herds to the summer country, for there are trucks . . . It is . . ." and his voice trailed off but his eyes remained fixed on the desk.

"It is perhaps the will of God," the old man said, and he was not visibly moved.

"I am sorry, *viejo*, really I am," said Mr. MacDougald.

"I understand, and the fault is not yours . . . I will go now."

"Where will you go?" said Mr. MacDougald, "Where can you go?"

The old man thought for a moment. "I have relatives here in Santa Fe. Perhaps I can learn to be a gardener. The dog and I would be good gardeners I think." He stood up slowly and as the dog came awake repeated, "I will go now."

Mr. MacDougald stood up also and he had a bill in his hand. "Old man," he said "I should like you to take this as a loan, and you can pay me back after you find work as a gardener."

"Thank you," replied the old man, "but I do not want it, for I have relatives."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, I am sure."

"Then I would have you take it as a gift."

"No," the old man said, "I do not want it."

"But I give it as a gift."

"Thank you, I know that you give it as a gift, but I do not want it."

"Very well then, old one, good-bye and go with God."

"And you also."

The old man and the dog walked slowly down the corridor through the living room and onto the portal. They went out the gate and onto the street.

In his office, Mr. MacDougald sat down again and looked at the spot on his desk. Finally

he shook his head and began to write.

The old man and the dog walked out of town away from the mountains toward the south and the Estancia valley, for they had no relatives, not even friends. They walked in the thick dust beside the highway while the cars sped past with a sucking woosh. They walked through the hot hours of the afternoon, and they walked still when the sun cast its last crimson spears at the rising spires of the thunderheads and sank behind the summer country of the Jémez. They walked south toward that hard, cruel grama grass country of wind and sheep that was home. Even when the land lay at last enveloped by the shaded black of night, the old man walked on, his gait unfaltering. The mountains loomed behind him yet, ink smeared on ink, and the wind took on that lonely whine of the valley and the night as it rushed through the pinons and junipers. Occasionally the pencilled beams of headlights caught him in their hazy glare and only once did he speak—then with great weariness and finality—

"A man," he said, while the dog listened carefully, "can only try and nothing more."

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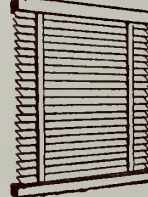
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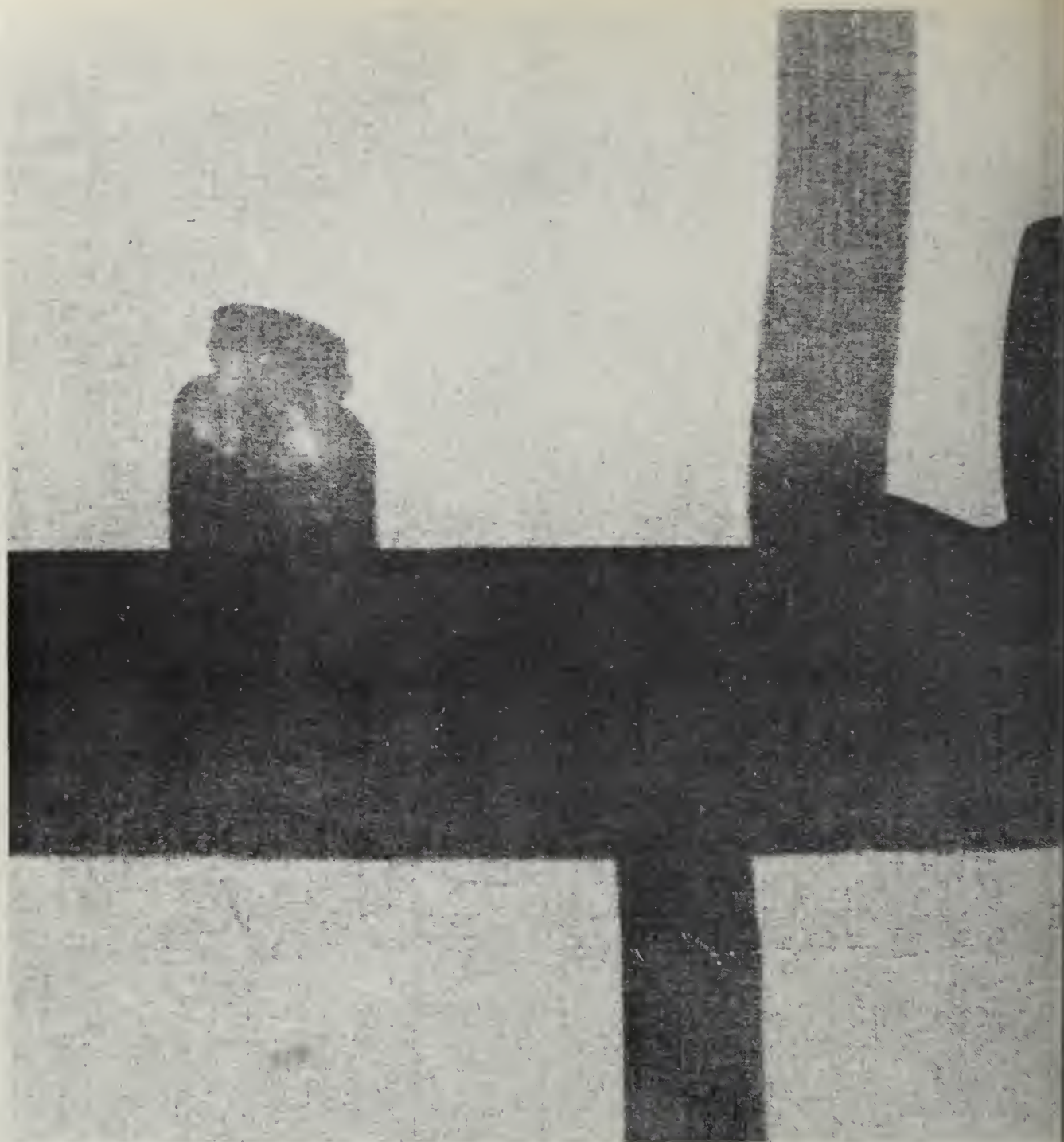
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THE MIRROR

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John Badman

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EDITORIAL REFLECTIONS

Robert Levin's *Useless* (a selection from which appears on page 7), is a difficult book. Indeed, it is so difficult that I, fearing that the reader won't understand all the inner meaning, have ventured to explain it. Hang tight, dear reader, for an understanding of Mr. Levin's difficult and experimental work requires a knowledge of Gaelic, Sanskrit, Mandarin, English, and other exotic languages. When you read this work, you must have close at hand a map of Dublin, a copy of this introduction, a prayer-wheel, and a gin and tonic.

But before I begin, I feel it necessary to tell you about this remarkable Mr. Levin. Born on Mt. Kisco (on the outskirts of Dublin), Mr. Levin soon became disenchanted with the life he observed in that city. In fact, he got downright nasty about it, writing books like *Portrait of the Artist as a Young You-Know-What*. (Mr. Levin is not to be confused with his no-account uncle James Joyce who, unable to settle down and get a job, spent all his time plagiarizing Mr. Levin's works.)

Mr. Levin's *Useless* is built on an elaborate structure which he used to have in his appendix. However, he has given me occasional hints and sly winks so that I have been able to divine what he had in there. Each chapter has its own part of the body, its own color, its own special symbol, and its own time of day. Moreover, each chapter contains sly references to a work in Greek, the name of which I have been

unable to discover. The chapter which you are about to read (you are, aren't you?) is built as follows:

PART OF THE BODY: the finger

COLOR: yellow

SPECIAL SYMBOL: drunkenness

TIME OF DAY: the dark time (except for moments which seem to take place in the afternoon)

Just to show you how cleverly Mr. Levin has woven his chapter together, I shall show you his clever manipulation of the finger symbolism. This kind of manipulation is the talent of this writer. As one eminent critic said: "Mr. Levin is the most symbol-minded of modern authors." Anyway, let us see how Mr. Levin uses the finger:

"Yellowtickling fingers on his face."

"Onefinger sea onefinger sky cross legs get those feet up protrude omphalos"

"Gautama breaks meditation to chew hang-nail"

"Hands lapfolded fingertwisted"

"Groundleaning now on ground fingers-played like squashed double tripods." Do you see what Mr. Levin is up to? What amazes me is how Mr. Levin fits all these fingersentences (to coin a phrase) into the same context. And the sensitive observer will note a second part of the body appearing on these pages: it is the foot. For example: "cross legs get those feet up protrude omphalos" or "a procession of thirsty

Winners of the Robert

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"The Unkind Jolt"

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"The Rain and The Man"

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Cover

SECOND ISSUE

ROBERT McILROY
"The Beggar"

ROBERT LEVIN
Three Stories

BILL DONNELL
Cover

sucking mouths nipping at her heels." These examples point to a curious confusion on Mr. Levin's part: has he mistaken the foot for the finger? And if so, why? It is easy enough to mistake the nose for the finger, and even certain types of omphalos for the finger; but why the foot? Does this tell us something about Mr. Levin's sex life?

Mr. Levin is a great linguist. Not only that, he is a great interlingual punster. Take, for example, the phrase "Bois une boite en bois." As Mr. Levin pointed out to me, this is a play on words. It wasn't long before I had figured out what he was up to. "Bois" is the colloquial form of the Swakahilese "bwana," which in turn forms a clever pun with the Arabic. Once you have combined this word with the second word "une" (the French word for "moon" without the "m"), and once you realize that "boite" is the phonetic spelling of the Chinese "ah foo," you can come up with the phrase "Boy, protrude omphalos to the moon," which is what Mr. Levin was getting at all along.

* * *

In these six issues the MIRROR has published a number of outstanding contributions. We point especially to those which have been awarded the Robert Frost Prizes by Messrs. Fitts, Marlowe, and Napier, among them "The Unkind Jolt," by Tom Evslin, "The Beggar," by Robert McIlroy, "The Poetry of E. E. Cummings," by Paul Warshow, and "The Tragical Hysterie of Benner House," by David M. Smith.

These outstanding contributions have raised the standard of MIRROR writing, and in doing so have pointed out the striking difference between the present quality of the MIRROR and its potential.

Not that the MIRROR's quality is low by national standards. The Columbia Scholastic Press Association awarded us 910 out of a possible 1000 points for overall content, while of that 910, the MIRROR scored all of the possible points for literary excellence. According to the CSPA, MIRROR writing is "excellent, original, mature, and moving."

But these generous adjectives don't mean that the MIRROR has reached the pinnacle of literary achievement; that is far from the case. Andover has many excellent writers who have no opportunity to write, and in the absence of their contributions the editors must sometimes publish contributions which are not up to standard or which aren't of general interest.

The problem is to encourage Andover's most talented writers to write. The Frost prizes are a step in that direction. Members of the English Department have occasionally given their students the option of writing something for the MIRROR instead of a regular assignment. But these measures have only begun to take effect. Until they do, we can only repeat what we wrote six issues ago: "The most important thing about the MIRROR is its potential."

Frost Prizes 1960-1961

THIRD ISSUE

PAUL WARSHOW

"The Poetry of E. E. Cummings"

PETER MOTT

Three Poems

BILL DONNELL

"Mexican Scene"

FOURTH ISSUE

DAVID M. SMITH

*"The Tragical Hysterie
of Benner House"*

JOHN SMOLENS

Six Poems

J. PROEGLER

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FIFTH ISSUE

TOM MAYER

"The Journey South"

JOHN SMOLENS

"The Last Place"

BILL DONNELL and

ERIC HEYWORTH

Michelangelo Layout

The Art Of James Joyce

"Art . . . is the human disposition of sensible or intelligible matter for an esthetic end Three things are needed for beauty, wholeness, harmony and radiance."

In writing *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Joyce has used techniques and followed ideals which I consider essential to art. In this essay, I will suggest what I think is Joyce's contribution to the theory of art: his statement that art is *human disposition*. By examining his technique, we will see that *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is itself an esthetic end, that it fulfills Joyce's own requirements of wholeness, harmony, and radiance. After showing the result, I will discuss Joyce's method.

Since the book is really the characterization of Stephen, we will examine the beauty of his characterization. As a character, Stephen is presented with *wholeness*, that which is one thing and a whole. This wholeness is really separation. In giving us a picture of Stephen, Joyce has separated him from the rest of the world. Throughout the book, our impressions, reactions, and sympathies are all Stephen's. But separating Stephen from the rest of the world is not merely an artistic technique; Joyce implies that the artist is separated from his society. Consider, for example, Stephen's impressions during the argument between his father and Dante. Stephen was thinking not about the quarrel, but about Eileen's long, cold, soft, white hands. Stephen's mind is independent of his surroundings. This independence is defined more clearly when he is older. He is described thus: "His watchful manner had grown upon him, and he took little part in the games." As a technique, Joyce uses *wholeness* to define the character of Stephen. Furthermore, he suggests that separation from his society is necessity of the artist.

The following incidents are illustrative of Stephen's separation: he leaves the church to get his degree at the university, his schoolmates regard him as an oddity, and, as we learn in *Ulysses*, he refuses to kneel at the bedside of his dying mother. I would prefer to think that these events showed that Stephen was more independent than separated. To separation, as an artistic characteristic, there are some serious objections. There will always be the argument that if a person is really separated from some-

thing, he will never be able to understand it. But obviously Stephen isn't really separated from everyone else. He is certainly more perceptive as demonstrated during his conversation with Lynch, more sensitive, and more precise in his search for feeling and meaning, as shown in his paintaking definitions and his ecstasy over "A day of dappled seaborne clouds." He is subject to fear, love, and anger. However, there remains in him the elusive quality of wanting to make the abstract concrete.

Art, to Joyce and others, is making the abstract into the concrete. This is the essence of Stephen's desire to find feeling, meaning, and certainly, to "forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race."

The second quality of beauty is *harmony*. "You feel the rhythm Having first felt that it is *one* thing, you now feel that is a *thing* harmonious." Joyce himself was a good musician and was more sensitive to the rhythm

THE ART OF and USELESS

of his prose than an unmusical author would be. Consider the scene when Stephen has become aware of his sins, his nightmare and waking:

Help!

He flung the blankets from him madly to free his face and neck. That was his hell. God had allowed him to see the hell reserved for his sins: striking, bestial, malignant, a hell of lecherous goatish fiends. For him! For him!

This passage is obviously intensified by the rhythm: "Help," bang, and the beating-heart like, staccato, tympani drum-roll for his damnation. In music, harmony is use of many notes played together as a single sound. Joyce uses this principle, not as E.E. Cummings, who tries to present two ideas simultaneously, but by inter-weaving parts of Stephen's personality in successive incidents. In eight pages, (216 to 224 in the Compass Books edition) we are shown the gamut of Stephen's preoccupations:

(continued on page 25)

Useless

Paralyzingly paused the sun at its apogee. Bodily self-sticking George turned over on his back to face his. Yellowtickling day-fingers on his face. Spreadeagle Indian chief captured and now the shrinking leather.

Sit up. Must. Too lazybones. Onefinger sea onefinger sky cross legs get those feet up protrude omphalos: stretch your yellow to the sun. There. Headlines: Gautama breaks meditation to chew hangnail. As it was in the beginning. What of it. How to put: yes. Going nowhere us. Offbreaking only way. Oh you had to lie to your parents to get away did you? Okay then we'll call the whole thing off. No? What I wanted to hear. Grandcentralized roomwaiting I for twenty of minutes. Where? Ladies Room later she said: one place I never look. Write that letter. Not fair. Painful she that night.

JAMES JOYCE

By Robert Levin

Pity. Her decision. Told her: love and seduction without reproduction. Thinking spoilwise my fun. Then going back. Older and tired she. Pink dress she. I remember: pink and tiny feet swaddled in ashes and candywrappers on floor. Shudders George it was all a big mistake shouldn't have done. Never will again voicebreaking. Never can thought I. People hear? Too young she. Grimaced I. Almost hysterically snap her out slap. Hands lapfolded fingertwisted. Hers.

*There once was a girl named Eileen
Whose hair had an interesting sheen.*

That it was light blue

Was nothing so new,

It's just that the roots were dark green.

Perfect art form. A cataleptic duo of anapests cantering behind a wretched iamb. Pesty Annas.

Looking for me. There along the beach. See me soon. Lie back. Pretend to not. Sliteyes hey sun watch her run now. Yellow streamers in the breeze. La jeune fille aux jaunes fils. Clenched hands. To me. George shall rise again dragonslaying. Girlrunning. Spasmodically backward at each step slips on the sandstrand.

— Do come in. Let me take your coat. There now you'd like to drink some tea now? Of course I shant forget: lemon and cream as usual. And a sausage oh yes and mustard too. — Charge up the dune light.

Slide back sand on stately toes. Left behind: a procession of thirsty sucking mouths nipping at her heels. Endsooning drought. Flopping on knees next to. Fishgulping mouth-breathless. Shouldnt. Tired from last night debauch she. Dry pink lips offer a libation of heartfelt words. Defunct damsel defies. Slayers. After-dinner cordially I invite her to have a liqueur. On the rocks!

— Hi Helen.

— George. I'm glad. I found you. About. This afternoon. I can't go. With you. Mother said to go to. Town and shop for her.

Looking at me. Mine is the power. Yellow sea of hair lapping at her ears. Palm shade there. No. Too far. Upward an estranged cloud-heap drunkenly staggers out to sea. Clutching finger of condensat. Fun to go. Wants me to. Sober secon.

— George I knew you'd understand.

Why? Kneeling she sits on her feet. Hands on roundimplied knees. Cold. Wonder if? Breasts a cage a piece glaring down at me. Diana's dogs. Groundleaning now on ground finger-splayed like squashed double tripods.

— See you tonight honey. Stands to dimple-skirted legs fingerchafing circulation only stopped wrist. Up dress now. Wish wind would. Disappointed face about. Runs down from knees. Funny how.

Cig. Where? Ah long white tap tap tobacco speckled watch crystal. Match? Other pocket where cigarette. Pphupt. Candle to the Virgin. Away wristsnapping to the world's ashtray. As it was in the beginning. Drag to waves who whip a bleeding brown sandshore. Yellow fingers. Must stop. Selthink for mans. Beware the cancersmoke my friend. Love and like and all that glitters is not gold. Eileen thinking that if she loves then sleeping should with. Drink up. Heres to the way of all flesh: hallowed be thy name. Stare down the sun. Yellow spot. Close and yellow all for shootingred fingers. That letter must write and whys. Why? Unhappy she. Better this way. Eileen now your shadow tightens fistly round my body.

No. A cloud. Give us a case bartend. Bois une boite en bois. And ever shall.

(continued on page 23)

POST MERIDIAN

by James Field

Marv Baker tucked his new record under one arm and walked out of the dusty little store. The sudden flood of August sunlight made him squint a little, and he looked down at the sidewalk. He heard the sound of little running feet too late to get out of the way. A small human projectile thumped up against his side and rebounded slightly, without falling.

"Ah'm sorry, mistuh!"

It was a little Negro boy who Marv figured to be six or seven. There was nothing exceptional about his slightly pudgy face. A small piece of stomach which stuck out between his dark green T-shirt and miniature blue shorts gave him the charm that is common to all little boys whose stomachs are peeking through their clothes.

"Ah hope I didn't hurt you or nuffin'."

"Oh that's O.K. I wasn't looking where I was going."

The young, inquisitive eyes stared up at his face for a moment, the mouth set seriously.

"Do you live near here?"

"Yessuh. Jes' aroun' that corner. I wuz jes' comin' home from Michael's house. Michael's my bes' frien'.

"What's your name?" Marv was instantly sorry he had asked. It really didn't make any difference what his name was. He was prying.

"Wilbur — 'ceptin' mos' people call me jes' Bo. Ah'm seven!"

Bo — it was a lively sort of name. Maybe it did make a difference. Marv thought he looked alert for seven. Sharp.

"My sister's seven, too, but you're bigger'n she is."

"I eat a lot. Thass how come Ah'm so big!"

"My sister likes amusement parks. Do you like amusement parks?"

Marv did that sometimes — just asked a question all of a sudden, right out of the blue. For some reason, it was all he could think of as he confronted Bo's rotund little face.

"Yessuh. 'Musement parks parks are a lotta fun." His mouth was set seriously again, anticipating something.

"Look, I thought I'd go over to Rivermount a little later. If you've got nothing else to do, how'd you like—"

"Yaass!" said Bo, his eyes wide. The thought of it was too good to keep still about, and he had jumped up on one sneaker.

"You sure it'd be O.K. with your mom?"

"Ah'm sure! 'Sides, she's not home right now. She's shoppin'."

"Well, if you're sure, I guess it's O.K. C'mon, let's go."

They rode the subway over to Rivermount. It was only four stops, and it was the early afternoon, so they both could sit down. Bo sat quietly on the wooden seat, his back straight. While his eyes read the advertising signs, his feet rocked back and forth, lightly bouncing against each other. His body seemed to be full of movement, half the subway's, half his own.

Marv looked approvingly at him. "You ever been to Rivermount?"

"Nope. I haven't lived here for very long. Me'n mom 'n pop jes' moved here only 'bout a few days ago. We moved from Mississippi. Thass where I useta live."

"Whereabouts in Mississippi?"

"Meridian. 'Ja ever hear of it?"

"I think so."

"It's not so big as here. Not so much fun, either. In Meridian, they don't even have a 'musement park."

It was their stop. They walked together into the glaring light of day. They had to cross a four-lane boulevard, and as they stepped off the curb, Bo automatically put out his hand. Marv took it, and they started across. A car sped by.

"He's goin' too fass!" said Bo.

"He sure is."

As they walked along the pavement, Marv seemed immersed in thought. He was jarred back into the scene by Bo. He was tugging at his hand in eager anticipation as they approached the entrance.

Marv paid their admission under the big red and white sign, and they walked into the light crowd within the park.

"Whatya want to do first?"

Bo's head was thrown back as his black eyes surveyed the tall wooden stanchions that supported a roller-coaster track.

"How many rolly-coasters they got in here?"

"I dunno. I think there's three big ones and two little ones."

"Less go on the bigges' one there is," said Bo, his chin thrust upward.

"O.K., if you want to. You must be pretty brave."

"Me 'n Michael play fighter pilots. Thass how come I learned to be brave." Marv smiled and put his hand squarely on Bo's close-cropped head. While he was steering him thus to the

ticket window, Bo would move ahead of him slightly, bending his whole body forward, and revealing a little more stomach than usual.

"Take it easy, sport. We'll get there soon enough."

"Well, if you wouldn't walk so slow—" He said it with a quick twist of his body, squirming out from underneath Marv's hand. Flashing a broad smile over his shoulder, he let out an infectious giggle and galloped on toward the ticket booth. After quickly surveying the sign above the booth, he wheeled around and loped back to his plodding friend.

"Thass called the Giant Express," he said, displaying a seven-year old's pride in having deciphered the written word. "It mus' be the bigges'."

Marv brought their tickets, and after a quick search found Bo standing at the entrance gate, staring up at the ticket-taker. The little horseman bounded through as Marv handed the man their tickets.

Marv walked up to his diminutive friend.

"Boy, that guy mus' c'llect a zillion ticket a day."

"At least!"

A miniature train of silver cars pulled up. As soon as they were abroad, a man swung a

large steel bar around in front of them, which they both promptly grabbed. When everyone was on, the little train lurched forward, made a slight turn, and began its slow ascent. Up, up, up it crawled as the driving chain clanked ominously in their ears. As they neared the top, Bo gave a quick, nervous look over the side at the milling crowds below.

"Looks like a bunch o' little fishes."

Marv nodded over his shoulder. Their car had reached the top of its climbs. DO NOT STAND UP IN CAR read a large sign which marked the summit.

"O.K., Bo, let's ride 'er home."

Bo said nothing, but tried to smile. The front of their plane nosed over, and went into a steep dive. Both pilots tried to remain courageously unaffected, but just as their craft pulled out, the little fellow dropped the stick, grabbed hold of his co-pilot's arm, and closed his eyes.

When it was over, the same man threw the metal handlebar back, Marv, lifted a somewhat shaky, but grateful seven-year-old off the seat. Bo forced a smile when he felt the soles of his sneakers back on solid ground.

"Whoosh! That was all kindsa scary!"

"You're right, my friend."

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As they walked away from the "Grand Express", Marv felt a small hand grab his wrist. Bo's rambunctiousness was subdued for a whole half hour.

Around quarter of six, both boys had the simultaneous feeling that they had let a little too much time slip by.

"C'mon, Bo, let's head home. We don't want your mom mad at us."

"Ahm comin' ." He dropped an empty popcorn box into a chicken-wire trash container.

Hurried they retraced their steps of three hours before. The subway, now somewhat crowded, halted at the stop nearest to Bo's neighborhood.

"Watch your step, brother," said Marv as Bo stepped off the train ahead of him.

"What?" answered the youngster, suddenly stopping and turning in the midst of his exit.

"I said watch your step, brother," repeated Marv, prodding Bo forward with his hand before he became a traffic problem.

"Am I your brother?"

"Oh, not if you don't wanta be—"

"Yup, I am." He said it with a confident nod.

They walked up out of the tunnel, crossed the street, and passed the record store, now closed, where they had met.

"It's that one up there, isn't it?" Marv was pointing to the next cross street ahead.

"Thass the one. I live on Archer Street."

They turned down the street, marked by a weather-worn sign which drooped from an obsolete lamp post. All sense of excitement seemed to die in mid air as Marv looked down the pock-marked asphalt road, lined with sagging brick sidewalks. They walked past several three- and four-story apartment houses, built uncomfortably close to one another. There was a remarkable sameness to their rusty color, chipping paint, and wrapped front stairs. Marv noticed that nearly every set of stairs was occupied: in front of the first dwelling stood two stout women in faded housedresses, gossiping; across the street sat a lone woman, with a cloth around her hair, reading a paper; farther down he observed a few children, younger than Bo, squatting on their haunches while engaged in some childish game or conversation. Some people looked up and stared for a moment as the two passed by. Most seemed uninterested, or too lazy to share. The upturned faces were always

tired and expressionless.

"This is *my* house."

Marv followed his little guide up the walk. He was grateful that Bo's house seemed to be a little more inviting than the rest. Bo twisted the knob, and struggled against the heavy door with one shoulder. Marv quickly came to his aid with a firm push.

"I could open our door easy. They don't got such big doors in Meridian." Marv smiled at the explanation.

Bo led the way up the stairs, his head bobbing from side to side as he trudged along. Marv followed unquestioningly, a step behind. When they reached the second floor, Bo turned left and strolled past two doors. He stopped in front of the third, and turned proudly to his companion.

"Here it is!" He quickly threw it open.

The sudden thump of the door against the wall momentarily froze the two people inside. Marv saw Bo's mother, standing in the center of the room with her hands tightly clasped. She was a slim, young-looking woman with a gentle face. It was Bo's face, but without the usual hint of laughter. His father sat on a rather threadbare armchair, reading the evening paper. He was a large, powerful man, wearing a T-shirt that displayed his muscular arms. He instantly dropped his paper and advanced toward the door. Bo had taken one step into the room when his father reached him. He lifted the boy swiftly, but gently out of the doorway and handed him to his mother. Instantaneously she left the room with the startled youngster.

Bo's father confronted Marv alone, each on opposite sides of the threshold.

"Mind tellin' me where you been with my boy?" There was a trace of anger in his voice.

"Oh we just . . . I took Bo over to Rivermount Park for the afternoon." The man looked at him strangely, as if he had just spoken in a foreign language.

"Over . . . to . . . Rivermount?"

"Sure. We didn't mean to be so late, you understand."

"No, fellah, I'm 'fraid I *don't* understand."

"Gosh, I'm sorry if—"

"Never mind. Jest forget it. Forget the whole thing!"

"Look, I hope I—" But his words were lost in the sound of the closing door, rattling down the hall.



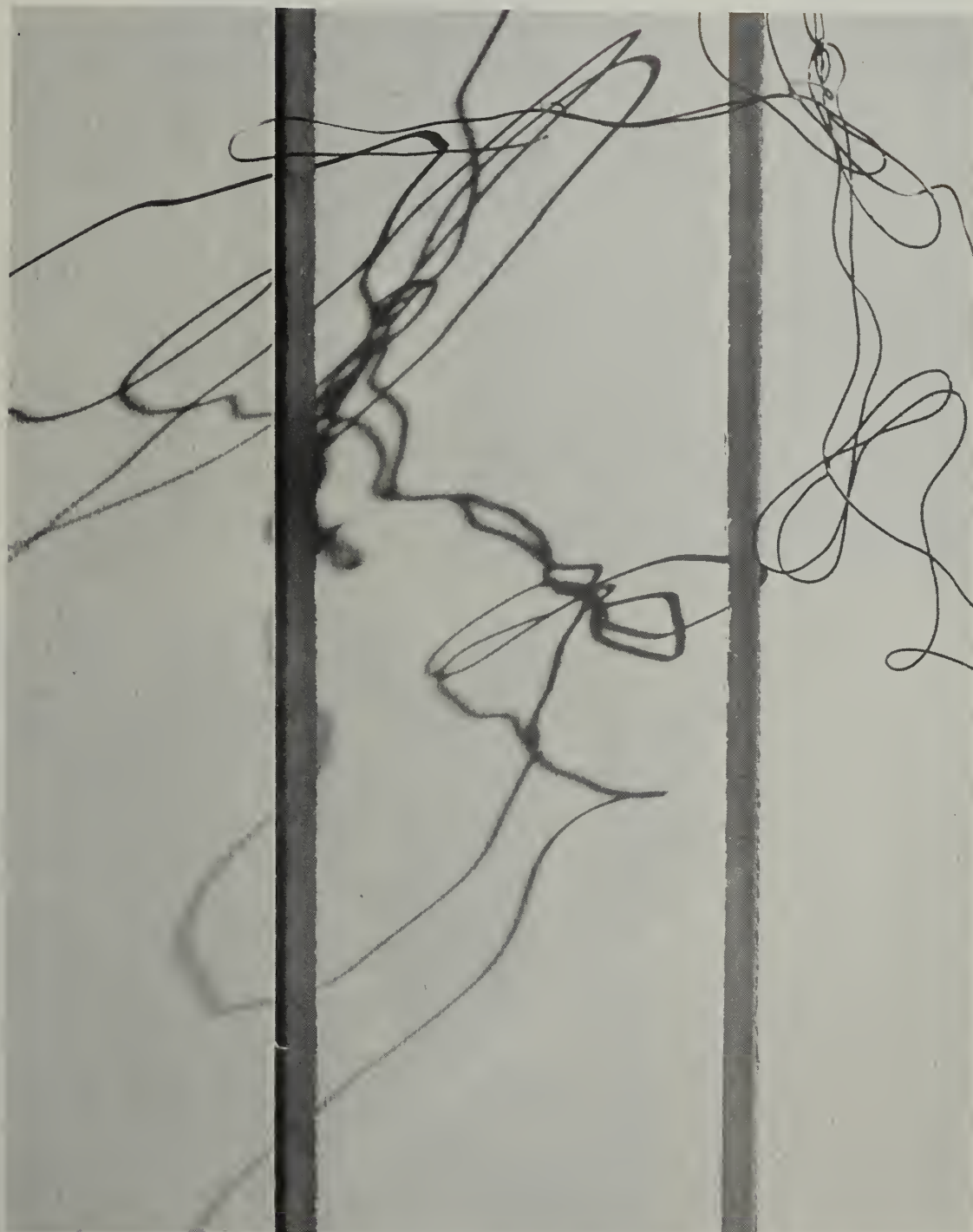
S. Wrede '61



John Vogel '62



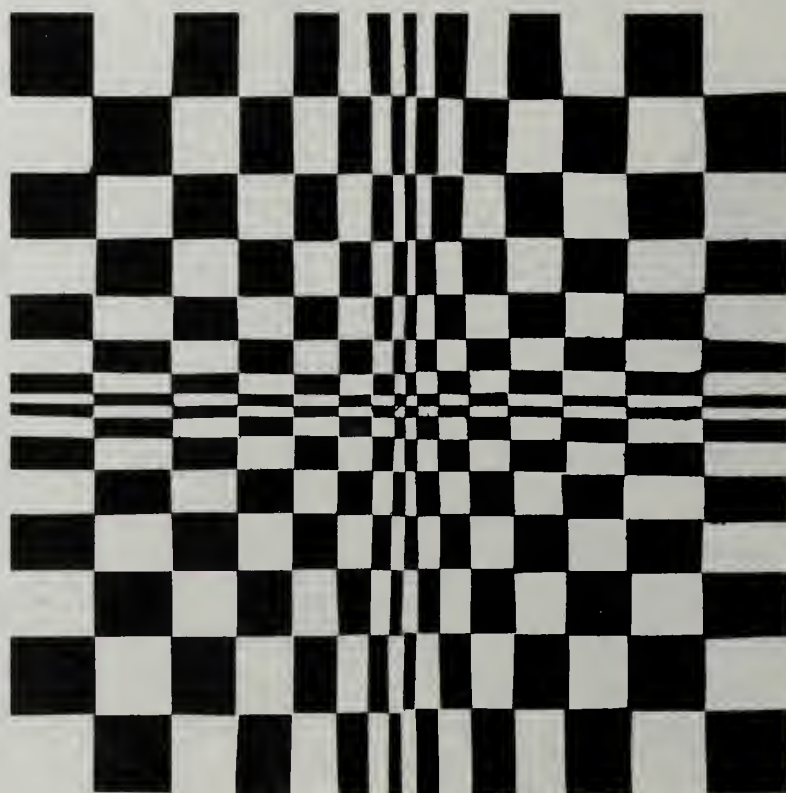
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SEMPER HEDONIST — A MORAL TALE

by Tom Evislin

Midge's mother had an annoying habit of following her on dates. Not that she came with her or anything, but the things she'd told Midge, would stow away in the back seats of the cars Midge went out in. They'd follow her right into parties and rebuke her when she admired her figure while taking off her coat. Apparently, they liked the night; for, as the darkness crept up around a house full of party and the lights died as if following the sun, they would grow stronger. As a matter of fact, the closer Midge was to her date, the closer her mother's warnings were to her. They always gave her less trouble if she was "embarrassed" at the way some other girl was carrying on right in public.

One night, not too many nights ago, Midge and her date left a party early. Her spiritual advisors, those same nocturnal moralists we have already met, were following very close behind the couple. They were extremely disappointed in Midge for leaving the party an hour and a half before she had to be home. Midge wasn't the kind of girl who left parties early and went and made out or even worse with some guy in the back seat of his car. No, Midge was a good girl and she had no idea why she'd left the party early.

It was just that she'd been hugging John—no, not hugging, dancing; they weren't doing anything wrong, there was music playing; and he'd suggested leaving and he was very cute which didn't have anything to do with it so she agreed. Now she and John were getting into his car and she didn't even know where they were going. She wanted to ask him but "Where are we going, John?" sounded too stupid and he might make some crack and ruin everything.

It was a nice night. The darkness was soft and the moon smelled of nightblossoms; the Sound was a darker softness lying quietly in its bed between its tree-covered lovers. It was the kind of night that makes young girls sit up in bed and watch the moon, that makes recently-blossomed eighth-graders want to kiss their dates goodnight foreverandeverandever, that makes fountaining, emancipated coeds finally give in to something far different from the logical arguments they'd always said would talk them into bed. In short, it was a good night for Midge, who "didn't do this sort of thing", to allow herself to be kissed and caressed in a parked car overlooking the Long Island Sound.

She recalled her mother's warnings about

such situations and advice on escaping; but she forgot as she drowned in a kiss that grew darker and heavier until it surrounded her and made her safe. She forgot that the arms around her were the chains of sin and imagined that she just wanted them to stay there forever.

John got her home only fifteen minutes late and was very happy and only vaguely wondered why he hadn't gone further when he might have had a chance as he drove home, out of this story, and into a bed that was softer than it'd ever been before.

Midge's dreams were not as pleasant. She didn't remember them when she woke up since they weren't the kinds of dreams young maidens have; but she did know they were bad and they'd come because she was bad. She felt her sin sticking to her body like sweat that's been allowed to dry. The worst thing about her guilt was that she'd never be caught and punished and forgiven.

The morning was gray. The sky was hard and the small yellow sun burned through layers of gasoline fumes that refused to rise.

"A bad day makes a good night," somebody said.

"Nonsense," somebody said.

"Last night was nice," somebody said.

Midge stood in line in the church and felt much better. It was very virtuous of her to come to confession right after sinning. The celibate's robe rustled as he settled down to hear the girl's confession.

"Forgive me, father, for I have sinned. I have committed sins of the Flesh."

"Alone or with another?"

"With a boy, father."

The priest told Midge of the dangers of temptation. He described the beauties of heaven which she had taken a chance of losing. Heaven takes in the soul and envelopes it, drowning its tortured individuality; here the soul is safe for all eternity . . .

"Like making out . . ." flashed across Midge's mind but she was quick to dismiss the irreverent thought. She knelt in front of the altar to say her penitence and, for a second, wondered why pleasure was only right after you died. But then she remembered that the pleasures of the flesh are sinful and of the soul holy. Had not her mother told her this and her mother told her and so on for centuries? And who would doubt an old wives' tale?

The buildings rose straight up from the narrow streets. A breeze from the East River blew the laundry strung from building to building. The morning sun shone down on the pavement crowded with automobiles and people. The air in the concrete and stone canyons was humid and warm this morning, and as the river breeze slowly died, it got warmer. Women in aprons chatted from window to window, and there were clusters of people in doorways a few steps above street level. At the end of the street, one could see a small group of trees, but it was many blocks away. A little boy dressed in faded jeans came out of a doorway and walked down the street towards the trees. He was about six years old, but small for his age, and his curly hair made his face look strangely feminine. He

Playground

Mark Menger '61

walked past fruit stores, cigar stores, and cut-rate clothes stores, shiny cars, battered garbage cans, and old brownstone buildings. After crossing many streets, he stopped for a minute to watch some older boys play stickball in a vacant lot. He came to the clump of trees that some of the people of New York called a park, and walked past the basketball court to the hopscotch lines, where he had seen a girl he knew. She was playing jacks, and the little boy went over and sat down next to her. They talked about the dead ice-cream man, how glad they were not to be in school, and the girl's older brother who was in trouble with the police. They talked about leaving the city, and playing skip-rope. Then the little boy had an idea. "Let's pretend," he said.

"Pretend what?"

"Pretend we're grown up and you're my wife, just like my mom and dad."

"Okay."

"Good. Now give me your top."

"No."

"Yes."

"Cause you're my wife. Give it to me."

"No."

The little boy slapped her face. The little girl started to cry. Between sobs, she asked him why he had hit her. The boy said: "Cause you're my wife, and if you're my wife, we gotta act

like grown-ups."

The little girl started to cry again. The boy turned and walked out of the park in the morning sun.

2.

The dust lay thick and heavy underfoot. A hot southern sun shone down on sparse brown grass and crumbly asphalt. A park, shaped like an irregular triangle, was in the middle of town, and here people came to relax at all hours of the day. A wire fence with three gates in it surrounded the park, and through these gates one had to pass to go to the muddy pond which stagnated in the middle of the recreation area. Some young boys were playing baseball on a small diamond near the pond, and one of the boys had just hit the ball over the fence. It was a hot day, and after the home run, a few of the boys left to find some shade. The boys that remained decided to play "hit the bat." They adjusted their peaked baseball caps over faces strangely untanned in the southern heat, and tried to make their throws as accurate as possible. Three boys had hit the bat, when a long, hard throw bounced over it, and rolled out a gate, into the street. A small Negro boy walking on the sidewalk picked up the ball and went across the road to the gate of the park, where he stood hesitantly.

"Get out of here."

"Give us the ball and get home, nigger."

"Throw us the ball, and hustle."

One of the boys threw a small rock. The colored boy quickly put the baseball down and ran across the street. He kept running until he lost himself in the blackness of an alley. All the boys laughed and turned to go back to the game — all the boys except the one with the ball. "We shouldn't have done that," he said slowly.

"What do you mean? He was a jig, and he had our ball."

"We gotta keep them out of here," said another.

"My father says that it isn't nice or right to do that. He says it isn't fair to do that to Negroes." The first boy looked at the dust under his feet.

"Go home, then."

"My dad says that your dad is a nigger-lover. Get out of here, nigger-lover."

The boy with the ball turned around, took a few steps, threw the ball in the muddy pond, and ran out the gate in the hot sunlight.

3.

From Golden Gate Park, the water of San Francisco Bay sparkled in the sunlight. A

group of swings looked down on a busy scene, and the surrounding countryside was clear and beautiful. A gang of small boys went over to the swings and climbed on.

"I bet my plane can go faster and higher than yours."

"I bet it can't. Mine is a super, super-sonic fighter and it goes fast."

The boys pumped their legs to accelerate, and soon the swings were going in higher and higher arcs.

"Look. I'm shooting Jap planes. I already got four of them."

"Here come some more. They're shooting back. They have big bombers. Bamm Bamm Pow Pow."

"I put one on fire. He fell into the water with a big splash."

"Some behind us. Shoot."

"Get those dirty Japs."

Suddenly the boys stopped shooting. A small, thin, oriental boy had climbed onto the last swing, and was swinging himself slowly. The other boys without a sound slowed down their fighters and landed for a council.

"Why are we shooting Japs? We better stop."

"We always shoot Japs. My father shot Japs. He told me how bad they were."

"My father fought Japs, too. He was wounded. He tells me that they are our friends now."

"If they are our friends, we better not shoot them."

"Let's shoot Russians instead."

"Okay."

The boys got back on their swings. They started swinging. "Bamm Bamm Pow Pow."

"Watch out for those dirty Reds, there's one over there." The boy on the next to last swing turned to the little oriental-looking boy: "Want to shoot Russians with us?"

"Sure."

"Bam Bamm Pow Pow Sak Sak."

They stopped shooting after a while, when their legs got tired. The boys, American, and Japanese-American, walked away from the swings.

4.

Long Island Sound lapped the sand ten feet away. A bunch of boys and girls were building castles, mountains, and forts in the sand. Others were lying half in, half out of the water; the warm, gentle waves washed over them. A couple of little boys were digging in the sand like dogs. Some others had almost completely covered one of their friends so that only

his face showed above sand.

"Can we go in the water now?"

"No. My mummy says that we would have a tummy ache, and it would be very dangerous if we went swimming now."

"We have to wait for an hour, my mother says."

The sand mountains rose; moats around castle grew deeper. A tanned lifeguard came down to the beach to get one of the children whose mother wanted to leave. The other children waiting on the beach noticed this.

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"It's too bad Jimmy had to go."

"I think his mother is a meany," said one of the little girls.

"Do you like your mother?" asked another girl.

"I guess so. I don't see her very much, even during the summer. She plays tennis and eats with her friends. I stay on the beach most of the time."

"My mummy is nice. She reads me stories."

"My mummy reads me stories, too. But she and Daddy go to so many parties that it takes a long time to finish books. Sometimes we go swimming. She asks me why I don't swim any better. She says that since I take lessons, I

should know how. She doesn't pay any attention when I tell her that I don't like the teacher."

"I don't like him either."

"My mummy isn't mean like Jimmy's, though."

"I think it's time now. I'll go ask my mother if we can go in the water."

The children went out to the float, and tumbled down the slide into the water. It was fun. The swimming teacher came out to the float and gave lessons. At five o'clock, the children came onto the beach. They dried themselves off, changed their clothes, and played tag. When their mothers called, they went to the cars, and drove home as the sun was getting low in the sky.

A NAME FOR PHILIPY

by James Bamford

Beyond the depot and the mill the railroad tracks ribbon the river on the left and the woods on the right. The melting snow sent its waters out of the woods, through the tunnels under the tracks, and into the swelling river. Guido and Philippy walked along the tracks throwing stones at the telegraph wires. They would swear at a stone and throw it, believing that if the stone hit a wire, the dirty message would travel to the operator.

"Philippy, why did you want to come down here? Willy, Hans, John, and I have never come down here this time of the year. It's too cold to swim and too wet to hike. There isn't enough snow to make a snowman on the tracks, and the frogs aren't out yet."

Philippy stopped throwing stones and said, "I had to go some place, Poppa kicked me out of the house. He was drunk. Momma said I shouldn't be around when he's drunk. She said he got drunk because his piles were hurting him."

"Piles? What are piles?"

"I don't know. I thing they're something like athlete's foot."

Guido thought a moment then said, "Dad had athlete's foot once, but he didn't get drunk. He put his feet in purple water. Maybe you should tell your dad to put his feet in purple water instead of getting drunk."

"He'll get drunk anyway. He likes to get drunk . . . Guido, do you have anything to eat?"

Guido put his hand in his jacket pocket and pulled out a mass of tissue, gum wrappers,

candy wrappers, and match books. He found a candy bar and placed the debris back in his pocket.

"You can have half of my Runaway Bar."

Puzzled, Philippy said, "Runaway Bar? That's a Charleston Chew."

"Well, we've been calling them Runaway Bars since last winter when Hans and I stole an empty milk bottle that my mother had saved for my brother. After we cashed the bottle and bought the candy, we came out of the store and saw my brother coming at us. He was madder 'an hell. We had to run down to the river and hide so that we wouldn't have to share the candy. If you don't like Runaway Bars, I'll eat it all myself."

Eating in silence they walked until they came to a tunnel where the water rushed under the tracks. They stopped and Guido haughtily said, "This is Root Beer Tunnel."

Angrily, Philippy said, "I suppose you have a name for everything around here."

"Most everything," Guido said. "They're good names, too. We call this Root Beer Tunnel because last summer we stole a whole case and drank it here. The next tunnel is Lucky Strike Tunnel. Two years ago Willy took a pack of Luckies from his dad, and the four of us smoked them in that tunnel."

At this point Philippy did not want to hear any more about tunnels and their names. He asked, "What else do you do besides stealing cigarettes and making up names?"

"Oh, we have fun," said Guido. "Last year we caught two of the Mad Russian's ducks, right down there." He pointed to a rotted tree near the river. "When we caught the first one, no one wanted to cut his throat. We tied the

duck's neck to the track and waited for a train to cut the head off and leave the rest for us to cook. When the duck felt the train's vibration on the rail, he started flopping his wings. When the train came and cut his head off, the damn thing was still alive; and he flew right under the wheels. There were guts and feathers smashed all over the tracks and the train.

"When we caught the second duck, we were on a hike. We had soup, corn, potatoes, and apples. We took the duck to the Cook Apple Camp, chopped off his head, pulled out most of the feathers, and put a stick through it to cook it. When Hans smelled the meat cooking, he got so excited that he took off all his clothes, climbed up a tree, and started yelling. We thought the Mad Russian might hear his crazy yelling, and we had to chop the tree down to make him shut up. We ate the duck, but it didn't taste very good because it was burned on the outside and raw underneath. We had forgotten to take the guts out, and the damn thing tasted like fish."

Philipy was amused, but he said, "You shouldn't have killed the ducks."

"Do you like ducks?"

"Yes, live ones."

"Do you like frogs?"

"No."

"Good, you'll have to come with us when the frogs come out. Down at the Second White Tun-

nel there are always frogs. In the summer we try to catch as many as we can and tie them to the tracks before a train comes. Last summer we had thirteen tied down before a train came and mashed them all to hell. When the train had left, we saw some of the frog legs still kicking."

Philipy was happy. "I don't like frogs."

Beyond the Second White Tunnel the tracks hook to the right with the river. They walked past the hook, and Philipy walked up the mound of crushed stone and sat down on a shining rail. Guido jumped off the cinder path and into the bushes.

"Philipy, get off. I hear a train."

"I don't hear anything . . . I'm tired."

"Philipy, there's a whistle. Here comes a train."

"I can't hear you. Train? There's no train coming. I'll get up though."

Philipy gripped the rail to pull himself forward. He lost his footing on the crushed stone and fell back onto the tarred logs.

Two weeks later Guido, Willy, Hans, and John walked along the Red Skin Trail past the Cook Apple Camp. The woods were dry and the river had receded. They left the woods and went into the Second White Tunnel. They had decided not to go further toward Philipy's Hook. Willy passed out cigarettes from a fresh pack. When they finished the pack, they decided to catch frogs. The frogs were out.

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

by Richard Barry

The concept of nothing has disturbed man for centuries. No one can accurately imagine nothing until he decides what properties nothing has. Some people would contend that nothing is the absence of existence and would cite total darkness as nothing. But darkness is itself something; the same is true for whiteness. If nothing is not darkness or whiteness, then the human mind has great difficulty in conceiving a notion of what nothing is. And so maybe because of the very nature of nothing we must come to the conclusion that it is impossible for finite intellects to envision it. Let us assume that a state of nothing exists somewhere. If this assumption is true, nothing has properties of something; for the state of existence is something itself. Therefore, nothing is comparable to something. Because this statement is probably correct, nothing can not exist. Could nothing be the non-existence of something? Such brilliant and enlightening dissertations as the one above may show how men can get disturbed about nothing.

Nothing has become the basis for many American and world-wide institutions. The universal popularity of the doughnut is based entirely upon something it doesn't have: a center. The doughnut industry has not rested on its laurels, however; with every box I buy the holes seem to become bigger and better. Ultimately the holes will become too large for the doughnuts to fit around them and may even replace the doughnut completely. For one, I really won't mind. As it is, I can never eat so many doughnut holes that my stomach will not hold one more.

Various art forms depend on nothing for their acclaim. Music first comes to my mind. Have you ever considered how your favorite song would sound if instead of playing only one note at a time for the melody the orchestra played every note it knew? The beauty of music, therefore, seems to lie in the absence of notes. Statues are made from solid, amorphous stone by chiseling away the excess material and leaving nothing in its place. And so a sculpture is nothing more than nothing more carefully moulded around something than it was before.

Sometimes nothing is the most useful thing a person can have. The time when a friend comes borrowing money is one of these times. (Incidentally, it should be noted that the little holes throughout a sponge are the secret of the sponge's success.) Often it is convenient to go to church with nothing. If a person should do so, he should not necessarily act embarrassed; for the minister, too, may be similarly equipped. Many don't believe what Josh Billings once said: "It's better to know nothing than to know what ain't so."

Nothing is the basis for hunger, which can often drive a man to eat anything. This brings me to Commons. We are told that nothing is better for us than a tall glass of milk. Perhaps this is the reason the training meals keep the school athletes in top condition. At Wednesday and Saturday lunches, the students who can't eat the training meal usually do the next best thing: they eat nothing, which is served in their respective dining halls. Unfortunately, most of the Juniors don't know that nothing is better than Commons food. This ignorance may account for the Junior Class's being invariably the worst class athletically when compared with the upper three.

Nothing is of great importance in mathematics. The function of nothing whenever it brings up the rear of a number is to multiply the number existing without nothing by ten, which itself can not exist without nothing. If x is any number, real or imaginary, x plus nothing equals x ; and x minus nothing equals x . We can see that addition and subtraction are quite similar. Multiplying by nothing is very easy, because the result is always nothing, which we know something about. When we divide by nothing, we get nothing which we know something about. Thus we see that even multiplication and division are similar processes.

No one can accurately imagine nothing until he decides what properties nothing has.

THE CONCEPT OF NOTHING HAS DISTURBED MAN FOR CENTURIES.

USELESS

(continued from page 7)

Yes he always does things like that as coming late half an hour and God knows we shouldnt have argued but did and then we went out toward the beach when he put his arm around me and I almost said cut it out George because I was still mad from his being late but I let him and I wonder do all girls do that and let them put their arms around them instead of saying nothing doing and then he asked my dress was it pink and I said yes it was but I was still sore at him Lord I haven't gone out with very many boys and they've all been more considerate than he was and then he asked me would I like a cigarette and I said yes I would so he gave one to me and lit a match I hate it so when he lights the match and holds it up before the phoserphros or whatever it is all burnt and then you smell this horrible smell and your nostrils itch and he asked me am I cold and I am a bit I said no not at all and silently smoking we walk down the beach and I thought of taking off our shoes which is really fun in sand or rain or mud like three days ago when we were out in the rain coming back from town and it started raining and we got completely soaked in about a minute but it was warm so George said why don't we take off our shoes and we did and felt the mud between our toes which is all kind of primitive but fun anyway at the side of the road so I finally said lets take our shoes off and he said yes and we did again and one of my shoes fell in the sand and he reached to pick it up and I said thank you and he gave me a queer look while I was shaking the sand out of my shoe and letting it cascade down like a waterfall of moonlight which there was and then he said lets sit down and at first I was afraid the sand might be wet from the cooling night but when we sat it was still warm and my cigarette had burned all down when I looked up to see the moon it had been covered by a cloud or something but it was still light out moonglow from no moon or new moon and then he said Helen yes I said and he turned putting his hand on my shoulder and kissed me ever so gently on the lips and it was the first time I was very scared and shaking a bit but he stopped soon and leaned back and then was pressing harder on my shoulder and I had no balance and started to yes my back was on the sand and he was lying next to me and breath-neck and Helen softly and I said George could I have a cigarette please and he turned over on

his stomach for a while and I almost asked him again except he finally fished one out of his pocket and a match too and then he lit it doing that thing I hate I mean not letting the phoserphros burn first and I almost said hey how about letting the smelly stuff burn first but he had moved his hand under my back and his face was very close to now and I was very confused and he started to kiss my neck Goddam it Helen and I saw that my cigarette had singed his eyebrows and now unbuttoning my dress down down and he unfastened my bra and I was feeling very uncomfortable because this had never happened to me before and I wasn't quite sure how to take it all and the front of my dress he folded down down and I realized that I had by mistake put my cigarette in the sand and I said light please George and he cursed somewhat and fishing in his pocket but soon I was lit again blowing nosejets clouding mountains and George had been kissing yes kissing my breasts and I almost said something to the effect that he sould cut it out but he stopped soon and covered mine with his body and kissed me on the lips and I said yes I said yes and I felt him tense under me and he sat up on my knees and said gee Helen I didn't think you were that kind of girl

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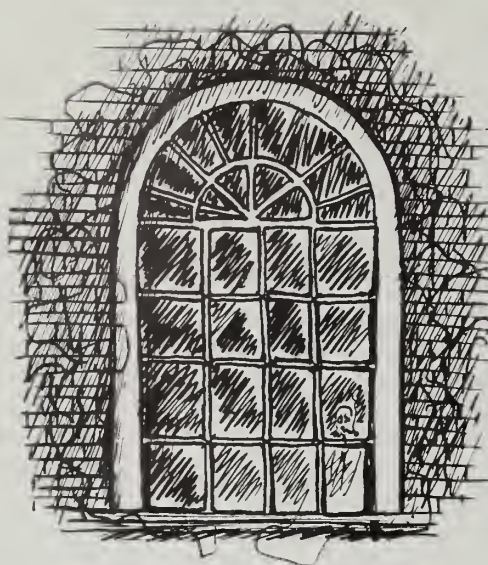
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THE GREAT POETS LOOK AT COMMONS

by David M. Smith



XIV FROM ABSOLUTELY LAST POEMS, by A. E. H.

No, lad, no, the toast is cold;
It will not fill your belly up.
The eggs are sulphurous and old,
But they will serve you till you sup.

The sun is low in eastern skies,
And there is much to do today
Ere the sun sets before your eyes
And you must go to bed for aye.

So eat your gruel, lad, and be still;
Choke down the porridge and the curse:
Before you lie beneath the hill
I fear that you shall savour worse.

MORNING SONG, by R. F.

I heard a song high in a tree
Hurled from a branch to capture me:
A tufted lark with eager throat
Gave forth his morning monody.

I could not pause to give the note
Its due, and so I cannot quote
It for you now, but what it said
Was plain enough, and has my vote.

I could not pause—the bells were dead,
Or nearly so, I judged, and fled.
At twenty past the hour, you know,
The doors are closed and no one fed.

I had to leave my friend and go,
Although it pained me to do so—
The voice of man had called, you see,
And who was I to answer "no"?



THE COMMONS, by W. W.

The Commons—lusty, bawling, odiferous!
I salute you and press to my bosom, O feeding trough of the hundred.
How often have I stood in line with the ravenous students—
Hairy-chinned ape of an athlete, close-shorn politico,
Cynic and grind, brown-nose and carefree hacker (I love them all).
We pass the stacked trays, brown and aluminum,
The carefully inverted glasses, the milk machine, tri-teated, gleaming,
The silver still warm from its bath, and at last the steaming chow trays.
Now I will gorge my belly and go out and roll in the green grass,
And think of you O lusty, bawling, odiferous Commons:
And think of you, my love.



MALICE IN WONDERLAND OR THE PROBLEM OF ADAM AND EVIL

by Steve Most

(Enter Adam)

ADAM: What is the solution to man's predicament; man, who lives in a meaningless universe, aware of his impotence in the face of the problems which confront him and which seek solutions? Man, who is faced with droth, death, and disease; man, who is confronted, or you might say, forced to wrestle with the problem of evil, the problem of his own imperfection; man, who seeks to contemplate as best he can the Ground of our Being; man, who must discover the real business and end of all meaning. Man, being as he is, half animal and half divine, half Godhead, half Whitehead, and half meathead, must grapple with these problems which confront him in order that he may determine his rightful place in the universe. But I disgress. (Enter Eve running)

EVE: Adam! Adam! Come quick! (She is distraught and eager to tell him something. He gently puts his arm around her waist and smiles at her.)

ADAM: Now, Eve. What are our day-to-day cares in the face of man's predicament?

Eve: But Adam?

ADAM: What with man's predicament and all, I don't know what I do without you. How lucky I am. I *love* my wife. When I first met you, I loved you for your body. But that's changed. Now I no longer love you for your body; now I love you for yourself. Come to think of it, there isn't much choice.

EVE: But Adam!

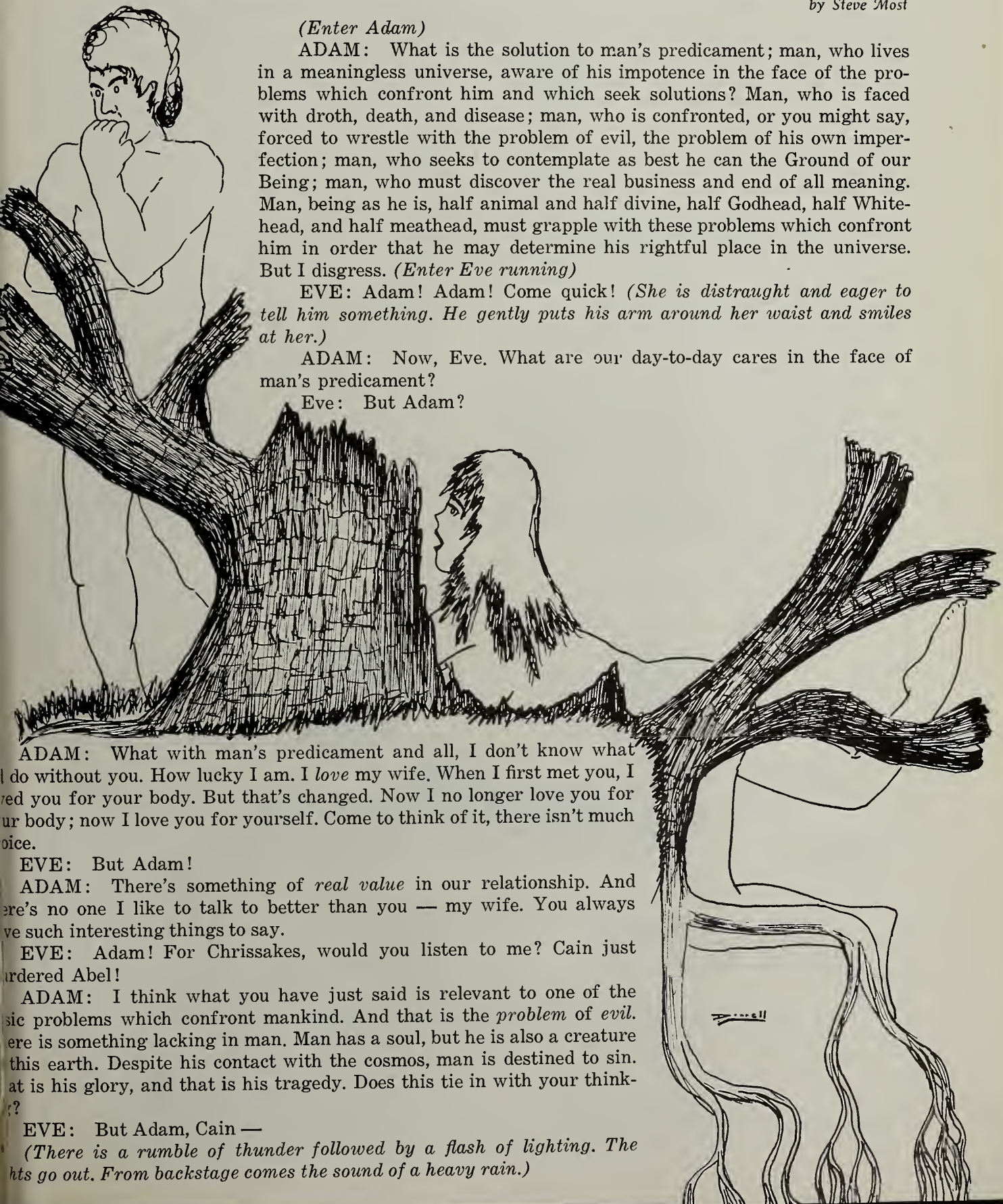
ADAM: There's something of *real value* in our relationship. And there's no one I like to talk to better than you — my wife. You always have such interesting things to say.

EVE: Adam! For Chrissakes, would you listen to me? Cain just murdered Abel!

ADAM: I think what you have just said is relevant to one of the basic problems which confront mankind. And that is the *problem of evil*. There is something lacking in man. Man has a soul, but he is also a creature of this earth. Despite his contact with the cosmos, man is destined to sin. That is his glory, and that is his tragedy. Does this tie in with your thinking?

EVE: But Adam, Cain —

(There is a rumble of thunder followed by a flash of lighting. The lights go out. From backstage comes the sound of a heavy rain.)



A DEPARTMENTAL FAILURE

by Michael Beard

As hard as it may be to believe, there exists a dormitory at Andover with only one boy in it. Grott House, hidden by a clump of trees over by Bancroft Road, can be seen on a leafless fall day from the very top of the Bell Tower.

If one were to ask Mr. Dulbin, the housemaster, about the single occupant of his house, he would no doubt deny the existence of such a student. He thinks that the upstairs portion of Grott House was condemned in 1928, as indeed it was. But one summer morning someone pressed a wrong button or two on the IBM machine that assigns rooms upstairs in George Washington Hall, and as a result lower prep Timothy Kantor Selby, Indian Springs, Connecticut, was assigned to Grott House 1.

In early September, a duck venturing from the sanctuary, over the colonial monsters squatting in the sunshine, past the Hockey Rink, past Pearson Farm, might have seen a truck driver below in the speckled haze, putting the trunk of Timothy K. Selby into the student entrance of Grott House. But beside that duck and that

truck driver, no living inhabitant of Andover could have known of the student's arrival.

Timothy Selby was a shy, quiet type. He managed to go about his affairs unobtrusively. He never checked his cuts, for he never took any. He never went to the Treasurer's Office, for he felt his money was safe in Grott House. In assembly, in Chapel, in line at Commons, and in classes, he never spoke to the students next to him, for he didn't know any of them. He was never called on by his teachers, for none of them knew him.

One morning in the depths of the Winter Term he sat thoughtfully in math absent-mindedly watching a flake of chalk hug the smooth surface of blackboard as it made its descent. He thought of his enviable position of never being called upon, and began to doubt his that he was really lucky. The bell rang, only barely interrupting his reverie, and he watched the groups of boys walk to other classes, to the Library, to their dorms, as he walked on alone. He remembered all the hacks in club soccer, the hacks he had watched but not participated in. He



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thought of the Abbot Mixer, of Benner House, of snowfall fights, of all places where people mixed and made friends.

Back at the dorm, he kept on thinking along the same vein, driving himself into utter despondancy. Searching through his desk, he found the mimeographed letter he had received from the headmaster. He sadly looked at the signature, obviously done by some employee in the Admissions Office. Suddenly aware of the meaninglessness of his friendless life, he crumpled up the letter and threw it with all his might against the wall.

He packed.

He went to the nearest telephone booth, down by the Infirmary, to phone a cab to take him to the train station. But there was already a line, and worse yet the bells for his next class were ringing.

So he waded through the slush and falling snow to his next class.

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**THE ART OF
JAMES JOYCE**

(continued from page 6)

lyrical, imaginings, the desire to create, love, his break with the church, and back to love and art again, Joyce presents Stephen primarily as an individual whose situation and preceptions are unique, and secondly as a slightly pompous young man with conflicts, desires and ambitions.

The third necessity for beauty is *radiance*. Stephen's explanation of *radiance* is garbled except for the suggestion of timelessness, meaning, not only that beautiful things are always beautiful, but that a beautiful thing has in it an element of eternity. This idea, being nebulous in itself, is difficult to relate specifically to the book, except inasmuch as I agree that beauty seems to deny time just as truth denies time.

Now that I have shown what Joyce meant by an esthetic end, I will discuss the idea of *human disposition* which is vital to the reading and comprehension of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Disposition, or selection, is the essence of Joyce's technique, picking from an infinite number of possible details those which make the description esthetic. Stephen's feelings after the play at Clongowes are described thus: "On the lines which he had fancied

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the moorings of an ark a few lanterns swung in the night breeze, flickering cheerlessly." By adding the detail of Stephen's imagination, Joyce has made the incident meaningful for us: we are presented with the dramatic irony of Stephen's romantic imagination and a great letdown after his performance. We know that Stephen has been stimulated by acting and we see him first discovering the real difference between art and life.

Stephen himself has an affinity for details, from noticing Dante's rolling napkin-ring, to writing in his diary, "The spell of arms and voices: the white arms of roads, their promise of embraces and the black arms of tall ships that stand against the moon, their tale of distant nations," characterizing so well he reasons for leaving home, to the dean, who "thrust forward his underjaw and uttered a dry, short cough," which we know is of embarrassment. This use of detail gives us tight, powerful impressions, intensified by numerous unstated suggestions.

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man is a successful book, not only as it fulfills its own definition of beauty, but as proof that art must be more than mere duplication of life: if art ever becomes a substitute for life, it is doomed. Art is the selection of essential details which will cause feelings.

In a hundred years, Cummings will be forgotten, and Joyce will not. Cummings insist on spontaneity of exposition as well as feeling. Joyce's work is proof that lasting art, although spontaneous in conception, must be self-conscious and deliberate in exposition.

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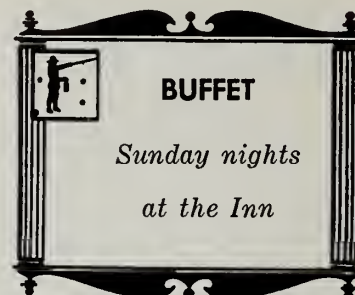
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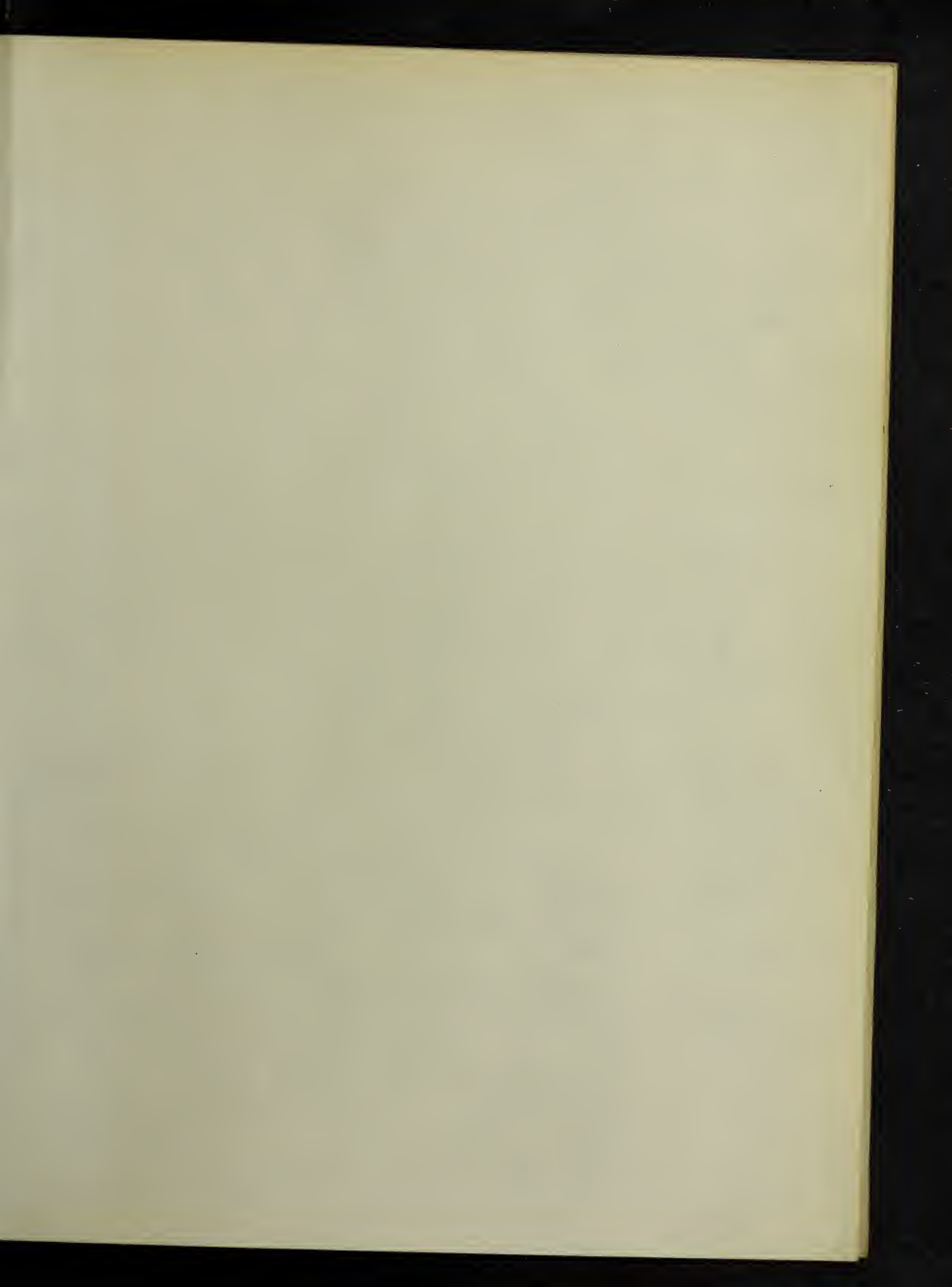
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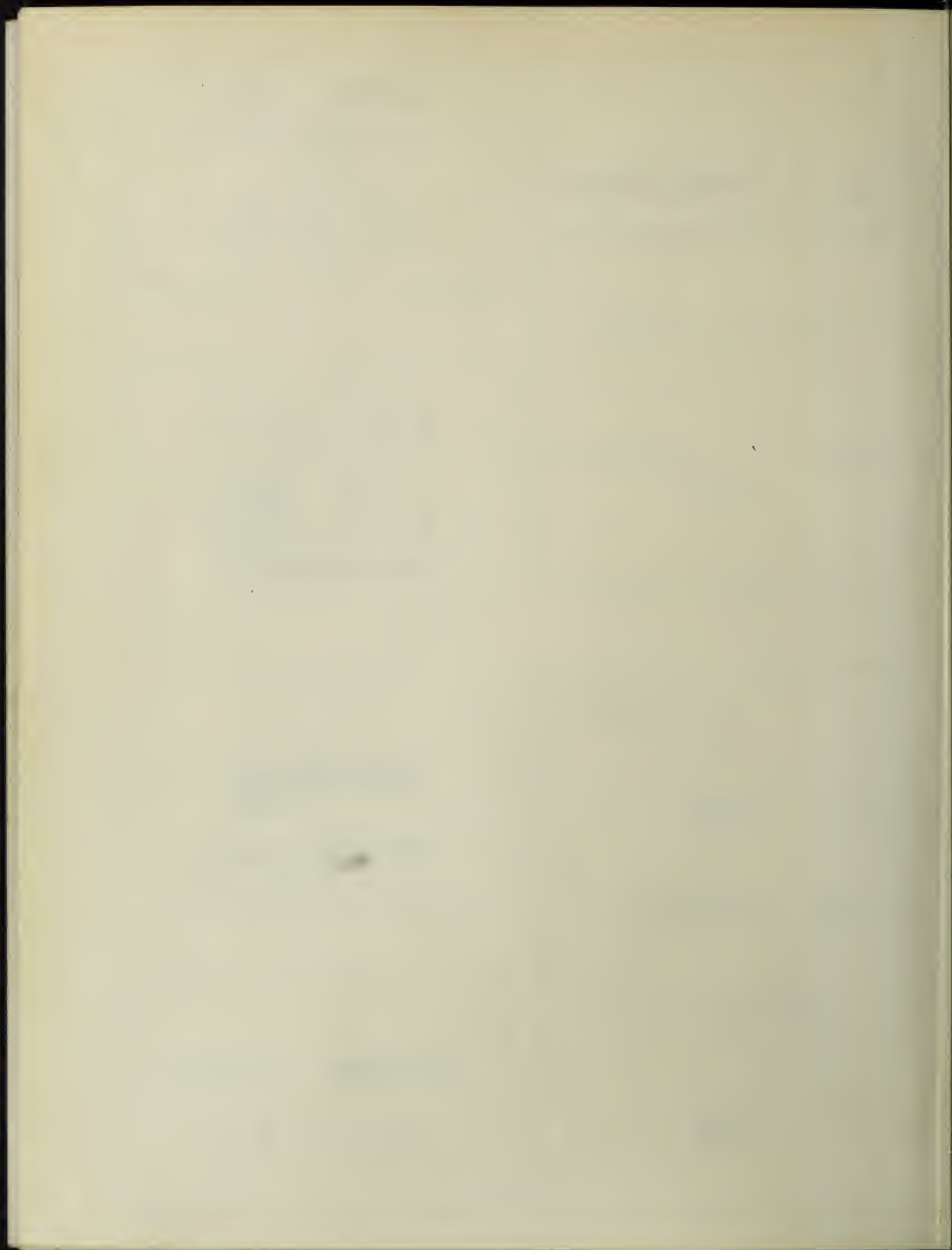
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